

Over 830,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

*The Australian*

February 9, 1966  
Registered in Australia for trans-  
mission by post as a newspaper.

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-

**BABY**

**HANDKNITS**

**20 new designs**

**NEW SERIES**

**House of the week**

**TEEN DOLL CONTEST**

**17 ideas win cash prizes**

**THE NEW BOY**  
**AT TIMBERTOP**

**See page 7**





## GARD makes you nice to be near

Gives you that fresh after-shower feeling—all day long!

After your shower or bath, enjoy the soothing softness of superfine Gard Deodorant Talcum. Silky-soft Gard not only stops perspiration odour quickly and effectively, but it gives day-long protection as well.

Then for that final touch that makes you sure, apply Gard Deodorant Roll-On to that under-arm trouble-spot. Gard's antiperspirant and antiseptic action makes it safe even for 'problem' skins, and there's no need to worry about delicate fabrics either.

Be nice to be near... buy Gard today to use every day

# GARD

## DEODORANTS



Prepared by  
the Toilettries  
Division of  
the House of  
Faulding  
Australia

GTR 4A

FEATURES  
JOKES  
FICTION

16

for all the  
family in  
**Everybody's**

**REDUCE**  
WHERE YOU WANT TO

Hips? Tummy? Thighs?  
With Stephanie Bowman  
you choose where to lose:  
the garment does the rest  
—quickly, naturally, with-  
out drugs or exercises.  
Post Coupon for FREE BOOK

To: STEPHANIE BOWMAN,  
33 Francis Street, Sydney.  
Please send me your free  
illustrated booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4085WW, G.P.O.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1850, G.P.O.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 400P, G.P.O.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

FEBRUARY 9, 1966

Vol. 33, No. 37

## CONTENTS

### Special Features

Prizewinning Teenage Doll Ideas	29
Australia: House of the Week	40-42
FOR BABY	Centre lift-out

### Fiction

The Drum, Elizabeth Walter	19
A Chance on Toby, Gillette Jones	21
The Balcony Room, Lola Irish	22
I Remember the Rolands, Mary Drake	23

### Regular Features

Social	10, 11
Compact	12
TV Parade	15
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain	26
Stars	42
Teenagers' Weekly	59-62
Mandrake, Crossword	63

### Fashion

Holiday Clothes	16, 17
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	18
Needlework Notions	34
Fashion Frocks	55
Butterick Patterns	63

### Family Affairs

Gardening: Window Boxes	25
Two Readers' Stories	36, 37
At Home with Margaret Sydney	39
Collectors' Corner	49
Prize Recipe, Home Hints	51
Cookery: All Aboard for Fine Food	52, 53
Transfer	54

## The Weekly Round

THE MOTHER of the part-negro son has written to thank us for publishing her story, "Heartbreak of the Boy with the Golden Skin" (November 3 issue).

She also thanked us for forwarding the many sympathetic letters readers sent her.

She has answered many letters.

"Much though I would like to, I am unable to tackle the big job of answering every letter," she said. "Could you do me the immense favor of running a small 'thank you' notice?"

She has "moved down the coast a bit." She added:

"I find not so much racial discrimination here, or maybe I have been fortunate in not running into it yet."

A "NEW" in this issue is the "House of the Week" (page 40).

This is the first of a weekly series featuring an Australian house chosen for some outstanding quality — interesting design, practical planning, imaginative use of materials.

Besides lavish and way-out designs, there will be modest houses which have surmounted problems; for instance, not enough money and a difficult site. And, of course, we will show remodelled old houses.

Apart from the fascination other people's houses have for just about everybody, the series could help home-planners. For it will show what other people, of varied tastes, needs, and incomes, have done to achieve a satisfying home.

SO many orders have come in for our Teenage Doll Wardrobe offer (January 26 issue) that there may be some delay in deliveries. However, we are doing our best to speed up dispatch.

### OUR COVER

● In this recent picture, Prince Charles, 17, looks very grown-up — and with a smile very like his mother's. See THE NEW BOY AT TIMBERTOP, page 7.

## Use Summer to be Lovelier



Mrs. Pearl Donald,  
Beauty Skin Care  
Consultant.

The summer months can help to make your complexion bloom to new heights of beauty. Take advantage of the sunny days to look your radiant best by following the advice of Beauty Skin Care Specialists. Here are beauty hints that will keep your complexion fresh and lovely despite those extra hot drying days.

### Complexion Sparkle

Your skin will look flower-fresh even after a hot or tiresome day if you follow this simple beauty hint. After removing stale make-up, dampen a pad of cotton-wool in lemon Delph freshener and wipe it over your face and neck to clear away impurities in your pores and to refine and refresh your skin. Before making-up again, smooth in a film of oil of Ulan and your complexion will glow with youth and deep-down loveliness.

### A Lovely Smooth Neck

For a beautiful smooth neck, toning is of immense value, for it prevents the neck and throat from becoming slack and tired-looking. Soak a pad of cotton-wool in lemon Delph freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction. This stimulates the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are reactivated and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Follow this treatment with a smoothing of moist oil of Ulan.

### An Instant Beauty Bath

If you have to hurry away to a party or an urgent date without time for your beauty bath, it is an easy matter to freshen up in a few seconds by simply smoothing over the face, neck and hands with a cotton pad soaked in your lemon Delph freshener. This will ensure cool, dainty freshness, besides the beneficial toning and cleansing that the beauty lemons will give your complexion.

### Smooth Elbows

Smooth and lovely elbows will enhance the beauty of your arms. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon Delph freshener and oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a rich film of the Ulan oil to nourish and promote a silky smooth surface.

## MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal solution to all your gift problems for friends in Australia or overseas is a gift subscription to

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	Aust.	New Guin.	N.Z.	Brit. Doms.	Foreign
1 YEAR	E1 14 6	E2 3 6	E2 12 0	E2 12 6	E3 5 6
1 YEAR	E3 9 0	E4 7 0	E5 4 0	E5 5 0	E6 11 0



# MADAME PRIME MINISTER

The style and elegance of India's new leader veil a warm heart, iron will, statesmanlike capacity.

WHEN I asked Indira Gandhi on the day of her election what she owed most to her father, the late Jawaharlal Nehru, she replied without hesitation, "A great love of the Indian people. I was specially privileged that my father was friendly, and was known and loved by such a wide variety of people."

She has also undoubtedly inherited his personal magnetism.

She is as attractive and appealing to the most sophisticated of intellectuals as to the most unsophisticated of peasants.

On the day her election was announced, again and again she came out to the porch of her bungalow to receive little offerings of flowers and sweets from peasants who had walked miles from the outlying villages of Delhi to wish her well.

Yet there was a significant incident on this same day.

She had scheduled a Press conference on the lawns of her house at four p.m. She came home, after calling on the President of India, to find all the chairs for the Press occupied by India's leading politicians and industrialists and Delhi's most formidable and ambitious women.

But she made short shrift of them all.

A petite, dainty figure in a simple white cotton sari and smothered in garlands, she got up on a raised platform adjoining the house and said with quiet dignity:

"I greatly appreciate your kindness in coming to congratulate me, but I have asked the Press to meet me now. I shall be very happy to receive your good wishes some other time."

They vanished as if by magic.

By AMITA MALIK, Delhi

Indira Gandhi's human kindness has never deserted her. She can be impatient with politicians and climbers, but never with her personal staff.

When her father died the entire household worked throughout the night over arrangements for the funeral. She was the first in the kitchen next day.

She saw to it that the staff got something to eat, then she sent them home to bathe, shave, change, and come back.

"My father did not like slovenliness in life," she told them. "He would not like it after his death, either."

It is this womanly quality in her, this Nehru elegance and style which characterises all she does.

From the flowers in her house, which she still arranges herself, to her taste in clothes, everything has the touch of refinement, taste, and quiet elegance.

As her father's hostess she invariably arranged a garden party for the wives and daughters of visiting dignitaries and she kept up the practice as a member of the Government.

The tea, the coffee, every single snack, is always well made and beautifully served.

I remember a quiet informal dinner



INDIRA GANDHI, 48, India's new Prime Minister, with a beloved dog in the garden of her bungalow in Delhi. A widow with two grown sons, she is the only child of former leader Jawaharlal Nehru. In the aristocratic Nehru home in Allahabad, she was much alone, for her father, grandmother, and aunts (including Mrs. Pandit) were constantly imprisoned by the British during the Independence struggle. She never played with dolls. "At the age of four," she once said, "my favorite game was to stand on a table and make thundering political speeches to the servants." Her father's pet name for her was Priyadarshini (beautiful to behold).

she gave at her home last year. Some of the most famous names in the cinema world had gathered in Delhi to attend the International Film Festival. The night before they had attended a glittering official banquet at a hotel, also given by Mrs. Gandhi, in her official capacity as Minister of Information and Broadcasting.

She sensed, I think, that they would enjoy most a quiet, relaxing evening.

There were hardly a dozen people present. They got home food superbly cooked, with a light salad and a lighter dessert. The conversation would have delighted intellectuals anywhere in the world, but it came naturally.

Afterwards when the women went in to the hostess's bedroom to collect their wraps

they found her two golden retrievers waiting impatiently for their loving owner. They also found that the bedroom was a simple, small room full of office files.

"My homework," she smiled.

She has amazing reserves of strength.

"I may look frail," she said recently, smiling, "but those who know me well also know I am very hardy."

When I asked her for her first thought on being chosen Prime Minister, she replied softly, "I am overwhelmed by the honor and also I feel very humble at this moment, thinking of our vast country, the poverty and difficulties of our people, and the tremendous problems which confront us."

But the next moment she was full of hope.

"Obviously the future belongs to youth," said the youngest Indian Prime Minister since Independence, "and therefore they have to take a greater part in understanding and solving our problems."

"Youth is a matter of age, but it is also a matter of mentality. Our people don't always have a youthful mentality."

"I would like our young people to bring in the spirit of youth, that is, facing problems with courage, a sense of adventure, and with a scientific and more rational approach."

Which I think is exactly how this young Prime Minister of one of the oldest civilisations in the world is likely to face the future of her beloved country.



## NEXT WEEK

★ Specially compiled by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen . . . to help the housewife balance her budget and deal with food prices in the new decimal currency —

### Sixteen-page lift-out



— an economical cookbook that's packed with recipes —

### MORE MEALS FOR YOUR DOLLARS

And it includes dinner parties for four, ideas for making a meal go further, 12 ways to use stale bread, and good (but cheap) sweets, biscuits, and cakes.

### And:

★ The second of our big new "House of the Week" series is A HOUSE FOR ALL SEASONS



. . . planned to reap the maximum benefit from sun, light, and air.

### And:

★ Don't miss the first instalment of our exciting new serial:

### "Quest of the Bogeyman"

by Frances and Richard Lockridge

. . . it's a fast-moving story of flight and pursuit and escape!

### And:

★ Specially styled for Australian-made pure wool fabrics:

VOGUE  
autumn patterns



### And:

★ For the gardener:  
SUCCESS WITH SEEDLINGS

## Some of the "currency lasses" who have contributed much to the huge conversion plan.

ON Monday morning, February 14, banks all over Australia will open their doors for business — in dollars and cents.

From that morning, every ledger entry, every bank deposit slip, cheque, withdrawal form, and all other banking documents must be written in dollars and cents.

It will be the culmination of two years' intense preparation by the country's entire commercial world.

Women are playing some of the major roles in this historic national event.

When the thousand branches of the Commonwealth Banking Corporation close down on February 9 to prepare for C-Day, only a five-minute operation will be needed to convert many of their 4000 accounting machines to the new currency.

But behind that simple five-minute adjustment lies two years of skilful preparation and planning by an attractive young woman.

### "Checkpoint" for the whole bank

Hedy Kmetec, 28, and Austrian-born, who came to Australia 16 years ago, admits that her mother tongue is a bit rusty now, but she still uses it for mental arithmetic.

And in Hedy's job mental arithmetic is a very important factor — although she is quick to say she is no mathematician.

Hedy is the chief supervising machinist for the Commonwealth Bank.

Slim, dark-haired, with a shy smile, Hedy or her two assistants have visited most of the bank's branches in Australia checking each machine to see whether it could be converted or had to be replaced.

Then followed the painstaking instruction of the bank's machine operators in the use of the new dollar-and-cent accounting.

That part of Hedy's job is now over.

For the past few months each branch has been carrying out tests on the machines, sending the results for checking to Hedy at her Martin Place office.

A highly skilled operator herself on any of the bank's 40 different accounting machines, Hedy can tell merely by looking at the test sheets whether or not a machine is operating efficiently.

The day I spoke to her she was busy testing some hundreds of machines stored in the bank's basement awaiting adjustment.

Huge, sleek, and frightening to me in their com-

plexity, their operation, in Hedy's hands, seemed as simple as dialling a telephone number.

Deft fingers on the keys sent the machines whirring. Columns of figures — additions, subtractions — rapidly formed on the ledger sheets tucked into their maws.

First they came in pounds, shillings, and pence and then, a quick manipulation, and the machine switched to dollars and cents.

One enormous machine, used in the bank's clearing-house to total and sort cheques from banks all over the world, responded with a magic swiftness and accuracy.

"They are really not hard to use," said Hedy. "Not when you know how."

"You don't need to be a mathematician. I did quite well in maths at school, but was never outstanding."

"Of course, you need aptitude and patience."

Hedy joined the bank as a clerk when she was 18 and two years later was appointed an instructor.

She is now virtually the checkpoint on the machine side for the whole massive changeover of Australia's biggest banking organisation.

When it was necessary to translate the conversion procedure into simple language for the machine operators Hedy was called in.

The instructions had to be simply written, for what would be elementary to highly trained technicians could prove gibberish to some operators.

Her instructions were so clear and concise that there has been no misunderstanding by any operator.

She is looking forward to February 14.

"It will be fascinating to see the result of all our work over the past two years," she said.



HELEN MacDOUGALL, chief training controller of a Sydney department store, with a teaching chart.

## GIRLS OF

Hedy, who lives with her parents at Ryde, went to school in Parkes, N.S.W.

"I was not brilliant at school," she said. "I left after the Intermediate."

And her extraordinary understanding of the banking systems is not hereditary.

Her father, who was a pastrycook in Austria, still follows his trade in Sydney and works in a city club.

Hedy went back to Austria for a holiday about eight years ago, but said she felt no inclination to stay there.

"My family ties are too strong and I love living in Australia," she said.

She said the most wonderful side of her job over the past two years has been travelling all over Australia.

Some of the places have appealed to her so much that she has gone back there for her holidays.

"Darwin was one place," she said.

"I didn't have much chance to see it properly when I went there on the job, but what I did see made me go back and spend three marvellous weeks there. I intend returning as soon as I can — after February 14, of course!"



HEDY KMETEC, chief supervising machinist for the Commonwealth Bank, tests one of the bank's complicated clearing-house machines which has been converted to operate in dollars and cents.



## NOTES

4 new notes

1 DOLLAR

2 DOLLARS

10 DOLLARS

20 DOLLARS

## VALUE AND COLOURS

Same as our old notes

10/- NOTE

Brown

£1 NOTE

Green

£5 NOTE

Blue

£10 NOTE

Red

10/-

becomes

1 DOLLAR

£1

becomes

2 DOLLARS

£5

becomes

10 DOLLARS

£10

becomes

20 DOLLARS

## REMEMBER

**SAME COLOUR  
SAME VALUE  
NEW NAMES  
NEW SHAPE**

## Teaching the staff of entire store

WHEN World War II broke out, school-teacher Helen MacDougall put away her books and joined the Australian Women's Army Service.

The war over, Miss MacDougall, ex-commissioned officer, looked to fresh fields and became a department-store training officer.

When it came time to prepare for the currency change-over Miss MacDougall was given the job of organising a staff training scheme.

Her instructions were to recruit voluntary teachers from staff not in a store supervisory role.

"Now, that could have been very difficult," she said. "It meant we had to rely mainly on youngsters and I didn't want older members of the staff complaining to me, 'I am not going to be taught by a child of 19.'"

"So the things I looked and asked for were acceptable personality, the desire to become a teacher — they had to show some ability to impart knowledge in their daily job on the floor — and, of course, patience.

"I needn't have worried. The whole operation has been fantastic and the kids

have done a magnificent job."

Miss MacDougall and her training staff began instructing the volunteer teachers early in April. By August they were ready to take on the staff classes.

These, in groups of 10, were rostered for 20 half-hour periods of instruction in conversion arithmetic and cash-handling with "play" money.

The classes included every member of the staff directly or indirectly concerned with figures or handling money — directors, sales assistants, cashiers, and drivers.

"From C-Day onwards there will be a teacher on duty at every cash register to answer customers' queries, and we have selected sales assistants for error correction should it prove necessary," said Miss MacDougall.

"Of course, even with all the training, none of us knows just how the customers are going to react.

"Oh, we will have our problems. We expect them. But we think that with our program we will be able to handle them smoothly."

"Do you know that I haven't the faintest idea how to convert pounds, shillings, and pence into dollars and cents?" she said.

"No, before I tackle that problem I will wait until I actually hold the new money in my little hot hand."



• Barbara Griffith, office manager of the conversion centre of a machine company.



ELIZABETH THOMPSON (left) and SUE HASLINGDEN, "Dollar Jills" at work in the Decimal Currency booth at Sydney G.P.O.

## Two of the G.P.O.'s information "Jills"

MIDDLE-AGED, and brisk in action, she swept up to the counter. "Literature, please. I don't know a darned thing about it, and had better start learning."

The literature was the collection of informative booklets that have been issued by the Decimal Currency Board and are being distributed, along with helpful explanations, by Sydney's two Dollar Girls, Sue Haslingden and Elizabeth Thompson.

Both girls, wearing specially designed dresses fashioned in the new bank-note colors and embroidered with the new coins, have been on duty at the Board's information booth in the G.P.O.'s main hall since November 8.

Similar information booths have been installed in each capital city of the Commonwealth.

"She'll be back," said "Dollar Jill" Sue Haslingden as the woman, the literature tucked under her arm, disappeared into the crowd.

"Most people take the booklets away, study them, and then come back or ring us to straighten out any queries they may have.

"The general public are really taking the currency changeover very seriously. Their questions are becoming more and more specialised relating to their own particular money problems, business or otherwise. The questions really keep you on your toes."

The two girls, picked from scores of applicants, love their job.

"Every day brings something different and every day we find we are able to help people who, in turn, have taught us so much," said Sue.

"For instance, we have

become experts in working out the values of farthings in the new currency. When we first started we didn't know that many firms do a lot of costing in those amounts.

"Young people given test papers on the new currency by their firms bring them to us for help.

"We have converted a menu to dollar-and-cent prices for a woman who owns a small city restaurant, and worked out the tax a woman poultry farmer will have to pay after the changeover."

The girls find that the housewife and the older woman are still a little apprehensive.

"Some pensioners are frightened that they are going to be robbed," said Elizabeth.

"When we explain the system to them—it is a very simple, easy one really—they go off looking forward to handling the new notes and coins."

When the school holidays started the little Dollar booth was besieged by eager school-children wanting booklets.

"They must be collecting them for their parents," Sue said. "We have found the children's knowledge of the dollar-and-cent system is excellent."

"In fact, many parents have told us they are leaving it to their children to teach them all they want to know about the new money."

When their job is finished at the end of March, Elizabeth will return to Melbourne and her parents — this job has been a working holiday for her. Sue will leave for a working holiday in New Zealand.

Sue worked with the Commonwealth Bank until she left to train as an air hostess.

"Unfortunately the high altitudes played up with my sinus and I had to resign," she said.

# THE DOLLAR CHANGEOVER

By GLORIA NEWTON

## Machines — an absorbing job

MEET Barbara Griffith — slim, erect, with smiling eyes and quiet efficiency in every movement.

Office manager of one of Australia's largest machine companies, Mrs. Griffith has been working for two years on the mammoth job of locating and classifying 40,000 machines. She estimates that converting or replacing them will take at least another two years.

To cope with such a vast project the company leased special premises in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane for use as offices and workshops.

Mrs. Griffith personally selected and trained a staff of 15 to carry out this job.

"We really had to start from scratch," she said.

It took 12 months to locate and classify the machines being used in shops, offices, and factories all over Australia and New Guinea, and then register them with the Decimal Currency Board.

Statistics had to be taken to see how many machines could be converted, how many would have to be replaced, and to estimate the quantities of new parts

needed to be ordered from overseas and shipped to Sydney in time for C-Day.

Technicians all over the Commonwealth had to be trained to carry out the conversions and organised to be ready to swing into action on February 14.

An unusual and exacting job for a woman?

"It's both rewarding and challenging and I enjoy it," Mrs. Griffith said.

Her interest in machines stems from the time she started her first job as a stenographer.

Sent to the firm's accounts department, she became more and more absorbed in the intricate accounting machines and less interested in the "Dear sir" letters.

"You either like machines or you don't. I found I loved working with them. Whether you are working with or on them, there is always something new to learn and each day is different."

Mrs. Griffith is quick to give praise to her staff.

"They are a wonderful team to work with," she said. "And in this job good teamwork is essential."

"I suppose you have an expert knowledge of our new currency by now?" I asked her as I was leaving.

Her eyes lit up with laughter.



# Mortein... sudden death to flies

completely safe  
near people



Mortein kills flies swiftly and surely. This is because Mortein Pressure★Pak, like Mortein Plus, contains the most effective insect killing ingredients known to science. Mortein kills flies so fast they don't have a chance to harm your family's health.

Mortein is not only fast... it's completely safe to use. Mortein is different from all other insect sprays. Mortein contains no hazardous ingredients. You can spray Mortein with safety anywhere in the home, even near children, food and pets.

**Spray Safe... Spray Only Mortein.**  
**When you're on a good thing... stick to it!**







● Seventeen-year-old Prince Charles, royal new boy at Timbertop.

# THE NEW BOY AT TIMBERTOP

"NOT unless he smuggles in a transistor as some of the other boys do!" said the headmaster of Geelong Grammar, Mr. T. R. Garnett, a twinkle in his eye, when asked if Prince Charles would have any personal belongings, such as a radio or television set, at Timbertop.

"I can't emphasise enough," said Mr. Garnett, "that, in accordance with his parents' wishes, the Prince will be treated like any other pupil."

"Boys and masters will address him as Charles. He will be given no special favors."

"For instance, he will see his grandmother, the Queen

Mother, while she is in Australia only if her visit to Melbourne coincides with the one long weekend holiday the other boys are allowed for the term.

"The only difference between Prince Charles and his fellow students will be his sleeping quarters and his studying habits. This is because of his age — he is at least two years older than the other boys — not his royal standing."

Prince Charles has a unit, not unlike a flat, in the unmarried masters' quarters.

He is continuing the curriculum he chose at Gordonstoun — history, English, and French — which means he will be mainly reading and writing essays under supervision.



● Timbertop branch of Geelong Grammar School, in the foothills of the Australian Alps, where Prince Charles is spending a term. This is the residential area, where boarders live in nine units.

## HIS EARLIER SCHOOLS

### HILL HOUSE

● Hill House (right), the private prep. school in London where Prince Charles started his formal schooling. Below, the Prince, aged 8, boards a bus to attend a sports day.



### CHEAM

● Not long before his ninth birthday, Prince Charles became a boarder among 90 pupils at Cheam School, near Newbury, Berkshire (below). Prince Philip also attended Cheam.



### GORDONSTOUN

● Charles, the Gordonstoun boy (left), and the main block of the school (right) in Morayshire, Scotland, which Prince Philip also attended. While Charles is at Timbertop, Geelong Grammar boy David Manton, whose father, Mr. Jack Manton, owns a sheep property at Riddell, Vic., has taken his place at Gordonstoun. David is studying sciences. After sitting for matriculation this year, he plans to go to the Marcus Oldham Agricultural College, Vic.





# What a lovely day to buy a puppy!

● "Daddy, what day is it?" four-year-old Jo Ann Tracy asked as she climbed into her father's bed early one morning. When her father yawned it was Sunday, she sat up, rolled her big blue eyes, and sighed, "Oh, what a lovely day to buy a puppy."

**C**HILDREN have many ways and means of trying to wangle something they want from their parents, but this really did the trick.

For weeks Jo had been dropping the gentle hint that she wanted a puppy — "Sandra's got the 'beautifullest' puppy in the world" and "when I grow up I'm going to buy four dogs."

When that didn't work, she decided to come right out with it.

"You just can't win," said her father, Sydney surgeon Dr. Graham Tracy. "We had tried to ignore the fact that she was so keen to have a dog because we thought she was too young to look after one. Jo had other plans."

That same Sunday morning, Dr. Tracy gave up his golf day to take Jo (with the help of his four other young children) to choose her first puppy.

He had heard of a kennel—some 30-miles away—which specialised in pedigree French poodles and labradors.

"I thought if we were going to give in we may as well buy a good dog," he said.

But when the family arrived the first thing they noticed—sitting up among all the pedigree dogs—was a small bundle of black-and-white fluff. It's mother was a fox terrier and father was a query.

You've guessed it. That was the dog Jo wanted!

After many futile efforts to convince her that the pure-breds (priced from 15 to 35 guineas) were a better buy, Dr. Tracy handed over 30/- and home came Sooty.

"It's a Dalmatian—'cos it's got spots like the button-dog next door," Jo tells everyone. "She's all mine and I love her."

Since Sooty arrived in the Tracy household, there's been an extra one at the breakfast table, watching television, and in the car. Jo takes her everywhere.

"Only one thing worries us," said Jo's mother. "As Jo never stops cuddling her, we're afraid Sooty will soon be airborne."

—KERRY YATES

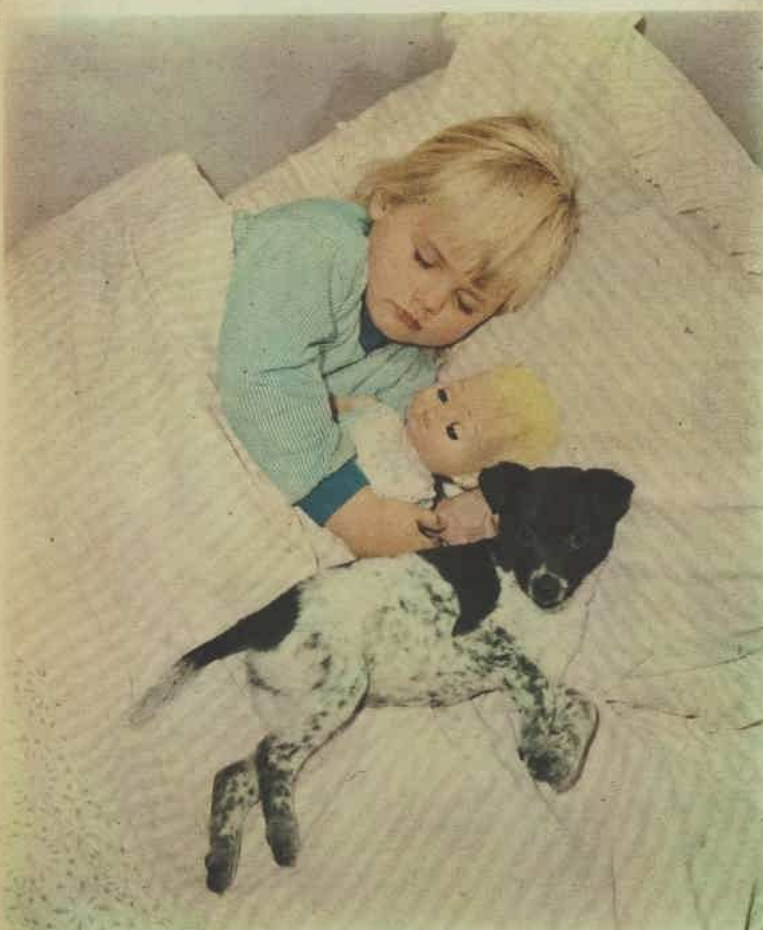


● Jo Ann Tracy, aged four (above), and her first puppy, Sooty, watch TV from under a chair.



● Collecting the milk (right) from the front doorstep is the first chore for Jo and Sooty.

● Look at the globe (below). Jo can't wait to finish kindergarten to get home to Sooty.



● Bedtime — and Sooty's not even tired. But Jo and her doll Chatty-Baby ("because she talks so much," says Jo) are asleep, so Sooty will lie there quietly and wait until it's playtime again.

— Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.





## TWO POP-GROUP WEDDINGS

# **THE BEATLE AND THE SEEKER**



**BEATLE.** Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison exchange a kiss at a Press conference after their wedding on January 21 at a Surrey registry office. The bride, former British actress Patti Boyd, had exchanged her red silk wedding dress and red fox fur coat for this moddest of mod gear. George is the third Beatle to marry. Only Paul McCartney is still a bachelor.



**SEEKER.** Pamela Powley arrives with her father (above) for her marriage to Keith Potger, of the Seekers, on January 22 at a village church in Sopley, Hampshire. Pam is a former British swimming champion. Keith's best man was Athol Guy, Seekers bass player, and his parents flew to England from Kew, Victoria, to attend the wedding. Keith and Pam (below) will spend their honeymoon touring Australia with the rest of the group and plan a second wedding ceremony in Melbourne.





● Dermot Hoy, Australian disc jockey who works for the pirate radio ship *Caroline*, which operates in international waters off Britain.



## No girls in this pirate ship

● When young Australian disc jockey Dermot Hoy started working on *Radio Caroline*, the first pirate radio ship to operate off the English coast, he had to migrate each time he came ashore.

AS the ship was registered in Panama and Dermot was Australian, the formalities of immigration were necessary before he was allowed to land.

"That was two years ago," said Dermot. "The authorities got bored with all the forms they had to fill out, all the stamps they had to affix to all the forms, so they stopped bothering me after a few months."

"Now all they do is take an occasional look at my passport."

Dermot, who was in Sydney recently for a brief visit to his parents and to give his sister away at her wedding, said he still had to go through Customs each time he left the ship, and the crew had now taken to throwing all the empty milk bottles over the side.

"Although we buy our milk in England, Customs treat the empty bottles as imports. We had to go through incredible red-tape to get them back on land. It was too baffling."

Dermot, who uses the name of Bryan Vaughan on the air ("I like Bryan and it is easier to remember than Dermot"), is 24, good-looking, and over 6ft. tall.

A radio technician, producer of serials and plays, and a news reader and interviewer in Sydney, he spent his first 18 months in London as a barman, nightwatchman, cigarette packer, and hotel receptionist while trying to storm the BBC.

"The very day I decided that London's radio world didn't want me and the best thing to do was go home, I literally walked into one of

my Australian bosses, Ken Evans, in Regent Street," said Dermot.

"He told me about a pirate radio station which was just about to start operating."

"Two days later I got a letter from the BBC offering me a job, and on the same day Alan Crawford, former Sydney music publisher and boss of *Radio Caroline*, rang me and asked me to join him."

"I still haven't figured out why I took the radio pirate job—but I'm glad I did."

### To marry

*Radio Caroline* started in March, 1964, with four Australians at the helm — Alan Crawford, Ken Evans, Tony Withers, and Dermot.

"Tony, a good friend of mine, now calls himself Tony Windsor and is working on the rival *Radio London*, moored quite near us," Dermot said.

"He's got a thing about changing names. I think he feels it makes him sound more English. He really picked a right royal name anyway."

*Radio Caroline*, operated from a 470-ton ship with a 180ft. mast transmitter, is anchored three and a half miles off Harwich, in East Anglia—half a mile in international waters.

The operators live on board for two weeks and then have a week ashore.

There is the usual crew, including a chef and steward, and the trips to and from the ship are made in a powered fishing boat.

Dermot said life in the North Sea can be rather rugged during winter and *Radio Caroline* had lost quite a few disc jockeys from seasickness.

By  
GLORIA NEWTON

"Gales reach Force 9 at times," he said. "Force 12 is a hurricane, so you can imagine how rough it can be."

"The equipment is designed to withstand the roll, and although records have jumped in extreme weather, it is rare."

"Sometimes we knock the needle off purposely to give a dramatic effect."

Dermot estimates *Radio Caroline*'s listeners in millions.

"We have an estimated eleven million on Sunday morning, when the BBC broadcasts church programs and we play pop records."

The only programs offered other than music are interviews with leading pop artists such as Herman and the Hermits, the Animals, and Tom Jones.

### Three others

Dermot, who returned to London via America on January 21, is marrying Melbourne-born Jean Roughsedge in April.

"Jean is a comptometrist," he said. "But don't ask me what that is. I think it's something to do with adding-machines."

And will she be living on *Radio Caroline*?

"A woman on board? No! We did have them in the beginning to start off the record library, but it wouldn't work to have them there regularly."

"For one thing it is bad for publicity, and also it's a man's world on the boat — almost monastic."

"When women come out one has to shave and stop swearing."

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

HOW I envy lucky John Lane the two trips he plans to take during the next three months — the first to a wonderfully remote island for a two-week rest and then an eight-week trip around the world.

His mother, Mrs. Leonard Lane, will accompany him on the first trip, which is to Lifou Island in the Loyalty Islands, where they'll stay in a hunting lodge in a small village.

When they get back they'll have Madame Julio Sacco (the former Veronika Coltof) to stay with them from Europe, where she has a wonderful villa in the South of France and a town house in The Hague.

When John eventually reaches these two spots on his world trip, Madame Sacco will reciprocate his hospitality and have him to stay with her and her husband.

A TELEPHONE call from England for the David Littlemores told them of the plans being made for the wedding of their son, Stuart, and actress Alison Beattie, at St. Michael's Church, Bussage, in Gloucestershire, on March 5. They've already met Alison, who stayed with them last year when she was appearing in "Difference of Opinion" with English actor Robert Flemyng, Alison's godfather, Reverend David Worth, who will marry them, has lent them a lovely 300-year-old cottage on the Cotswolds for their honeymoon.

HATED having to say good-bye to Captain and Mrs. "Nobby" Clarke, who moved this week to Canberra with their two youngest sons, Jeremy and Brian, to make their home there for a while. (Captain Clarke, who is Director of Naval Postings, has been based in Canberra and came down to help with the moving.) Their eldest son, Simon, will stay on in Sydney to continue with his studies in Medicine III at Sydney University.

THOUGHT how stunning Mrs. Weston Fox looked at the weekend at a barbecue, wearing a striking orange-patterned white culotte suit. The wide trouser legs looked like a full hostess skirt and the straight sleeveless top was just below waist level. With it she wore gold sandals and gold jewellery.

SAW Mrs. Robert Melville at White City barracking for her niece, Kerry Melville, of Balwyn, Victoria, who was defending her title of Australian junior girl tennis champion. Mrs. Melville, who has just returned with her family from a holiday in New Zealand, coped with the hot day in a sleeveless, backless patterned shift and a jaunty straw hat tied with a chiffon scarf in the same colors.

I HEAR that country girl Denise Wood, of "The Billabong," Tamworth, is busy making plans for her wedding in October with Bruce Hannent. Denise, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wood, and Bruce, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hannent, of Norfolk, England, announced their engagement during the Christmas festivities.

BRIDE-TO-BE Coral Abbott will be guest-of-honor at a linen tea to be given on February 5 by Mrs. J. Davis and Mrs. H. Selig at the Bellevue Hill home of Mrs. Davis. Coral, who marries Donald Latter at Temple Emanuel, Edgecliff, on February 14, will have her sister, Jennifer, Barbara Peel, and Janyce Scott as attendants.

DATES for your diary . . . the annual Wine Dinner on February 19 in the Cessnock Town Hall arranged by the local branch of the Spastic Council; and the 1966 Moonmist Ball on March 4 at the Wentworth Hotel to aid the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

I BELIEVE that Sydney girl Jenny Lawrence, who left on a working holiday in England and Europe last April, will be home again by the end of February. Apart from such jaunts as a rock-climbing trip to Wales and flying lessons in Scotland, Jenny managed to see quite a number of European countries in between working at London's Middlesex Hospital as a radiotherapist. She spent her last few weeks in England with her uncle, film producer Jack Clayton (of "Room at the Top" and "Pumpkin Eater" fame), and I believe had a most interesting time. On February 1 she flew out of London and will spend a few days with former Kincoppal schoolfriend Pammy Byrne (now Mrs. R. Brochet) at Malibu, California, en route home through America.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tipping after their marriage at the Presbyterian Church, Crow's Nest. The bride was Miss Christine Everett, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Everett, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tipping.



AT LEFT: Miss Narelle Richards, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richards, of Castlecrag, and Mr. John Fisher, only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Fisher, of Castlecrag, who have announced their engagement, will marry in March.





ABOVE: The Lord Mayor, Alderman John Armstrong, with Mrs. Armstrong at the State Dinner at the Hotel Australia given in honor of the Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Campbell after their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, with their attendants (left to right) Miss Gabrielle Regan, Miss Maria Loneragan, and Mrs. Grahame Ridley, and, in front, Susie Loudon. The bride was Miss Ilma Regan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Regan, of "Fairy Bower," Coonamble. The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. Bruce Campbell, of Darling Point, and of the late Mr. Campbell. They will live on "Coorinaewa," Culargambone. A reception was held at Princes.

AT RIGHT: Hosts Scott King (left) and Tim Mainprize with Prue Summons (left) and Christine Hordern at the end-of-school dance given by six hosts at the Pickwick Club. Ian Baker, Bill Fitzsimons, Phillip Tosen, and John Hill were the other four young hosts.



BELOW: Miss Hildegard Zabarak, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Zabarak, of Albany, Western Australia, and her fiancé, Mr. Simon Griffin, who is the elder son of Mrs. R. S. Griffin, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. Griffin.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Dominique Suet leaving St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Anne Furber, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Furber, of Point Piper. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Suet, of Paris.



AT LEFT: Congratulatory telegrams on their recent engagement were read in Melbourne by Miss Lisa Grimwade and Mr. Warwick Purser. Lisa is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, of South Yarra, and of the late Mr. Grimwade. Warwick is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Purser, of Killara.



# Try your hand at finger (print) painting!

FE-FI-FO....? I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THAT LAST BIT!

POOR DEVIL! HE'S ALMOST COMPLETELY UNDER HER THUMB!

I WISH TO REPORT A PENCIL-SHARPENER OUT OF ORDER!

Think of a joke, then illustrate it by fingerprinting yourself with a stamp-pad.

## Magnificent women in their flying machines

■ The part played by women in pioneering aviation in Australia figures prominently in "The Aviators," a new book by William Joy, who has contributed articles to The Australian Women's Weekly.

In a special chapter, Women with Wings, Mr. Joy records the story, among others, of Fraulein Eli Beinhorn, who flew solo to Australia in the course of a world tour solely to get away from the atrocious European winter!

He also recalls the romantic first meeting between Amy Johnson and fellow-pilot Jim Mollison. In a plane Mollison passed her a note: "Will you dance with me at the Flying Corps ball tonight?" They didn't have that dance, but met again two years later and married.

★ When is a commissionaire not a commissionaire? When he works for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. There, he's an Assistant (General Duties), Manual Staff Administrative Services!



● It's Marlon Brando, made up for a new film, "South-west to Sonora," a horse-uproar.

## HIS NAME ISN'T MUD!

★ With no one to hold the pianoforte, a N.S.W. country music-shop owner at lunch-time hangs out a sign, "Back in an hour." He's Offenbach earlier?

□ An expectant Sydney mother kept note of when she was given a seat on the bus and was surprised to note this order of seat-givers:

1. Long-haired youths wearing tight trousers and pointed boots.
2. Middle-aged and elderly women.
3. Younger women. White-collared businessmen — never!

## Suburban streets are theatre memory lanes

■ The Dress Circle housing estate at North Ryde, N.S.W., really lives up to its theatrical name.

The estate's streets honor stars of Australian showbusiness. There's Kellaway Street, named after veteran actor and producer Cecil Kellaway.

Bluett Avenue is for the Bluett family, of which Kitty is perhaps the best known now. Moncrieff Drive is named after "Our Glad" — Gladys Moncrieff.

There is (Peter) Finch Avenue and (Diane) Cilento Crescent.

Dowd Lane is inspired by singer Ronald Dowd.

Ballerina Peggy Sager gives her name to Sager Place.

There is Pate Avenue (actor Michael Pate) and McCallum Avenue, after Googie Withers' husband, former actor and now entrepreneur John McCallum.

Pianist Jack Lumsdaine is remembered in Lumsdaine Avenue, and Melba Drive needs no explanation.

Rene Street honors famous comedian Roy Rene — "Mo."

One street name, however, has locals, and council officers baffled. It's Rudd Street.

The most common suggestion is that it is named after Steele Rudd, author of "On Our Selection."

Some of the area's residents have contributed to the theatrical atmosphere.

Singer Johnny Devlin was one of the first residents.

A few blocks away live relatives of Col Joye.

Another early resident was a Mr. Arthur Miller.

★ People dialling a Sydney radio station's discontinued telephone number are enthusiastically told how to ring the new number — by a rival station's announcer, who made the P.M.G.'s service recording.

The pungent odor of the male tree's flowers earns the species its uncompromising title.

The real Tree of Heaven is a native of the Moluccas and grows to a height of 150 feet, whereas the malodorous tree, not uncommon in Australia, reaches only about 30 feet in height.

## A tree grows in Adelaide

■ About six years ago a seed floated into the basement of Rigby Limited, Adelaide, book publishers, and came to rest on a window-sill four feet below ground level.



Now it is 30ft. tall and still growing (see picture, below left).

John Ross, a clerk in the overseas publications department, has watched its growth since it first appeared in 1959.

"I thought it was a weed, at first," he says, "but a rather nice-looking one at that — so I used to 'water' it with the dregs of my teacup."

It was first identified by tree lovers as a Tree of Heaven.

Then experts at the Adelaide Botanical Gardens said the tree was the same as the one in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," a best-selling novel of some years ago.

The tree of the book was the only green and hopeful growth to emerge from the concrete courtyard of a Brooklyn tenement block.

The experts added, however, that the name Tree of Heaven was a misnomer.

They said the species came from China, where it is known by the more down-to-earth name of The Stinking Spring Tree.



## HAT-TRICKS

★ Here's how Test cricket spectators "appealed against the light" . . .



★ A barber shop in New York presents "diplomas" to kids who get their first haircuts there. That makes them Dip. Heads?



## The cheerful years of a Sydney bistro

# "PAPA'S" GOOD WINE AND A DASH OF ATMOSPHERE

By JUDE AINSWORTH

● For nearly 30 years, Lorenzini's, in lower Elizabeth Street, Sydney, has been a popular hang-out for business people in the neighborhood and for an arty crowd: painters, sculptors, writers, actors, and musicians, full-fledged and student.

ITS closing last month marked the end of an era. Lorenzini's had to go (it will reopen soon at 100 William Street) because the old building is to be torn down for a new office block.

"Never call this a restaurant," insisted the proprietor, Henk Den Besten, as he leaned on the counter in front of the shelves of wine on one of his last days in the old place.

This is not a restaurant. This was the original bistro, the only place in Sydney where you could walk in and have a cup of coffee or just a glass of wine in the tradition of the European bistro.

This was one of the old wine saloons. Papa Lorenzini was never very happy with the way the wine saloons were called 'plonk shops', so from the beginning, in 1938, he tried to clean it up. He tried to get the nice people in here and keep the others out.

In the early days he used to throw someone out every day. He'd jump over the counter, practically, and take the plonkies by the collar and seat of the pants."

Most customers think that dark, smiling Henk is a Lorenzini. He is, in fact, Dutch, but still one of the family — in 1950 he married

the Lorenzini's daughter, Nandra.

He had met her when he was an officer in a Dutch cargo ship. Later Papa Lorenzini asked him to help him out in the cellar "for a little while."

Now Henk and Nandra have four children and a new house at Beecroft.

Lorenzini's operated strictly as a wine bar until 1955. "I'll never forget the first day we decided to serve food," Henk said. "We started with one salami and a dozen rolls."

"Mama Lorenzini was a superb cook." For a moment he thought back with a look of bliss on his face. "That's probably why I got on so well with her."

"I was just a boy when I came here after the war, and I was always famished. That last winter in Holland really was bad."

"Papa was a great one for getting people to drink the right wines. It was more or less his crusade. He got the customers away from the sweet sherries and the ports to the dry table wines."

"He died in 1960. He was here until the last day."

### Kind of club

Australians returning from abroad made Lorenzini's one of their first calls. They were sad about Papa's death; now they are sorry about the moving.

Some of the past and present regulars Henk could think of off-hand were Peter



**HENK DEN BESTEN, from Holland, corking a bottle in the cellar at Lorenzini's. Many customers thought he was Italian.**

Finch, Ron McKie, Eric Baume, Bernard Hesling, Judy Cassab, John Olsen, Barry Humphries, Walter Sullivan. "And the 'Oz' people, of course — Martin Sharp and Richard Neville."

Most of the customers have been regulars.

A nod and smile of greeting from Henk after the first dozen or so visits meant that the customer was accepted as a kind of club member — and so the lively Italian waitresses felt even freer to bully and tyrannise him into sitting or standing "out of the way."

The place must have made quite an impact on author Lesley Rowlands. In her recent novel "A Bird in the Hand" she uses Lorenzini's as the setting for two crucial scenes, prefaced by this description:

"Lorenzini's at night was quite different from Lorenzini's during the daytime. In the morning, when it opened, the few customers were mostly men from nearby offices who were important enough or brave enough to be able to go out for morning coffee. They came in twos and threes and . . . talked about the North Shore train service and how long it had taken them to mow their lawns last Sunday."

"Interspersed with them were a few young men with beards — there were always a few young men with beards at Lorenzini's — who were out of work and went there to meet their out-of-work girls. They sat around making one small drink last six hours, until the girls showed up, apparently fresh from a funeral."

"At lunchtime it was different again. Quite a mixture. This was the time when the out-of-workers took a beating, because all the places were wanted for people who were going to eat, drink more than one glass of wine, and pay."

### Coffee, kisses

"Men in seersucker suits perched on the stools and tried to say funny things to the waitresses; writers and columnists met each other and picked each other's brains; pretty girls sat over macaroni pie and kissed their boyfriends when the coffee came; very smart young men began to talk about the profundities of life — but no one listened much . . . people who came there each day for lunch met other people who came there each day for lunch, and there was a great feeling of belonging about the place, even to the posters and the air conditioner that didn't always work and the big ceiling fan that did. The girls rushed round shouting things in Italian to each other and to the proprietor, and sometimes the customers had a go at Italian, too."

"Very many affairs were conducted under that roof. Almost everyone looked 'Twenties or Edwardian or Mod. Hardly anyone looked what they were, inhabitants of Sydney in 1965 . . ."

"(At night) almost everyone wore black, and a clean-shaven face stood out like an albino bat in a cave. A lot of coffee was drunk, and scarcely anything was eaten, except by people who had wandered in by mistake, thinking it was a restaurant or something."

There's sure to be a big celebration when Lorenzini's reopens in William Street.

● Miss Dulcie Nott demonstrates expert make-up on a model.



## World-wide search for beauty aids

● After three months studying make-up trends around the world, Sydney beautician Miss Dulcie Nott still believes water is the simplest and most important beauty aid.

"THAT'S why I salute Americans for serving a big jug of iced water with everything from a banquet to a hamburger," said Miss Nott, Australian sales promotion manager for an international cosmetic company.

"Water is so good for you," she said. "It clears the skin, the eyes, and helps most functions of the body. Everyone should have at least eight glasses a day. But how many Australians ever bother?"

Active in the beauty world for more than 25 years, Miss Nott said, "Make-up is an art—and there's so much to study to achieve perfection."

She has twice circled the world for extensive studies in London, Paris, Rome, and Hollywood.

### Eye make-up

On her recent trip, Miss Nott went first to Singapore, then to Hong Kong.

Her tips to Australians planning to visit hot humid countries:

"Avoid very creamy lipsticks and use a powdered, rather than a creamy eye-shadow. After applying foundation, pat all over the face with a skin freshener before using powder. You'll find it easier to keep an even matt finish longer."

Next Miss Nott went to London, where she did a five-week course in street, stage, and TV make-up.

In London, the accent is on dramatic eye make-up, with women wearing false eyelashes day and night.

"Eye make-up is not confined to girls," said Miss Nott. "Boys wear it in the streets. I believe their girlfriends think it's quite cute."

But Miss Nott admits she was alarmed to see a boy in a coffee lounge in a satin shirt, with many rows of blue lace down the front.

"But not to be outdone by the new boys' fashions, many London girls are wearing their hair short, with side-liners, like boys, and big men's watches."

Then to France, where she reports that the matt look in make-up has gone in favor of the lightly suntanned "Little Girl Look."

"The fresh, shiny face like a healthy child of six or seven is the look French women of all ages are trying to achieve," she said. "It's translucent and so feminine."

After a few days in New York, she went to Hollywood.

She spent a day at MGM studios where she watched scenes being shot for the film "The Singing Nun," visited TV show sets, and saw masses of ice being prepared for a new film, "Ice Station Zebra," with Gregory Peck.

Driving round the sets, she was shown Debbie Reynolds' new Rolls-Royce.

"I heard Debbie's just like a little girl with a new toy. She drives round and round the studio streets whenever she's got a few minutes off."

She went to Universal Studios, where she saw a whole German town, including a Hotel Berlin, being built for "The Torn Curtain," which will star Julie Andrews and Paul Newman, and watched the make-up experts at work.

"They usually take about two hours to make up the stars each morning," said Miss Nott.

"As the stars are often on the set from 6.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., the make-up artists are on call for patch-ups the whole time."

After this study of European and American women's beauty habits, Miss Nott said that Australian women were not as skin-conscious as they should be.

"In this respect we have a most difficult climate, thus the need for pampering the skin with nourishing and moisturising lotions," she said.

"So many women spend hours choosing accessories for a new dress, yet they won't spend a few minutes a day on the most important accessory of all — a clear complexion."

—KERRY YATES



**PAPA LORENZINI outside the little bistro that began as a wine bar. He died in 1960.**



# Red Skelton— a happy clown

● Red Skelton, the clown with the indiarubber face, famous as a laugh-maker both in movies and television, says he never knows for certain what is going to make an audience laugh.

THIS statement, almost as incredible as Red's talent, is backed up by Seymour Berns, who has directed the "Red Skelton Show" for years.

"No one can ever be sure what an audience will laugh at," Berns said.

"All of us who put the show on television have spent many, many years in the comedy field. But we can never be sure that anything is going to garner the laugh we would like to have."

Red, who believes he was put on earth to make people laugh, certainly makes a good job of it.

He thinks the show is popular because every viewer sees something of himself in what Red does.

The hour-long show is divided into three parts — monologue, sketch, and a mime—and Red stars in all three parts.

It is hard to imagine a talent that can come up week after week for 15 years with a show as excellent as this. But the show is not Red's only activity.

He paints in both water-color and oils, he writes, and he composes.

His most recent song, "My True Love," has been used as the love theme for MGM's new musical, "Made in Paris."

Red's return to MGM as a music man came 15 years after he left it for TV.

Show-business people are always a fascinating mixture of queer things. Red, for instance, has a standing rule that no adjectives or superlatives may be used to describe him when he is introduced on a show.

A few other queer things are that he won't answer a telephone, won't speak on it except in an emergency, although he loves talking into microphones or tape-recordings; doesn't smoke, although he is generally seen with a cigar in his mouth; has a red macaw called Gaugin that he likes to have round always.

But it all adds up to Red Skelton himself, one of TV's most popular men.

—NAN MUSGROVE

## Television



**RED SKELTON**, famous TV comedian (above), relaxes off-stage. Red married Georgina Davis in 1945, a happy marriage that is still the keystone of his life. They have a daughter, Valentina, 19. Their only son, Richard, died of leukaemia in 1958 when he was nine.

**BIG MOMENT** (left) when Red conducts the MGM orchestra in his composition "My True Love," theme for the film "Made in Paris." Red not only wrote lyrics and music, he did the arrangements and conducted the orchestra when recording the song for the film.

The "Red Skelton Show" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.; in Melbourne on GTV9, Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.; and will be shown in other capital cities later.





DON LANE

# DON'S HAPPY TO BE BACK

By GWEN CUNNINGHAM

● Lanky, likeable Don Lane has settled back into Sydney, after a flying trip to the States, "optimistic and happy," as he puts it, with the abrasive effects of the first year in a new country safely over and a two-year contract for TCN9's "Tonight" show in his pocket.

DON got his 1966 season off to a flying start with an excellent opening show, which ran nearly two hours instead of the usual 90 minutes and flagged practically not at all.

Next day scores of people came up to him and asked had he seen any snakes today — a reference to the pythons on-camera, to his obvious distaste, on the previous night's show, and a sure sign that plenty of people had been tuned in.

Lane's capacity to handle an interview has improved enormously. As he says himself, interviewing is a difficult art, although few people realise it, and he had come to "Tonight" purely as a nightclub entertainer.

Part of his impressive technique is his plan to talk to all the prospective subjects during the week before the show, instead of hearing about them secondhand and going on "cold."

This means a lot more work, and he is glad to be free of his Saturday morning radio work.

When I spoke to Don Lane he had just come from a Lord Mayor's reception at

the Town Hall to launch a permanent amenities fund for troops in Vietnam and Malaysia.

After his return from Vietnam in the New Year he had 10 days on his hands. A plan to do recordings had fallen through and here was this 10 days with NOTHING TO DO...

Where lesser mortals might have been glad to laze on the beach in the January sun, the effervescent Mr. Lane could sit still only long enough to book a plane to Las Vegas and Los Angeles to look up old friends.

He didn't go to New York to see his parents because of the transport strike.

As one who often despairs of the American stamp being placed on Australia, I was glad to note that at least a little of Australia has rubbed off on Don.

While he hasn't actually got round to watching cricket, he has become a keen League fan and can hardly wait for the season to open so he can be in there shouting for South Sydney.

"In the States," he said, "I was an insane football

fan. In fact, this time I shot 22ft. of film of a big pro match in Los Angeles to bring back and show some of the boys here what the grid-iron game is like."

He startled some American friends with antipodean expressions such as "Turn it up" and unconscious colloquialisms like "That's a nice car, that" (to which their reply would be, "Oh, that is, is that!"), but they



found no trace of Australian accent.

He has, however, learned to make tea in a pot and always does it that way now. He even taught his mother when she visited him last year, and sent her home with new conceptions of gracious tea-drinking.

Don has a downstairs flat at Vaucluse with a harbor view and a barbecue on which he tosses an expert steak.

He does his own cooking and a maid comes in twice a

week — "On Fridays," he says, "to clean up after the week, and on Monday to clean up the debris of the weekend."

THE whimsicality of the writers of television situation comedies, especially domestic, seems to have no bounds. In their efforts to give a new twist to well-worn plots, they have borrowed from the children's favorite, Mr. Ed (the horse, not the ambassador), and come up with, heaven preserve us, a talking car.

As it would be difficult for a car to flap its lips in the same way as the handsome Palomino, this car talks through its radio speaker.

The car is a reincarnation of the hero's mother, and the radio is her voice.

Like Mr. Ed, she refuses to speak to anyone but the master of the house, and this (once more) often causes friction with the mistress of the house, played in the car series by "beautiful ex-model Maggie Pierce."

To round off the prototype picture, there has been added a couple of cute kids, namely, Randy Whipple, 6, and Cindy Eilbacher, 8, and the inevitable shaggy family dog.

"My Mother the Car" (whose voice, by the way, is that of seductive Ann Sothern) begins on Channel 10 at 7 p.m. on Monday, February 7.

At 7.30 the same night, Ten will show the first episode in the latest "spoof" series. This time it's a send-up of prisoner-of-war films, and called "Hogan's Heroes."

## A song from the heart

BOBBY LIMB'S "Sound of Music" begins again on February 4, and on the February 11 show it departs from its role of using only tried and evergreen favorites and presents a new song.

It's called "It Goes Without Saying, I Love You," and Darryl Stewart will put it over with all the stops out. It's a fairly predictable, sentimental ballad arranged into a big, rich sound with a choral backing by musical director Bob Gibson, who was given a melody line and words to work from.

But the story behind the song is not predictable.

About a year ago a prisoner in a Sydney jail composed a song, picking out the tune on a mouth-organ and writing down the notes.

He sent it to the TCN9 Chief Executive, Ken Hall.

Now Mr. Hall, who might have been excused for throwing the amateurish attempt into the wastepaper basket and getting on with the business of running a big television station, wrote back to Prisoner X.

He told him Channel 9's musical experts considered the melody line too weak,

but, touched by the thought of someone in such depressing surroundings trying to write music, encouraged him to keep trying.

Over the year there was intermittent correspondence. Prisoner X sent two more efforts at composition.



DARRYL STEWART

Last September, Prisoner X wrote: "I must apologise for my last composition. Up to now I had no way of knowing how weak its chord construction was. In fact, I had no way of knowing anything about its construction, with only a harmonica to guide me."

He said he had been given

permission to produce and direct a show called "Revue 66" at Christmas, using the prison orchestra. He wrote:

"In this sea of human tragedy, Mr. Hall, here at the jail, it may surprise you if you knew the talent I have unearthed for this show."

The ABC, doing a TV documentary on prison side-lights, interviewed him about the production.

But the greatest moment for Prisoner X came when Ken Hall took the trouble to send him a tape-recording of Darryl Stewart singing "It Goes Without Saying."

He wrote to Mr. Hall: "I enjoyed the tape immensely and it has already been repeated by request over the jail radio 2LB. It has given the whole jail a lift."

There is a good chance, allowing for remission for good conduct, that Prisoner X, who has spent nearly two years in jail for failing to make maintenance payments, will be out in time to see the "Sound of Music" of February 11.

Ken Hall said: "I stuck to him because he was a tricker, but now this is accomplished I have asked him not to send us any more songs, because 'Sound of Music' doesn't deal in new music."

## LAMPSHADES

from treasures and trifles



Learn how the experts turn vases, ornaments and the most commonplace household articles into stylish lampshades. Step-by-step photo-guide in February HOME BEAUTIFUL answers all the problems... helps you decorate beautifully and save money.

## KITCHENS YOU'D LIKE TO OWN



Eye-catching, practical kitchens don't need big budgets or big spaces. See the full-color review of some of Australia's best-planned kitchens... dozens of ideas that you could afford to use.

## SUMMER SALAD COOKBOOK

Home economist Jean Bowring's easy making, good-looking salads you'll want to keep on using

## GET HIM TO TILE THE BATHROOM!

Another big step-by-step guide which enables any man-about-the-house to be a tiler without mess or mistakes. New adhesives make it easy. HOME BEAUTIFUL tells him how.

## WALL CHARTS FOR STAMP ENTHUSIASTS

Exclusive offer of THREE big, colorful charts, specially designed for the Stamp Promotion Council. Ideal decoration for children's rooms or "den".

• New series for domestic arts students • Lined-finish furniture • Home decorator's news report • Native plants series

## AUSTRALIA'S MOST-WANTED HOME DESIGNS

Home Beautiful's Small Homes Service pinpoints the desires of our young homemakers as revealed in their choices over the past year.

FEBRUARY

## Home Beautiful

OUT NOW! STILL ONLY 2.6.

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Momma once said, "You can talk about the Mona Lisa and other great works of art, but to me the most beautiful picture is a boy and his dog. There seems to be such an understanding between them. You can almost see love flashing from their eyes. And the welcome he gets at the front gate when he comes home from school!" And I say, "Why do you think a boy loves his dog so much?" Momma's moral sums up her reply beautifully.

Momma's moral: A boy loves his dog because it's the only thing around the house that doesn't find fault with him.

## ASSURED FOOT COMFORT by SURGICAL BOOTMAKERS

For people with BUNIONS, HAMMER TOES, CALLUSES and FALLEN METATARSALS. We can adjust, alter or surgically correct your shoes for perfect comfort. Heed the advice of experts re the type of shoes you should wear. By having the correct alteration it can ease the pain caused by ARTHRITIS or RHEUMATISM at any PRESSURE POINT.

We have had over 50 years' experience in the Art of Bootmaking and SURGICALLY CORRECTING shoes of all types.

Make walking a pleasure by seeing  
BYRNE BROS. PTY. LTD.  
15 WILMOT ST., SYDNEY  
(opposite Trecoedra)  
61-5865

## MAY WE SUGGEST?

THE IDEAL GIFT for friends in Australia or Overseas

is a Gift Subscription to

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Subscription rates:

Rate	1/3 Year	1 Year
Aust. Rates	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom. Foreign	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
	£3/5/6	£6/3/11

THE IDEAL GIFT!

look alive with The

## The Bulletin

Political comment • News & Views  
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 2/-

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 9, 1966



## FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

# KNITWEAR GOES CHIC

*TOP* English model Jean Shrimpton (right) looks stunning in this white orlon baby shawl knit by Melbourne designer Noleen King. Note full-length view and price of same dress in a pastel shade, below centre, opposite page.



*THREE-QUARTER SLEEVES* in pineapple pattern give up-to-the-minute fashion lift to the simple little orlon dress, above left, by Shetland, £7 or \$14. Tailored style in newly popular grey, to suit any occasion, by Slade, £7/10/- or \$15.

*RIGHT: Glowing pastels and darker shades* are winter winners. Dark blue Heathermoor dress with polo neck (far right), £7/5/- or \$14.50. Crewneck Heathermoor dress (centre), £6/15/- or \$13.50. Shetland dress with soft collar, button-through top, £10 or \$20. Textured stockings in this collection are from Kayser's new autumn range.





● Here is a collection of new orlon knitwear designs for winter, 1966. These orlon knits are smart and sophisticated and come in a range of new-season colors that will satisfy the most fashion-conscious female. The newest news, perhaps, is that knit fashions are looking more like dresses, less like knitteds; the success here has been the baby shawl knit which brings texture and fabric-finish to knitwear. The charmingly feminine style worn by topflight English model Jean Shrimpton on the opposite page (and shown in a full-length, pastel version at the foot of this page) gives a clear idea of this attractive finish. Elsewhere specialty stitches and patterns are fashion highlights that are bound to please.



**VIBRANT** orange and brown orlon knits (right) gain added warmth with matching textured stockings. Shetland's polo-necked orange dress, £9 or \$18. Brown marl dress—wear it with or without belt—with collar and button-through top is by Slade, £7/10/- or \$15.



**TWO** elegant orlon pastels (left). The textured and glamorous near-Edwardian design is worn by model Jean Shrimpton in white, pictured at far left, opposite page, £11/7/6 or \$22.75. Shetland's V-necked design with knit pattern edges is a classic, £10 or \$20.



**THREE** different ways to look smart (right) in Shetland's plain orlon shift with embroidered edge, £10 or \$20, and brown-and-bone polo-neck dress with two-piece look, £8/10/- or \$17. Embroidery also finishes shirt collar of Crestknit's orlon dress at far right, £9 or \$18.



**SPECIAL KNITS** in orlon dress styles for winter include Shetland's all-over pattern bone dress (above left) with crochet edging its tab front, £9 or \$18. Crestknit's lime orlon with panel of lacy-knit decorating each side of the full-length front opening, £9 or \$18.

● All these clothes are on sale at about the prices given at: David Jones Ltd., Farmer & Co., Grace Bros., Sydney. Myer Emporium, Melbourne, and Brisbane. Myer Emporium, John Martins, Adelaide.



# Look!

## A wonderful New FASHION SERVICE

An exciting choice of fashions at sensibly low prices—this month, send for this suit ready-made, or cut-out ready to sew, complete with covered buttons and patent belt.



AUSTRALIAN **Home Journal**

# Look!

## Complete PAPER PATTERN

A complete paper pattern for this all-seasons "take-you-anywhere" dress, only 22c. (2/3) post free.



KEEP IN FASHION WITH

AUSTRALIAN **Home Journal**

# Dress Sense

By  
**BETTY KEEP**

● This sleeveless A-line dress with its contrast collar and dicky fill-in is my design choice for a Sydney reader.



6358.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6358, price 7/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

**PICTURED** above is my design choice for a young Sydney reader who requested a pattern combining linen and white pique. She wrote:

*"Would it be possible to have a design for a frock with a white pique collar or some sort of pique contrast? I want the frock beltless and fairly fitted. My material is a fairly heavy rayon, looking like linen. The color is junior navy."*

The dress I have chosen is illustrated above. The silhouette is A-line, and I think the white pique contrast will look very slick combined with navy. Full details of the pattern are under the illustration.

*"Please advise me about a style to make me look slimmer. I am in my early fifties."*

A front-closing coat-dress

will break the width of your figure. Have the dress finished with a V-neckline and narrow revers. A dull-surfaced fabric is the best choice of the not-so-slim.

*"Would I look too like a deb if I wore my wedding gown to a formal ball? I have been married only three months. The gown has no train, and is made in white crepe."*

I don't think there is anything more attractive than a white ball gown. Furthermore, white is high fashion for the coming season.

*"Are tight trousers still being worn?"*

No; the newest pants have straight easy-cut legs or ones slightly belled at the bottom.

*"Is 5yds. 36in. floral silk enough to make a frock with an all-round pleated skirt?"*

Yes, you have sufficient material. The skirt will be more satisfactory, and will keep its shape better, if it is machine-pleated.

*"What colored accessories should I wear with a bright kelly-green summer dress?"*

All-bone or all-white accessories would look smart with bright green.

*"I have an all-over sequin-embroidered white evening shift and would like to know if it should be worn with jewellery."*

No jewellery — the sequin is enough glitter. Wear plain white satin court shoes and white gloves. The all-white look is again in fashion.

*"Do you think I could have a swim-suit made in white rayon linen?"*

Yes, I do, but the suit will need to be lined.

*"I mostly wear a short girdle, but lately it seems to curl over at the waist and won't stay down."*

It sounds as if your girdle is the wrong size or fit. In most corset departments there is an experienced fitter. Ask and take her advice.



# THE DRUM

By ELIZABETH WALTER



THEY were finishing lunch in the Green Dragon when Cynthia Lawson looked at her husband in the way she always did when a request was important to her and asked: "Do you think we might visit the museum while we're here, Harry?"

"Why not?" Henry Lawson said indulgently. "Since you want to and since we've plenty of time."

Cynthia was in no doubt which of these justifications was the operative one. Seven years of marriage to a man twenty years her senior had taught her her place in his scheme of things. Henry Lawson had a wife in the same way that he had a place in the country and a flat in town, polo ponies, clubs, the discreetest of Bentleys, and a connoisseur's taste in wines; his position required these things and he was able to provide them out of the ample funds left by his father and his aunts.

This position, which was that of colonel of an exclusive regiment, also required that he should take a wife of the right social background, and although matrimony in itself held few attractions for him, that of doing his duty did. At the age of forty-seven Colonel Henry Lawson, MC, had put himself discreetly on the marriage-market and made overtures at house-parties and race-meetings to the mothers of several eligible young ladies, all of whom, seeing only the Colonel's annual income and elegant turn-out, regretted that they themselves were not widowed or twenty years younger and resolved to forward his suit.

It was unfortunate—not least for the Colonel—that at this point he met Cynthia Lodge. Beyond a pretty face, a delightful figure, and a sweet disposition, Cynthia had nothing to recommend her. Her parents were dead and, having some artistic talent, she earned her living as a window-dresser. It was while visiting an aunt who clutched at the fringes of society that she was introduced, because politeness demanded it, to Colonel Lawson, who fell in love with her forthwith.

Falling in love was the one thing Henry had not bargained for. It upset all his plans. Cynthia's indifference to him was another. He was accustomed to consider himself a catch, and the ill-concealed eagerness of the matrons he had approached had strengthened him in that conviction. He redoubled his attentions, and Cynthia, wooed by Harry, urged by her aunt, and flattered by her friends into believing that Harry was her fate, accepted him. The wedding took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, and the honeymoon was spent in the Bahamas.

It was not until they returned to London and Northamptonshire that it occurred to Henry that they had little in common except their name and address. Cynthia remained aloof and beautiful even in bed and, what was

Waiting for Cynthia, Henry's attention was drawn to the old regimental drum hanging on the wall.

worse, she failed to produce an heir. Her beauty and taste, aided by Henry's money, ensured her photograph's frequent appearance in the glossier magazines, but while Henry was justifiably proud of his wife's ability to draw attention he was much less pleased by its results. He was, in fact, exceedingly jealous of his treasure.

The sight of Cynthia dancing with another man was more than he could bear, and while he was too sophisticated to resort to overt displays of his feelings he let her know about them nonetheless. Cynthia remained as always—aloof and beautiful. It was the only consolation Henry had. Her indifference to the admiration she excited seemed to be total. Her husband at least fared no worse than anyone else.

Gradually the relationship established itself between them of extreme politeness and very little else. Cynthia accompanied her husband on all those occasions when it was seemly for a wife to be in evidence, and Henry lent her the support of his presence whenever he judged it was required. Despite the disparity in their ages, they were a handsome couple and socially they were much in demand. It was on their way back from a country house-party in

A dramatic short novel

To page 20

Page 19



It was on her hairdresser's advice she first used . . .

## KOLESTRAL "N" FOR DRY HAIR



for the sheer beauty of lustrous hair.

(Kolestral "S" for dandruff)  
85c AT ALL CHEMISTS,  
HAIRDRESSING SALONS.

## Stop Summer Wrinkles

Have a complexion of milky loveliness free from summer wrinkles . . . a chin and neck-line that is youthfully smooth and elegant by nightly skin vitalizing. Smooth a film of vitalizing Ulan night cream over your face and neck, using a gentle upward and outward movement of the fingers. This rich beauty cream will feed nourishing elements into the skin cells to effectively prevent wrinkle-dryness and promote the youthful softness and beauty so necessary to a lovely complexion.

. . . Margaret Merrill

"It's the talk of the town"

. . . and it's coming from  
L M ERICSSON  
PTY. LTD.



Wales that they had stopped in Carrington for lunch, and the Green Dragon was the best hotel the town boasted. Even Henry had been pleased with the wine.

Perhaps it was the after-effects of this vintage — a 1957 Chateau du Pape — that made him unusually accommodating toward his wife's suggestion that they visit the museum. Museums did not come within Henry Lawson's sphere of interest, which to many people would have seemed circumscribed. But Cynthia was looking exceptionally pretty; the weekend had gone off rather well; he was not in the mood to refuse a simple request that would make her happy and perhaps draw from her one of her rare but lovely smiles.

"What's in the museum of such particular interest?" he inquired as he tucked her small gloved hand under his arm.

"Nothing, Harry, really, except some china figures and I'd rather like to see them. That's all."

"I suppose you'll be wanting me to buy them for your collection?"

"I doubt very much if the museum would sell." She peered up at him from under her shadowy hat-brim. "Besides, you think my collection is a waste of time."

"Waste of money, rather," he said kindly. "But of course it keeps you happy I don't mind."

"You're very good to me," she said as if she meant it, and turned into the entrance of the museum.

It was almost exactly three years ago that Cynthia Lawson had begun to collect eighteenth-century china figurines. The hobby had grown on her, to become a ruling passion. She frequented dealers and salerooms and junk and antique shops. Her husband was amused but not interested, although generous, regarding the hobby as lady-like and harmless enough. It never struck him as odd that a woman not yet thirty should choose to devote her life to china figurines. He followed her meekly past a startled-looking attendant and up the stairs labelled "To the Museum."

The stairs were flanked by an imperfectly reconstructed tessellated pavement—a foretaste of the glories that were to come. The museum proper was lined with stuffed birds in glass cases, all posed in disturbingly naturalistic stance. The rest of the cases contained a conglomeration of objects donated by local residents or their heirs. Old firearms gave place to a corn-dolly, a Victorian wedding dress to local tiles. The windows, high up and operated by sash cords, were tightly closed against the world outside. The atmosphere was timeless, faintly musty, and productive of awe in those who penetrated this tomb.

THE LAWSONS were the only visitors. It was not surprising that the attendant had given them a startled look. As a rule, no one came from one week's end to another, and those who did were quick to hurry away. The only exceptions were those like Cynthia Lawson who came expressly to see the china figurines. The fame of the collection, known as the Brightwell Gift, was widespread, and several of its items were unique. Visitors even came from America to see it, and often tried to persuade the museum to sell.

Cynthia picked her way through the ranks of sharp-angled glass cases to where a smaller room opened at the back. The doors into it were held open with giant wedges. A notice above the door announced the Brightwell Gift.

Continued from page 19

Henry followed her more slowly, already bored with the visit. It was like Cynthia to have arranged their lunching in Carrington and engineered their visit to the museum. He felt obscurely resentful toward her, and this resentment was heightened by the absence of anywhere to sit.

The trustees of the Carrington Museum had manifestly not reckoned with visitors unable to keep on their feet. A brisk walk round, a lingering, a returning—these were too evidently the moves one was expected to make. No concession was offered to peaceful contemplation, the trustees judging rightly that few objects warranted as much. Even the Brightwell Gift, though displayed with taste and to advantage, was designed to be inspected on foot. Henry, having walked all round its informatively labelled cases, was forced to retreat to the museum's main room, where at least he could pretend interest in a brace of flintlock pistols, a rusted pike, and other military mementoes of that kind.

Through the wedged-open door he could see Cynthia admiring. She had clearly forgotten both that he existed and was bored. Her concentration gave her the air of a sleep-walker, as she moved very slowly from case to case of the display. If he could only put a glass case around Cynthia so that people would

by his own reaction; he had not known how powerful his feelings were. The young officer's resignation shortly afterwards for other reasons had seemed to him providence at work.

Henry was a firm believer in providence, that is to say, in things going infallibly his way. It was in this spirit that he began his tour of inspection, and he caught sight of the drum with a sense of confidence not misplaced.

It was a small drum hung high on the wall with the drumsticks arranged above it, near the wedged-open doors that led to the second room. Its faded colors were not those of any regiment he recognised, and the style of its accoutrements proclaimed it an antique. It was the kind of drum a drummer-boy might have carried into action—a superior child's plaything for someone scarcely more than a child. Regimental as opposed to military matters were dear to Henry Lawson. With some difficulty (for he was slightly near-sighted) he stooped to read the label far below.

This told him that the drum had belonged to the 44th Regiment of Foot (barracks at Carrington), and had been carried in the Peninsular War and later in the Crimea, but upon the regiment's being merged with two others in 1861 to form the Royal Wiltshire Fusiliers, its colors had been solemnly hung up in Car-

ringford Cathedral and the drum had found its way to the museum.

Henry was excited by this discovery in a particularly personal way. The Royal Wiltshires was his own regiment and the drum was therefore in a sense his drum. He knew all about the colors hanging threadbare and dusty in the Cathedral, but until this afternoon he had not known about the drum.

His first thought was to call Cynthia and tell her of his discovery. His second was that it would be pointless to do any such thing. Cynthia did not share his interests in the Regiment; she did not even understand it. To her, one unit in the British Army was very much like the next and all of them were dedicated to the same end of destruction. She was not an Army wife. It was Henry's weightiest condemnation of her; he could have forgiven her all the rest; but that she should look upon his beloved regiment as though it were another woman in his life—that Henry could never excuse. Moreover, it reminded him insistently of the essential unwisdom of his choice, for had he married a girl of the right social background, this unfortunate divergence would never have taken place. It was only the unexpected strength of his passions that had led him so sadly astray.

There were moments when he almost hated Cynthia. Standing before the drum was one such. It was as much to spite his wife as to yield to some schoolboy compulsion to do it honor that Colonel Lawson stood rigidly to attention and saluted the regimental drum.

To his mingled amazement and horror, the drum began to beat.

The drumsticks suspended above it sprang suddenly into life. The drum's sound was excellent—the parchment must still have been taut—and the rhythm was crisp and distinct. It began very softly and rose in a quick crescendo, as though a child were beating it in terror and bravado before some irate adult rushed in and snatched the toy away.

There was something insistent and desperate about its message, as though there was not much time, and at the same time it was ridiculously childish and conjured up visions of nursery tea. Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, dub, dub, dub! With the last "dub" the drumsticks struck the parchment as though they were determined to split it. And all at once the tattoo was over, the drumsticks back in their place, swaying slightly as if a breeze were blowing. The whole room was suddenly very still.

It was broken by a tattoo of a different nature—the tapping of Cynthia's high heels across the polished floor. She looked startled, but not frightened. "Harry, what were you doing?" she asked. "Nothing," Henry Lawson said breathlessly. "It was that

drum. It started to beat."

Cynthia followed the direction of his finger. "That? But you couldn't play it hanging on the wall."

"I didn't play it," Henry answered grimly.

"Then who did?"

Her question was echoed by the attendant, who had come rushing in more startled than before, prepared to expostulate with the gentleman whose sense of humor was so misplaced. He looked disbelieving while Henry protested his innocence, remarking at the end, "Well, sir, there's no one else."

"That's exactly the point," Henry said testily. His heart had begun to race uncomfortably and it was difficult to catch his breath. "I was standing right here when it happened. There was no one else in the room."

"Could it have been the wind?" Cynthia suggested. "A sudden draught, perhaps?"

The attendant's eyes moved to the tightly closed windows. Henry had gone rather white. "There's no natural explanation," he said with difficulty. "We're in the presence of a—a phenomenon, that's all. There's no need to be frightened, dearest."

"I'm not afraid," Cynthia said.

It was her husband, she thought, who seemed frightened. His brow was beaded with sweat. When he took her arm preparatory to leaving, it seemed as much for his reassurance as for her own.

The attendant still eyed them suspiciously. Henry essayed a tip. To his astonish-

ment, the man drew back precipitately, as if he feared to be touched.

"I'll accept your word it wasn't you, sir, that climbed up and tampered with that drum. But if you ask me, these things don't happen without a purpose, though what that purpose is, I wouldn't know. All I do know is, you were standing here looking at it and it suddenly started to beat." He turned aside and said very distinctly, "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes."

"Don't be a superstitious fool," Henry told him, propelling Cynthia out. "The incident has no significance whatever."

Not one of them believed what he said.

HENRY did not refer to the incident again for some months, and when he did it was at the club. He had been joined at lunch by Syrett and Musgrave, and they were taking coffee in the lounge. Both men had held commissions in the Royal Wiltshires, which they had resigned to devote themselves to civilian life—Syrett as a partner in a firm of stockbrokers and Musgrave as a landowner and chairman of a local bench.

Syrett was ebullient and chcerubic, twice married and divorced by very pretty wives; Musgrave was angular and patrician, and an unmarried sister presided over his home. The three men had little in common except the Royal Wiltshires and regimental reminiscences had already loomed large in their talk. It was during an awkward lull in their conversation that Henry referred to the drum.

He began by asking if they knew of its existence. To his surprise, both did. Not that it was odd Musgrave should know of it; regimental history was a sideline of his; but that Syrett, who lived only for the present, should have heard of the 44th Regiment of Foot, still more of the drum their drummer boys had carried—this was almost as unnatural as when the drum began to beat.

Henry looked inquiringly from one to the other of his companions. "And I thought I had made a find!"

"Why should you think that?" Musgrave asked gently. "The drum's existence is perfectly well known. It's mentioned in Bullingham-Jones's 'Annals of the Royal Wiltshire,' as well as in one or two more popular accounts. Of course we haven't heard much about it lately." He looked at Henry sharply over his coffee-cup with the look that had caused many a defendant to tremble in the dock. "I hope you're not going to tell us," he said coolly, "that the damn drum started to beat?"

Some instinct caused Henry to keep silent. Smiling, he shook his head.

"Well, thank heaven for that," Musgrave continued. "We don't want to lose you yet."

"Lose me? What are you talking about?"

It was Musgrave's turn to look surprised. "The legend, you know," he murmured. "The drum always beats when a colonel is going to die."

"Utter nonsense!" Henry said hotly. His heart had again started to race, although the doctor had assured him there was no cause for worry; a couple of tablets and he would be fine. He groped for the phial in his breast-pocket, aware of Musgrave's air of pained surprise. "I mean," he added hastily, "that's an ignorant superstition."

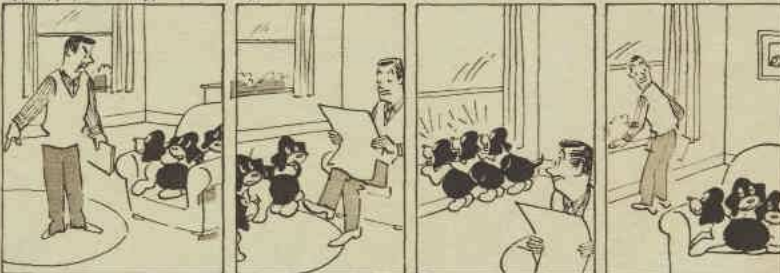
"But it happens to be a true one, all the same."

Both men looked in astonishment at Syrett, who seemed

To page 32

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



come and look their fill and turn away, he would be free for ever from the festering anxiety that his sleep-walker might someday awake—but to someone else. So long as she remained aloof and beautiful to all men, he forgave her for including him in their ranks, but let her show—just once—that she was human, and Henry trembled to think how he might react.

There had been a moment when he had feared the worst was about to happen. Three or four years ago there had been unmistakable signs. He preferred not to remember the episode, for after all the matter had ended well. At least it had if you could so describe a hushed-up scandal, a hasty resignation to save the regiment's good name.

It was curious that Cynthia should have looked with favor on the one officer in the regiment who had almost brought disgrace upon them all. It was as though she had a nose for the unsound—the result, Henry feared, of her own unsatisfactory upbringing. Belonging to a so-called "artistic" profession, involved to a degree in bohemian cafe-society, what chance had a girl like Cynthia to form standards, still less question their validity?

Because he loved her, he—Henry—had forgiven her, particularly since she protested her innocence. Besides, he was convinced there had been no improper conduct; it was an indiscretion merely, a social lapse. Nevertheless, he had been shaken

ringford Cathedral and the drum had found its way to the museum.

Henry was excited by this discovery in a particularly personal way. The Royal Wiltshires was his own regiment and the drum was therefore in a sense his drum. He knew all about the colors hanging threadbare and dusty in the Cathedral, but until this afternoon he had not known about the drum.

His first thought was to call Cynthia and tell her of his discovery. His second was that it would be pointless to do any such thing. Cynthia did not share his interests in the Regiment; she did not even understand it. To her, one unit in the British Army was very much like the next and all of them were dedicated to the same end of destruction. She was not an Army wife. It was Henry's weightiest condemnation of her; he could have forgiven her all the rest; but that she should look upon his beloved regiment as though it were another woman in his life—that Henry could never excuse. Moreover, it reminded him insistently of the essential unwisdom of his choice, for had he married a girl of the right social background, this unfortunate divergence would never have taken place. It was only the unexpected strength of his passions that had led him so sadly astray.

There were moments when he almost hated Cynthia. Standing before the drum was one such. It was as much to spite his wife as to yield to some schoolboy compulsion to

drum. It started to beat."

Cynthia followed the direction of his finger. "That? But you couldn't play it hanging on the wall."

"I didn't play it," Henry answered grimly.

"Then who did?"

Her question was echoed by the attendant, who had come rushing in more startled than before, prepared to expostulate with the gentleman whose sense of humor was so misplaced. He looked disbelieving while Henry protested his innocence, remarking at the end, "Well, sir, there's no one else."

"That's exactly the point," Henry said testily. His heart had begun to race uncomfortably and it was difficult to catch his breath. "I was standing right here when it happened. There was no one else in the room."

"Could it have been the wind?" Cynthia suggested. "A sudden draught, perhaps?"

The attendant's eyes moved to the tightly closed windows. Henry had gone rather white. "There's no natural explanation," he said with difficulty. "We're in the presence of a—a phenomenon, that's all. There's no need to be frightened, dearest."

"I'm not afraid," Cynthia said.

It was her husband, she thought, who seemed frightened. His brow was beaded with sweat. When he took her arm preparatory to leaving, it seemed as much for his reassurance as for her own.

The attendant still eyed them suspiciously. Henry essayed a tip. To his astonish-



# A CHANCE ON TOBY



A barrier had to be broken . . .  
an appealing short short story

By  
**GILLETTE JONES**

**J**ANET stood in front of Paul's desk, the hand that held the purse trembling. She shook her head in disbelief. He own son. This, she hadn't expected. It was bad enough to fail with an adopted son, but with her own flesh and blood . . .

It seemed as though all the worst predictions anyone had forecast about their taking Toby into their home had been realised. Her sister Betty's argument came back now: "You must be out of your minds! Are you thinking at all of your own boy?"

From the day that Janet and Dan had brought Toby home everyone had predicted trouble. They themselves knew from the moment their glances had met in the children's home that they were letting emotion over-rule common sense.

Janet remembered how she had answered Betty and all the others: "We're hoping Paul will be an influence on Toby—a good influence. After all, we've taught him honesty and principles for fourteen years."

Betty had scoffed. "Sure—and this kid's been learning the opposite for his thirteen years."

"His name is Toby," Janet had said, and argued, "There'll be three of us and only one of him."

"Not if his bad rubs off on Paul. They're too close in age. That boy's too old to change."

Dan had stepped into the argument then, saying, "We've done a good job on Paul. It won't come undone . . ."

It had come undone. Their faith had been wishful thinking. What were they going to do? They would have to send Toby away and start rebuilding what had been torn down in Paul . . . and they would send Toby off, knowing that at his age this was no doubt his last chance at having a home.

She still remembered the look of loneliness they had seen in Toby's eyes that day at the home that had persuaded them more than the social worker's warnings about him. Everyone else saw only defiance.

They had brought Toby home in May and now it was February. All too often there had been trouble, but until now Paul had not been involved.

Sometimes Toby had seemed to do things with no reason other than to deliberately test their confidence. Janet and Dan felt they'd not broken through that protective wall of silence and sometimes sullenness that Toby had built around himself. Janet had been called up to school several times about his behaviour. Twice he'd been in fights, and once he'd cheated on a test. That last had shocked her, but she had pleaded with the dean of students, saying, "We can't hope to change him overnight."

Now Janet stood in Paul's room, staring in disbelief. She'd decided to clean his room today, top to bottom. Deep in a drawer was the missing purse, the money still in it. She had never had to worry about Paul's honesty. When he'd make a mistake he'd come and tell them. But the mistakes had been normal slips—matters of fair play or white lies—never anything terrible.

But, suppose Toby had stolen it, after all, and put it in Paul's drawer? No—the boys were fiercely loyal to each

"I can't find it—it isn't there!" said Toby, nearly crying as he came back into the room.

other. She'd even hoped that that strong trait might eventually bring about the turning point in Toby's ways.

She heard the boys outside. They were home from school. Panicky, she slipped the purse into its hiding place. The boys were arguing, their voices loud enough to be heard through the slightly open window.

"Listen, I'm going to tell them." That was Paul.

"What for?" Toby asked. "You want to get in trouble?" Janet slipped from the room and down the stairs before the boys entered the house. Her heart was pounding wildly in anticipation when they came in. She gave them snacks, waiting for Paul's confession, but no one ventured a word.

At supper Janet sensed that Paul was uncomfortable. Every once in a while his eyes met Toby's.

Finally, Paul murmured, "I did a dopy thing today." The purse had not been taken today, but several days ago. Janet tried to keep her voice steady. "Well?"

Paul glanced at Toby, then at her. "I tried smoking." Dan said, "I'm glad you realise it was dopy. Can we count on your not doing it again?"

Paul nodded. Toby stared—first at Paul, then at Dan, complete bewilderment on his face as he saw Paul wasn't being punished. He took a bite of meat and, sticking his chin out, he blurted defiantly, "I did it, too."

Dan was saying, "Well? Did you decide it was dopy?" "It tasted awful. I choked. Yeah—I guess it was pretty dumb, huh?" Toby turned to Paul and laughed. "Hey! I do feel better! You said I would."

Dan smiled. "A clean sweep of the conscience does that, son."

Janet told herself that she would wait only until after dinner to speak out.

For the rest of the meal Toby turned serious and seemed deep in thought. Suddenly, without being excused, he bolted from the table and ran upstairs.

He came down again upset. "I can't find it!" he cried. "It was me . . . I took the purse . . . but now I was going to give it back and it isn't there!" He was fighting tears, all his toughness gone.

Janet glanced at Paul. She saw his face muscles working. He stood up, saying, "I'll get it. It's in my room."

Janet grabbed for his arm. "Just a minute. You'd better tell us what this is all about."

Paul shifted from one foot to the other. "Aw, well, I found the thing in Toby's room, and . . . well, I knew he'd be sorry some time. Instead of taking a chance on his being caught before he owned up, well . . . you know how it is, Mum," he trailed off.

"How were you so sure he'd be sorry?" Janet asked. He looked surprised. "You said it, Mum. He just needed time. We all knew that."

Dan flushed. "Suppose you both get the purse since you both, in your own way, took it. That, incidentally, was a very dumb thing to do—and a serious one. You fellows better think about what kind of punishment will be fitting. I'm very disappointed in you. We will never tolerate dishonesty in this house. You both understand?"

They nodded, and then ran to get the purse. Janet heard Toby say, "Gee, do I feel crummy disappointing them. They're the greatest!"

Janet's and Dan's gaze met, and Janet quietly wiped tears from her eyes. She shook her head and whispered, "No—they're the greatest." Her faith in Paul should never have wavered. He was fine. And now the breakthrough had come. Toby was going to be fine, too.

(Copyright)

# ART



**ABILITY  
TESTS FREE!**

Take advantage of these free tests in  
**COMMERCIAL ART**

A panel of leading professional artists give you these scientifically prepared tests and expert criticism FREE OF CHARGE and without obligation. If you pass these tests you receive AS A FREE GIFT "The New Commercial Art in Australia" containing 118 pages printed in full colour.



**ART TRAINING INSTITUTE**

50 Hotham Street, Melbourne, C.2

Please send me your illustrated book

"Art Ability Tests" without cost or obligation.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

W.W. Feb. 66



**'Honest.**

I really can drink from a cup.

"It was very easy to learn, with the Tru-Flo Training Cup. I'm quite an expert at drinking now. I never make any mess. You just can't spill the Tru-Flo Training Cup. And I don't need any help. The cup is very easy for me to hold.

Mum doesn't have to watch over me while I'm drinking. I can't choke. The Tru-Flo cup lets the liquid come to me in small amounts.

The cup won't spill or break and Mum can boil it for safety. These Tru-Flo people certainly know what babies need.

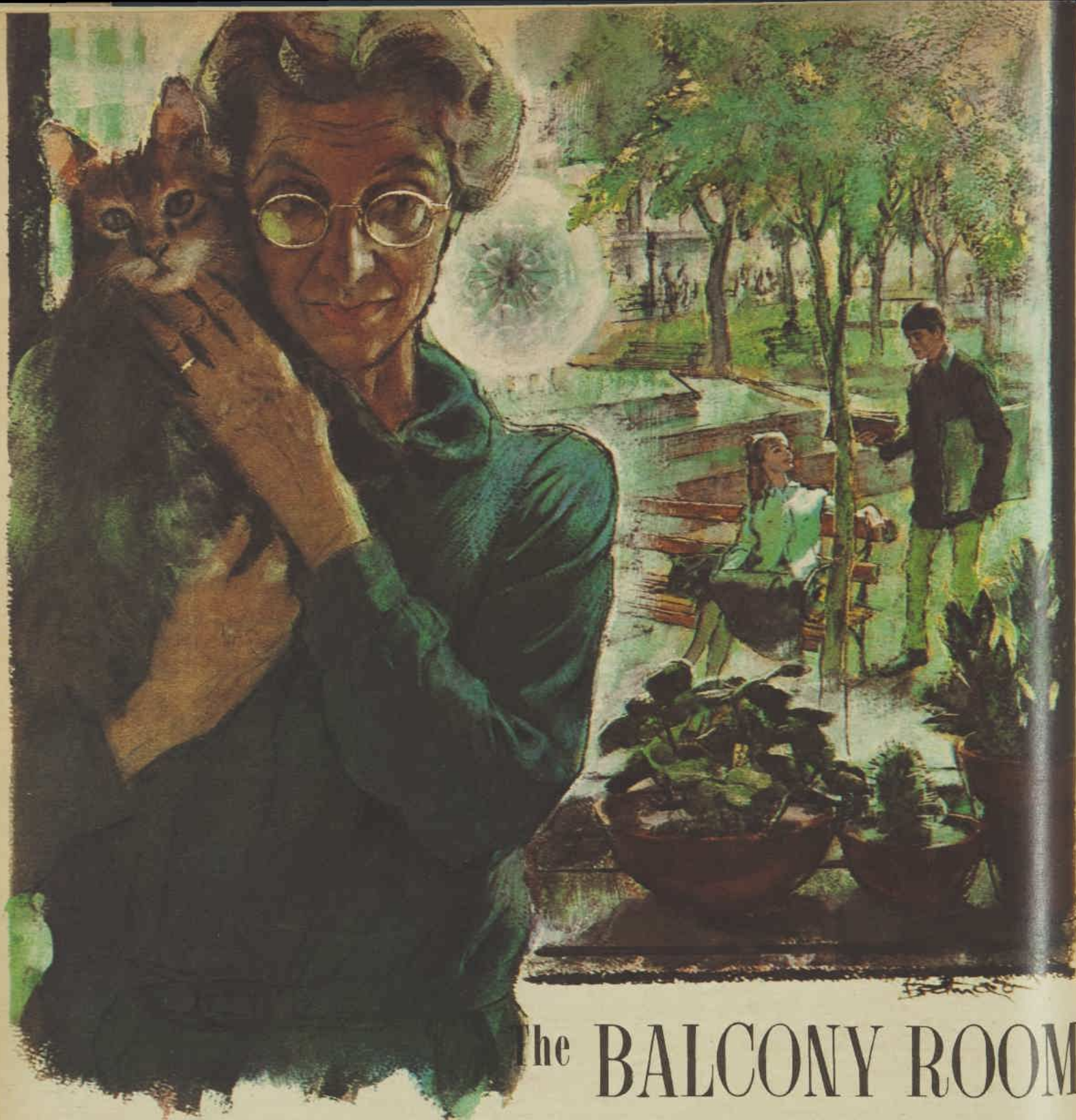
And so do the chemists. Ask your chemist about the Tru-Flo range, and your baby will be as happy and healthy as me."



TRU-FLO

Page 21





**Her memories lingered in this special place, and she hated to disturb them . . . a story**

**By LOLA IRISH**

**T**HE big cat arched from her arms, swayed through the front door, and curled on to his favorite slab of stone near the railings when told to go outside. Rose Plover brushed down her best blue frock and gazed longingly at her sunny pocket garden, but closed the door resolutely and turned back into the house. To pause irresolutely in the hall: the house was shining bright, Mr. Spooner was doing her shopping — in case he said the wrong thing to callers which he usually did — and there was really nothing left for her to worry about.

But it was eleven o'clock, and she was restless. No inquiries yet. It was the waiting, of course. She hated waiting. She'd spent most of her life waiting; for Archie to get up of a morning, for Archie to come home at night, for Archie's letters when he was on tour . . . And then the long, long wait for Archie to come back to her.

She smoothed her hair before the hall mirror; she was sorry now that she hadn't put her phone number in the advertisement, but she needed to see her would-be lodgers, not just listen to their voices at the end of a line. First impressions; they had always been important. Her sixth sense, Archie had called this aptitude, insisting that she was psychic, trying to coax her into the Great Malvini's Mind-Reading Act . . . Gullible Archie, always so impressed by the mysterious . . . Well, there was nothing mysterious about her shrewd judgment of character . . .

She'd love a cup of tea, but the moment she moved to the kitchen someone would call; it always happened that way. To be truthful, she felt uneasy, which was strange since she'd been so confident when she put the advertisement in the paper . . . After all, you could ask almost anything for a room at the Cross these days, and hers was a balcony room, with a view few could boast; the corner of the park, and the fountain, and quite a way down Macleay Street. And so handy to everything. And the cooking corner so neat behind its curtain, with the fridge Mr. Spooner had found for her—and no questions asked concerning Mr. Spooner's somewhat dubious friends. And the bathroom and toilet kept spotless . . .

No — Mrs. Plover gave a final pat to her hair — seven guineas, serviced, for a married couple (the wife working, of course) was not too much to ask for her balcony room.

She straightened her shoulders. No doubts. Not after considering it for so long, planning it so carefully. A

year since she had told herself firmly, finally, that Archie Plover would never come back to his wife. She knew it as surely as she knew that Archie was alive and content and, though he would be "getting on," still perennially, gaily young.

Time might change, and did, but somewhere, somehow, Archie Plover would be adapting his comic patter and his songs and dances and impersonations and all the rest of it, to the here and now. To the "mod" world. Funny, you didn't seem to know people when you were close to them, when you were married to them and living with them, but apart, you took a good long look and really saw them for the first time. As people. And accepted them.

She jumped at the sound of the knocker. And as she walked to the door she found she was clasping her hands together. She loosened her fingers, deliberately. What was the matter with her, behaving as if she'd never let rooms . . . The girl on the step looked very young but she wasn't really so young, she decided, with her incisive first-impression eyes; she just looked it standing there a little stiffly, with her hair smooth under its dark headband, in the long-sleeved blouse and dark skirt, gripping her over-shoulder bag. Nothing "mod" about her, actually something a little quaint with all that over-neatness. A girl just out of school she seemed. Or a girl run away from home . . .

"You haven't let it, have you?" she began, a little

To page 55





### Stop Summer Dry Skin

There's nothing lovelier than a satin smooth skin that has been warmed by the summer sun to a golden bloom, but take care that the skin's natural fluids have not been depleted by exposure to sunshine and warm, drying breezes. Before making-up stroke a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck to maintain the oil and moisture balance of the skin cells. This beautifying Ulan oil will nourish skin tissues and banish every trace of wrinkle-dryness.

— Margaret Merril

Edmont  
**green thumb**  
America's favourite Gardening Glove

Feel so soft, look so gay, outwear all similar priced garden gloves. Washable, too!



**green thumb**

Your hands look as lovely as they feel in these trimly tailored, kitten soft gloves that actually repel dirt! Green Thumbs make a wonderfully inexpensive gift for only 12/11. Men's and Women's styles from garden supply stores.

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS  
Honey Savers & Co., 316 Pitt Street, Sydney

### WHAT A RELIEF! SURGICAL HOSIERY

that's both medically and fashionably correct

Scholl "soft-grip" is the modern surgical hosiery for modern women. Surgically correct it provides positive relief from varicose veins. Fashionably in tune it can be worn without anyone knowing. Light, seamless and comfortable. Recommended by doctors. Preferred by fashion-conscious women all over the world. All fittings, with exclusive "soft-grip" top and instep. From Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

**Scholl**  
SOFT GRIP

**SURGICAL HOSIERY**  
NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 9, 1966

# I REMEMBER THE ROLANDS

For forty years the home had echoed the joys and sorrows of a family—a short story

By  
**MARY DRAKE**



*It was quite some time before Tandy could rouse her thoughts away from the past, and start working.*

**A**N air of decay and the ghosts of a thousand memories cling to the old house. Although the furniture is shrouded in dust-sheets I have but to close my eyes to see it as it was forty years ago. Yes, forty years it is since I came to work for the Rolands; shy and nervous at the thought of being in service for the first time, yet eager for life and independence. A slip of a thing I was then, but strong and wiry from being brought up on a farm.

Mrs. Roland was a round, smiling woman with a huge capacity for enjoying life. Master Derek was the one who took after her most. Only five when I first knew him, and what a one for asking questions! He would sit beside me in the kitchen as I prepared the vegetables, or mixed a batch of scones for afternoon tea, saying, "Tell me this, Tandy. Or tell me that."

He was like his mother in looks, too. He had the same dark, merry eyes, the shining black hair, and the ready smile. He was a regular one for trouble when he started going to school, always thinking up some devilment and getting into scrapes.

I remember the terrible day when he played truant and went down to the creek. If Jem, the gardener's boy, had not been going home for his midday meal we would have lost him. Face down he found him, face down in the creek, his foot caught in a snag of the old willow tree. Jem dragged him to the bank and ran for his father. They got him up to the house, then carried him upstairs, the water dripping from his black hair and his face cold and deathly white. But the next day he was himself again and laughing about it.

It was a house of music in those days when the children were young. Mr. Roland, tall and quiet, had a fine baritone, and at night when the children were in bed he would sometimes sing the old ballads, his wife accompanying him on the piano. I would open my door a little, the better to hear them. And sometimes I would creep quietly to the top of the stairs to catch a glimpse of them. A fine picture they made in the pool of lamplight, the tall, fair man beside the dark comeliness of his wife.

During the afternoons, after they had finished their lessons with the tutor, the two girls would practise their music, Jocelyn the piano and Susan the violin. Several years older than Derek they were, with two years separating them. And they were as different as chalk from cheese.

Jocelyn, the eldest, was the beauty. Tall and fair, with a light grace about her, she looked as though a breath of air could blow her away. Yet I never knew her to have a day's sickness. Susan's short, plump figure was her despair. But she had a hearty, healthy appetite, and it was before the days of these new-fangled diets.

At weekends there were nearly always tennis parties. I suppose there must have been wet weekends, but in my memory they were fair and sunny, and the air was filled with the sound of young voices.

The years slipped by, the golden years. Looking back, it seems but yesterday since I went to live with the Rolands. When Derek went to boarding-school, the two girls had finished their studies. They were living in a grown-up world then, and there were plenty of beaux in attendance.

If anything, Susan was the more popular of the two, but she treated them all with equal indifference. The violin was the love of her life. She practised for hours a day and was forever trying to persuade her father to let her study abroad. Although Jocelyn did not admit it, I could see she favored Geoffrey Croll, who ran a Model Agricultural Farm not ten miles away. When he was expected I could sense an extra excitement about her. She would be the first to be dressed, a brightness in her eyes, and a deeper pink

in her cheeks. And she would constantly be at the window for a first glimpse of his car.

They were gay years then when the family were all still together. In the summer months when Derek, who had become a tall young man, was home for the holidays there was dancing at night. The gracious old house would be splendidly lit and the gravel drive filled with cars. I was kept busy those nights, but I loved it. First there would be the girls' frocks to press, and then I would do their hair and help them dress. Quite one of the family I was, and they used to confide in me their troubles and dreams.

Susan had at last persuaded her father to let her further her violin studies and she could talk of naught else. And Jocelyn had been seeing more and more of young Geoffrey. I knew by then he had her heart, though he had not declared himself.

The particular night I'm thinking of she was looking more radiant than usual. There was a party at the house, a joint farewell to Susan, who was leaving soon for her studies, and to Derek, who was going back for his final term of school.

But by the close of the evening it was Derek who claimed all my thoughts. I had noticed him having more drinks than was customary for him in between the dancing. His color was high, and his voice and merry laugh could be heard above the others. I don't think anyone noticed him slip away in his little car after the last guest had departed. He was fond of driving round the countryside at night, or that is what he led his family to believe.

But I had reason to know that his destination was generally the village, to the home of one of the local girls. The affair, if you could call it that, had been going on for a few months. It seemed harmless enough to me, knowing that a young man must sow his wild oats.

It must have been several hours later when I was awakened by the sound of gravel on my windowpane. I slipped out of bed and drew my dressing-gown around me as I went to the window. Derek was standing in a patch of moonlight and I could see the blood that was trickling down his face on to his white shirt-front. Without waiting to question him I hurried down the back stairs and let him in the side door. I guessed, before he told me, that he had got into a fight over that village girl.

While I washed the blood that was coming from a cut under his eye he told me all about it. He was sure that the girl was the love of his life and there would never be another. I soothed him as best I could, for what use to tell him in his present state that he would be laughing over this soon and that she would be the first of dozens? So I fussed around him and made him some coffee, and the things he confided in me were for my ears alone.

Fortunately, he had to leave the next morning, and in the confusion that always surrounded his departure his story of bumping into the wardrobe door was accepted without question.

That night was the last of the happy ones that we were to know for a long, long time. Geoffrey Croll was there at the party, of course, but he brought with him a cousin who was visiting him from the city. A tall, wild-looking girl she was, with hair that flamed like an autumn sunset and a way of moving her body that made you think of a jungle cat. Geoffrey had a duty dance with his hostesses, but after that he had eyes for no one but the girl with the flaming hair.

To page 58



## I'LL ASK MY MOTHER

Thoughtful words, reassuring words, words that have been repeated for centuries.

For who better than your mother can advise you on the problems of being a girl?

If you have any doubts, we urge you to ask your mother about Tampax internal sanitary protection.

Certainly you may have become curious about Tampax because of an advertisement. After all, if Tampax sanitary protection is both invisible and unfelt in place, it stands to reason that it is a more satisfactory method. In fact, many Tampax users insist that it all but does away with differences in days of the month.

But don't just take our word for it. Ask your mother.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 7d. (6c) in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Steadiflow



*Best value for your mummy*

In Pyrex, plastic and clear Visilon  
AVAILABLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

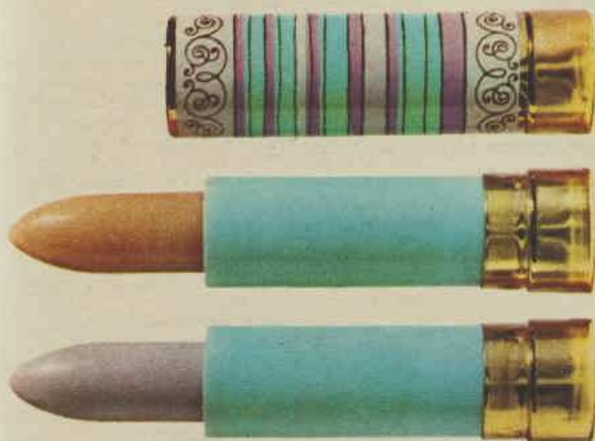




*Lip Slickers! A devastating new dewy look for your lips!*



# Lip Slickers are here



Quick. While the rest of the world is in darkness. Break-through. Scintillate. Light up your lips with Yardley's new Lip Slickers and glow. Forget the plain, unadorned look you wore on your lips yesterday. Slickers will make them glisten. Make them softer. Dewier. Dare you resist? Don't even try. They look like lipsticks. You use them like lipsticks. But lipsticks they're not. Absolutely not. Just put your lipstick-on in the normal way and glide over it with a Slicker and you've got it. So get it. Yardley's new Gloss Slicker or Frosted Slicker. Try them both with Yardley's two new lipsticks—Dicey Peach and Nippy Beige. But be slick about it...

from the young world of

*Yardley*

## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

# Troughs and window-boxes



• Mesembryanthemums and white and blue daisies grow abundantly in deep concrete troughs at the home of Mrs. J. Hart, Lane Cove, N.S.W. Picture by Ron Berg, staff.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 305

"WINDOW-BOX" calls up a picture of houses without land, where plant-lovers can only use the windowsills. But such boxes and troughs need not be confined to window ledges. They may be attached to walls or on porches, patios, and verandas.

Concrete boxes are long-lasting and have low maintenance costs. Well-made wooden boxes are attractive and reasonably durable. Choose a hardwood, cypress pine, or redwood, using 1in. timber and brass screws.

Treat the joints with creosote when assembling the box, and paint it well, inside and out. It is usually best to avoid strong colors; let the plants provide the color.

The boxes should be at least 9in. deep for the soil and drainage material. They dry out quickly on hot days and the plants can't be expected to make satisfactory growth in a few inches of soil.

Set the window-box on a zinc or galvanised iron tray. Where possible, permanent boxes should be lined with zinc, with provision for some drainage holes in the bottom.

Adequate drainage is most important. Holes in the bottom of the boxes should be about 3in. diameter and spaced about 3in. apart. Provide at least 1in. of good drainage, using such materials as coarse gravel, cinders, or fire coke.

Cover this with a thin layer of peat-moss, leaf-mould, or coarse compost to prevent the soil clogging the drainage material. The soil used needs to be

porous and reasonably fertile. A good standard mixture is 7 parts medium garden loam, 3 parts peat-moss, leaf-mould, or well-rotted cow manure, and 2 parts coarse sand, adding two ounces of a complete fertiliser to each kerosine tin of soil.

Annuals, perennials, or even small shrubs can be grown. For sunny positions many annuals such as petunias, phloxes, verbenas, portulacas, marigolds, pansies, and violas are suitable.

Among the perennials, geraniums are, of course, always popular. Gazanias also are hardy and attractive. For shady positions, begonias, fuchsias, coleus, and campanula can be grown.

*Convolvulus mauritanicus* is very hardy and is seldom without its blue flowers during the warmer months.

*Lotus peliorhynchus*, with silvery foliage and masses of bright red pea-shaped flowers, revels in a warm position. Ivy-leaved geraniums are as effective as ordinary geraniums in boxes, are more tolerant of shade, and trail down the walls. *Sturt's desert pea* is excellent in hot, dry climates.

Those who are susceptible to the charms of succulents find them very suitable for boxes, especially in hot, dry positions, as they need less soil and give less trouble than most other plants.

Many of the flowering bulbs make effective displays. Trailing plants cascading down from boxes have their own special beauty.

Growing culinary herbs in boxes at the kitchen window can be very interesting and convenient. A window-box of *mignonette* fills the air with its lovely fragrance.

By  
**R. H. ANDERSON**

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 306

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



**Control  
your weight**

**WITHOUT  
HUNGER**

**for 9d. a day**

Here is a simple, safe, effective and inexpensive method of becoming slim and staying slim. No difficult diet systems; no sickly substitutes for normal meals; no hunger. You simply take three little American Slimming Tablets (A.S.T.) each day. You eat normal meals—but the tablets reduce your appetite and, at the same time, assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat.

A.S.T. tablets cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day. From Chemists only.

**SAFE! SIMPLE!**

**AMERICAN  
SLIMMING  
TABLETS**

Advertisement



**YOUR** complexion becomes clearer, smoother and more youthful looking by using a newly developed cleansing milk that beautifies as it cleanses. The gentle dissolving action of Delph cleansing milk lightly lifts and removes every trace of stale make-up without robbing the skin of its natural oils to keep the complexion free of wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk.

**cushion  
every  
step**

**Dr. Scholl's** AIR PILLO INSOLES

Luxurious walking ease. Your feet float on millions of tiny air cells. Insulating—keep feet warm in winter, cool in summer. Exclusive Schott foam, washable, hygienic. 58c (5/9) pr.

LOOK FOR THE Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT COUNTER AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE!

**stop corns**

THIS EASY PROVEN WAY!

End pain fast with Dr. Scholl's soothing, cushioning Zino-Pads. Remove corns quickly, safely with the special medicated discs. Sizes also for callouses, bunions. 38c (3/9) pkt.

**Dr. Scholl's** ZINO PADS

## Should a bride list gifts?

IN answer to "Wedding Bells," I think a list of items the bride-to-be requires is a great idea. A copy of the list can be left with her mother and with the chief bridesmaid. Guests can then choose their gift, knowing it will really be appreciated. The bride and bridegroom have no exact knowledge of what their gifts will be until they are opened, so retaining the surprise. I was married only a short time ago and used this idea.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. R. Siviour, Newtown, S.A.

WHEN invited to a wedding we write to the bride or groom (whichever we know best) asking if they would like such-and-such as a wedding gift; if not, would they let us know what other gift would be most useful to them. This way we indicate the approximate value, and give them the chance to choose something they really want within this range.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Doreen M. Hunt, Heidelberg, Vic.

IT is a good idea for a bride-to-be to list a few presents for the guidance of close friends and relatives. I was at a friend's wedding a couple of years ago, and among the presents were 13 bedroom clocks, four electric fry pans, and three other frying pans.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Gardner, Fairfield, N.S.W.

MAKING public a list of wanted presents is an impertinence. After all, guests don't invite themselves to a wedding. But the bride can give her mother a list of moderately priced articles, so that when prospective wedding guests ask the mother for suggestions, as they usually do, she can handle the matter in a subtle but kindly way.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. L. Higgs, Melbourne.

IN my opinion it is not at all right to have a list of gifts wanted by the young couple. In most cases duplicated gifts can be exchanged. I personally would hate to know beforehand what a gift was to be. Half the fun in receiving is in opening the parcel. Please, prospective brides, throw that "wanted list" away and accept gladly what is given.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. F. Madden, East Ipswich, Qld.

RATHER than a list of wanted presents, I prefer the idea of a list of the articles the couple have collected since becoming engaged. This tells wedding guests what not to give, leaves them with a wider choice, and still holds mystery for the future recipients.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Smith, East Brisbane.



## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Earliest memory

WHAT do other readers treasure as their earliest memory? Mine is of walking home with my mother one bright moonlight night from a Christmas social in the local country hall. I remember I was carrying a dark-colored balloon which suddenly burst, and I simply couldn't understand where that balloon had gone. This incident occurred shortly after my second birthday.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. L. Kohlhaugen, Deniliquin, N.S.W.

### When the tines go to school

MOTHERS who are sending a young child to school this year for the first time, please print his name on his belongings. As a teacher of grades I and II, I know how confusing it can be when the child's name is written in adult handwriting on his books. My class loves the reward of being allowed to distribute books, but the children can read only printed names.

£1/1/- to "Chalkie" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

### Vintage tomatoes

RECENTLY I opened a jar of tomatoes I had bottled 21 years ago, and they tasted as fresh as any done in more recent years. Is this a record? The color, taste, and degree of firmness were excellent. They had moved around, too, as the bottling was done in a town 250 miles away, and the jar had come to its present cupboard via truck, train van, and again truck.

£1/1/- to "Pre Jet" (name supplied), Lambton, N.S.W.

### Thank you, driver!

IT is not always the driver's fault when children are hurt on our roads. I carefully taught my children the kerb drill and thought that they were safe. However, recently one of my children, worried about something she had left at school, ran straight into the path of a car. The driver, being careful, had slowed down to pass the school, but had no chance of avoiding my child. But his slow pace prevented serious injury.

£1/1/- to "Grateful Mother" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

### You can't crush a small boy

ON the morning of my daughter's birthday, after all the presents and kisses and wishes had been exchanged, I said to my six-year-old son, "Aren't you going to sing 'Happy Birthday' to your sister?" After agreeing that he was, he proceeded gaily with the following: "Happy birthday to you, you were born in a zoo, You were born with the monkeys and you look like one, too."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Potter, Canley Vale, N.S.W.

### Cooling-off in summer

I READ with interest the letter about cooling-off by washing your hair and leaving it wet to dry and set. But we are told that it is harmful to wash the hair day after day, and it also takes quite a little time. Summers are very hot where I have lived all my life, and the best thing I know to freshen up is to turn on the cold tap and bathe the arms from the elbow down. This never fails, takes only a minute, and can be done as often as needed.

£1/1/- to "My Remedy" (named supplied), Rainbow, Vic.

### A hobby for Bill

WOULD a reader suggest a suitable hobby for a seven-year-old boy? I would like something that could be developed and would still be interesting as he grows older. I don't want him to be satisfied with just sitting and watching television.

£1/1/- to "Bill's Mother" (name supplied), Teeterfield, N.S.W.

### Power of a name

THE word "master" as a suffix is having a great vogue nowadays, and is applied to everything from cars to razors. Now, what about the corset manufacturers calling their garments "tummy-master" or "hip-master"? Wouldn't the compelling power of such a name boost sales!

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

• Ross Campbell, whose feature appears on this page, is on holidays.



## Perhaps it was a butterfly

• While an announcer was reading news on a Brisbane television station a moth flew into his mouth. He swallowed it and continued reading.

### In the glare of television

He was faced with a decision  
When a moth flew in the portals of his jaws.  
Did he tell himself, "Delicious!"  
"It might even be nutritious?"  
Regardless, his aplomb deserved applause.

### Still, whatever path you follow

There are things you have to swallow  
(A fact of life that cannot be denied),  
Though a moth's encountered rarely  
When you look at matters squarely  
It is not as indigestible as pride.

— Dorothy Drain

### Moses was a surflie!

THE story our four-year-old daughter likes best in her book of bible stories is Moses in the Bulrushes, and when she came to the illustration of Moses striding down the mountainside holding the stone tablets she wanted to know what they were. I told her they were stones on which were written letters for the people to read. To this she replied, "No! Look, it's Moses and his surfboard!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Van Der Dungen, Bassendear, W.A.

### Recipe for happiness

PERHAPS other readers may benefit from my late grandfather's "have some" formula for a happy life. I have always remembered it:

"Always have some one to love,  
Always have some thing to do,  
Always have some thing to plan for,  
Always have some thought for others."

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Ridgley, Brisbane.

### Shower cap, indeed

I HAVE just discovered a very happy solution to the problem of keeping my hair dry while doing the outside chores in rainy weather—a large floral plastic shower cap. It has room for the most bouffant hair-do, and looks attractive. But, please, can anyone suggest an alternative to rubber boots and galoshes?

£1/1/- to Miss Susan Brown, Goulburn, N.S.W.

### Gardens in Glass

MAKING "Gardens in Glass" has been an interesting nature project for my class, but large bottles can be expensive and hard to find. I have made a garden successfully in a half-gallon wine flagon. I have found these available at licensed grocers or wine merchants for 2/6.

£1/1/- to C. Fickett, Coorparoo, Qld.

### At 92, Mum's with-it

MY darling old Mum, in her 92nd year, was having the rare outing of a night drive through the city. Long unaccustomed to modern ways, she was fascinated with the neon signs, reading and interpreting them aloud. Near a crossing, her eye caught the red, flashing "Don't Walk" signal. "Look at that one," she said in puzzled wonder. Then quickly came her solution: "Oh, likely it means 'don't walk, take a taxi.'"

£1/1/- to "Edwitha" (name supplied), Kensington, Vic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 9, 1966





# So good we could export it to Italy!

## Twirly Kia-ora spaghetti with real Italian restaurant-style meat sauce!

But we don't have to export it. Kia-ora has plenty of happy customers right here in Australia—people who like their spaghetti just as it's served in fine Italian restaurants.

And you know how that is. Firm, twirly spaghetti with long strands you can really roll round a fork. And tangy sauce

loaded with juicy ground beef, skilfully spiced and with just a whisper (sh-shhh...) of garlic.

Serve up Italian-style Kia-ora spaghetti with a sprinkling of your favourite Romano or Parmesan cheese and—*Mama Mia!*—you'll practically speak the language!



"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark.

H258



Members of the public are advised that damage to their lungs and to those of their young children can be avoided by using proven safe Pea-Beu insecticide. Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide spray is guaranteed not to contain DDT, BHC or any other poisonous ingredient, and there is no safer, stronger, quicker insect killing insecticide than Pea-Beu\*

Issued by



*in the interests of  
greater public safety.*

\* Pea-Beu aerosol can be sprayed near children without danger.

\* It can be sprayed direct into food cupboards or in the dining room without contaminating food.

\* Insects do not become immune to Pea-Beu. Survival of insect pests that come into contact with Pea-Beu is not possible.

\* Pea-Beu has a wide umbrella-spreading action and deep penetration, so insects do not escape death where it is sprayed, even if they do hide in remote corners.

*A recent survey showed that the majority of people still use the cheaper, poisonous sprays. The object of this campaign is to advise all sections of the public to exercise great care in the selection of insecticides in the interest of public health.*



# PRIZEWINNING TEENAGE DOLL IDEAS

● Each idea on this page, and on page 31, wins a £5 award ... and proves that teenage doll owners are *most* resourceful with household oddments! Some contest ideas were very popular, especially pipe-cleaner coathangers, hats made from cardboard egg cartons, and matchboxes as chests-of-drawers and suitcases. The contest is now closed, but we plan to publish more of readers' ideas in later issues.



**MOLL FLANDERS MOB CAP.** Thread narrow hat elastic  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in from the edge of a 4 in. lace doily. Draw up the elastic and knot the ends inside cap. From Mrs. H. F. Hocking, Seaton Park, S.A.



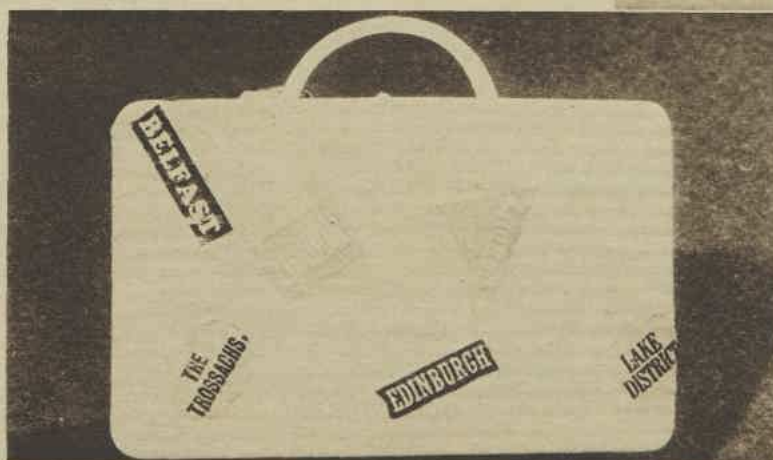
**HAIR ROLLER.** Cut a 1 in. length from a plastic drinking straw. Make two small slits in each end to hold a rubber band in place on the roller. From Dawn Urch, Brighton, South Australia.



**INDIAN SQUAW.** This ingenious costume is simply made from peach leaves held with patterned sticky tape. From Pauline Bellemore, Strathfield, New South Wales.

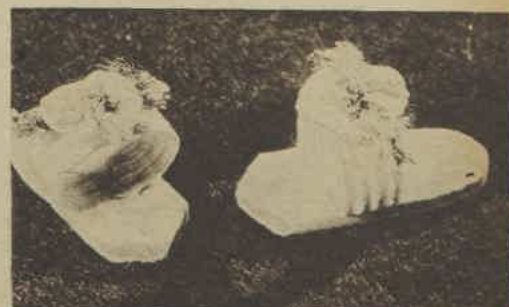


**KNITTED SHOPPING BAG.** Cast on 10 stitches. Work 20 rows of moss-stitch. The casting on and off shapes the top. Sew sides together. Add a handle of twisted nylon string at sides. From Mrs. N. Pickering, Toowoomba, Queensland.



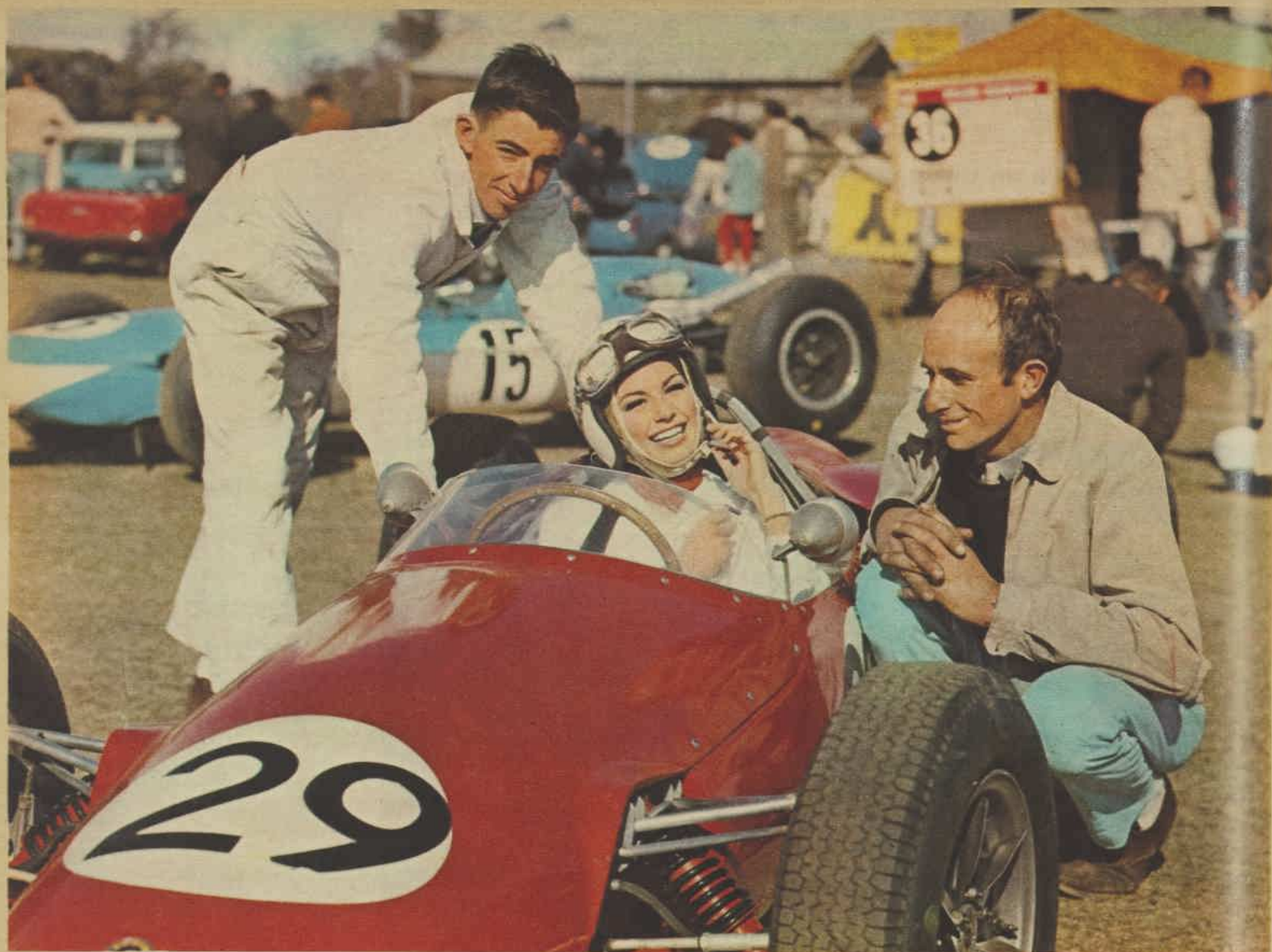
**SUITCASE.** Decorate a colorful plastic soap container with "travel" labels. Add a plastic handle and locks of gold foil paper held with sticky tape. From Miss June Cohen, Glen Iris, Victoria.

**WATCH.** Use one push-through paper-clip (the gold, two-pronged kind). Separate prongs and bend them to fit doll's wrist. Paint clock face on top. From Wendy Phelan, Burwood, Victoria.



**SANDALS (below).** Cut a wooden ice-cream stick to the size of foot. Glue on elastic. Add flower. From Mrs. B. Smith, Fawkner, Vic.





# **STOP SPOIL-SPORT HEADACHES TAKE VINCENT'S**

Get relief. Get fast relief from spoil-sport headaches which come so often with sun and excitement. Take genuine Vincent's Powders — the safest, surest way to comfort whenever headaches strike, because Vincent's (with its better-balanced prescription) goes to work immediately, soothing even severest pain. Next time headache or sudden pain upsets your day, be prepared — have Vincent's handy.

*For safety's sake, for sure relief...*

**You can always take VINCENT'S with Confidence and be free from HEADACHE... free from PAIN.**

*Available everywhere in Australia and New Zealand*



**TAKEN AS DIRECTED; VINCENT'S POWDERS BRING FAST RELIEF FROM HEADACHE, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, INFLUENZA, SCIATICA, TOOTHACHE, COLDS AND SORE THROAT.**



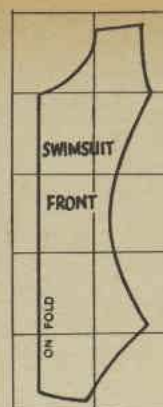
# Prizewinning teen doll ideas (continued)



**SOCK ENSEMBLE.** A man's sock makes a skirt, top (the rib is ideal for the basque), cape trimmed with "fur," and beret (toe of sock). From Mrs. Y. Foster, Middle Park, Victoria.



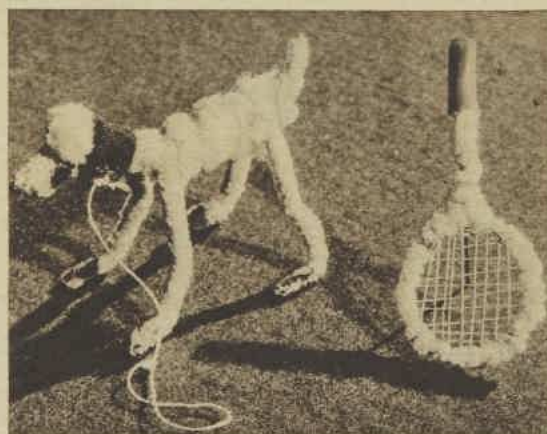
**BELL-BOTTOM SLACKS SUIT, EVENING DRESS.** Both are from old sweaters. Cut the slacks suit 2in. wide for top widening to 3in. at hem. The dress is a tube, 10in. x 2½in., with 3in. at top (it's snap-fastened) left open. From Mrs. H. Edmunds, Canterbury, Victoria.



**SWIMSUIT** was originally a pair of child's nylon socks. Use the pattern graph at left (1in. squares). Sew seams; hem neck, arms, and legs. Add a piece of matching bias binding for belt. From Miss Marie Schapel, Edwardstown, S.A.

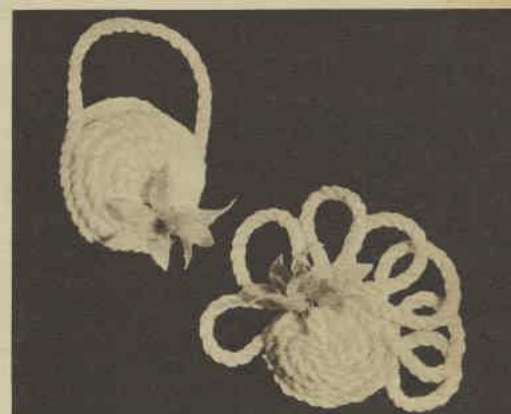
## PARTY COAT AND DRESS.

Use a man's old-fashioned wide-end tie. The wide end forms the evening coat. Undo the seam for front opening, cut, and hem neck, and then armholes. From the other end of the tie, cut a slender strapless evening gown. Hem top and insert elastic. From Janet Bond, Mount Pleasant, W.A.



## DOG AND RACQUET (left).

Use four pipe-cleaners to mould the dog (his body is a cottonwool ball) and make legs, head, and tail. Add a piece of felt for a collar, a snap-fastener "tag," and a thread lead. The tennis racquet uses one pipe-cleaner, with strings of thread and a handle of colored sticky tape. From Jane Nauta, Killara, New South Wales.



**FOR THE BEACH (right).** Flattened drinking straws trim the doll's shorts, make a headband, and (wound round a thimble) a little bucket. From Karayna Eecen, Bayview, N.S.W.



**CORD ACCESSORIES (above).** Use 2yds. of cord. Coil into a hat shape (right) and a bag. Trim with flowers. From Kerry Wright, of Ettalong, N.S.W.



**HAT STAND.** This uses eight pipe-cleaners stuck into an empty gold-painted cotton-reel. Bent upwards, they form the hat supports. Two more pipe-cleaners, bent downwards and held in place with wire, keep the stand upright. (Hats are made from scraps.) From Jennifer George, Albion, Qld.

**GUITAR.** Cut cardboard into instrument shape, minus handle. Paint brown. Glue on ¾ of toothpick for handle. Use other ¼ for guitar's bridge (glue halfway down on cardboard). Add six thread strings. From Lynette Brooks, of Salisbury, S.A.



**HAT AND BAG (below).** Cut shapes from cardboard egg carton. Trim with plaited wool. From Mrs. M. Goldie, Artarmon, N.S.W.



the quintessence of imagination brought down to earth. He was no whit disconcerted by their expressions, in which politeness struggled with disbelief. On the contrary, he seemed to admit their right to be sceptical when he continued: "My aunt heard it beat for Simmonds at Alamein."

A German shell had cut short Simmonds's colonelcy, since when, Henry remembered, no colonel of the Wiltshires had died. He felt the sweat beginning to break out on his forehead, and hastily swallowed a tablet with his coffee.

"I think you'd better tell us the story, Syrett," Musgrave pontificated from the bench. And no nonsense with it, either, his manner added. Stick to facts; the facts will speak for themselves.

Syrett, nothing loath, poured himself another cup of coffee. "My

Continued from page 20

## THE DRUM

aunt evacuated herself to Carrington," he began. "She feared her nerves 'would not withstand an aerial bombardment,' and her pekingese's certainly wouldn't. Moreover, she had a large collection of very valuable china, and a house crammed full of antiques. She took a house in Carrington and migrated, and she was no sooner there than she was fretting to come back. She'd been born and bred in London and she loved it; in Carrington she had nothing to do. I suppose that was why she was alone in the museum one afternoon in October about a fortnight before Montgomery made his breakthrough. At any rate, the drum began to beat very quickly, although

it hung too high for anyone to reach. My aunt insisted that it beat a definite rhythm which when I saw her later she was able to reproduce."

With his fingers Syrett drummed out on the coffee-table the rub-a-dub-dub that Henry had already heard. Several club-members looked round in protest at the disturbance. Henry swallowed a second tablet hastily.

"My aunt was familiar with the legend," Syrett continued, "and being superstitious, she believed it was true. When the news of El Alamein came through a week or two later she told several people that Colonel Simmonds had been killed. Unfortunately, it got to the War

Office, who wanted to know how she knew the Wiltshires were there, and by what secret agency she knew their colonel had caught it before the casualty lists were even through. They sent someone down to see her about it, and my aunt told him all about the drum. Needless to say, the War Office didn't believe it; they kept an eye on her from then on."

"What happened?" Musgrave asked eagerly. "Did she convince them?"

"She had no time. She was killed by a flying-bomb while making a weekend visit to London," Syrett paused. "War Office or not, she certainly convinced me."

"Why?" Musgrave demanded. "Because she was not an imaginative woman. She could never have made that up."

"But hallucinations . . . ? Possible natural explanations . . . ?"

"She never had a hallucination in her life. As for natural explanations — well, there may be. But no one could find out at the time."

"An interesting story," Musgrave commented slowly. Syrett smiled ruefully. "An unlucky one for me. That damn drum cost me an inheritance; I quarrelled with Aunt Minnie, you see. Don't forget, I was out in North Africa also. I was suspected of having opened my mouth too wide and given the old lady a bit too much information. I complained that she shouldn't have talked, and we had a row. She altered her will in a temper, and was killed before she could alter it back again. To teach me a lesson, she left all her priceless china to the local Carrington museum. They've got it there now in a special room named after her — the Brightwell Bequest, or something such."

Syrett's smile, which had broadened to a grin, showed how little he really minded. He had already made more than the collection's worth. Nevertheless, as he rose to go a thought seemed to strike him. "I wonder," he said, "why that damn drum should beat and be so damn selective into the bargain? Nothing less than the colonel of the regiment will do. There must be some incident or story behind it, only I'm always too lazy to find out."

MUSGRAVE settled back in his chair and said, "I believe I can help you there. The episode dates back to Napoleonic times. A drummer boy was accused of some trifling misdemeanor and sentenced by the colonel to be flogged. The boy protested his innocence and offered to call witnesses to prove it; the colonel refused to allow them to be called, and although several officers spoke up on behalf of the drummer, the flogging was duly carried out. The colonel presided at this entertainment, and he showed no mercy even then. As a result, the boy died a few days later, after promising that his drum would beat for joy every time a colonel was about to die. I had no idea the curse was indeed effective until you told us this story about your aunt."

"Well, it didn't beat for old Lawson," Syrett said jovially. "He's all right. But watch out, Lawson, if you ever do hear it." Syrett drummed the tattoo and was gone. "A curious fellow," Henry observed to Musgrave. "Oh, I don't know. What makes you say that?" "I mean you wouldn't think he was superstitious."

"I don't think he is," Musgrave said. "He's related what to him are facts, not superstitions. The drum beats and Simmonds was killed at Alamein. It's only if you postulate a connection and then begin asking why there should be that you get into the realms of superstition; Syrett was careful not to do that."

"But if I had heard that drum beat," Henry persisted, "would you think it was significant?"

"For myself, I should make sure all my affairs were in order."

"You'd take it as seriously as that?"

"Just to be on the safe side," Musgrave answered. "Besides, it never hurts to be prepared, especially in these days of death on the roads, and death from smoking, and thrombosis and stomach-ulcers, and the rest. We ought never to assume we are exceptions—in the midst of life we are in death. That's why I think a man should have his affairs in order and his spiritual affairs above all."

"You mean his conscience?" Henry hazarded.

"You can call it that if you like."

Musgrave, Henry reflected, was not a comfortable companion. You asked for the bread of reassurance and he offered you a stone. Nevertheless, he was not seriously perturbed; his conscience was lighter than most men's—so light that he never troubled to have it weighed. What disquieted him was that Musgrave took a stupid superstition seriously and believed in the warning of the drum.

To page 33



It's fitted snugly into the base of the napkin.

This aqua polythene barrier proves it!

# Only New Kotex\* feminine napkins are accident-proof!

And new KOTEX napkins have twice the softness and absorbency too!

Across the base of every Kotex feminine napkin is an aqua polythene barrier that stops moisture coming through. New Kotex napkins give you protection, absorbency and comfort like no other napkin can!



Both types are now accident-proof with this new aqua polythene barrier: Regular and Slenderline.

\*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp. KKR33AR



*The Australian* **WOMEN'S WEEKLY** *Presents . . .*

# FOR BABY

## 20 enchanting new handknits

● *The designs include dresses, jackets, bonnets, bootees, mittens, and a baby's lacy shawl for girls and boys of all sizes from birth up to eighteen months.*

*Directions for this lovely empire-line dress are overleaf.*

*The Australian Women's Weekly* — February 9, 1966

FOR BABY — Page 1





## Empire-line dress for a small girl

Picture, page 1

**Materials:** 4 balls Patons Beehive 3-ply Baby Wool; 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 3 small buttons; 1 yds. 1/2 in. ribbon; 1 st-holder.

**Measurements:** To fit up to 20 in. chest; length, 16 in.; sleeve, 6 in.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to lin.

### BACK

Cast on 131 sts. Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. last row 9 times, then work in patt. thus:

1st Row: K 2, \* w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 3, \* w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 3, rep. from \* to end.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: K 4, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 5, rep. from \* to last 7 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 4.

6th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. last 6 rows 3 times.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 9 1/2 in.

Next Row: Right side facing, k 63, turn. Cont. on this side only, leaving rem. 68 sts. on holder.

Next Row: Cast on 5 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p to end.

Next Row: K to last 4 sts., (p 1, k 1) twice.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, k 1, p to end. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 11 1/2 in.

Next Row: K 3, (k 2 tog.) 29 times, k 2, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1 (39 sts.).

Next Row: Moss 5, \* w.fwd., p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from \* to last st., p 1.

Next Row: K to last 5 sts., moss 5.

Next Row: Moss 5, p to end.

Cont. in st-st. with m-st. border, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row, dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 2 alt. rows.

Cont. in st-st. and moss border until armhole measures 4 in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Right side facing,

cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Leave rem. 15 sts. on holder for back of neck.

Place 3 markers in border, equal distances apart, the first level with ribbon holes, the 3rd, 2 rows below top.

Return to rem. sts. Next Row: Right side facing (k 1, p 1) twice, k to end.

Next Row: P to last 5 sts., (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1.

Cont. on this side to correspond with first side in reverse, making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

To Make Buttonholes: Right side facing, k 1, p 1, w.fwd., p 2 tog., k 1, k to end.

### FRONT

Work as back until work measures 9 1/2 in.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 11 1/2 in.

Next Row: Right side facing, k 5, \* (k 2 tog.) 29 times, k 5, rep. from \* once (75 sts.).

To Make Ribbonholes: P 1, \* w.fwd., p 2 tog., p 1, rep. from \* to end.

Knit 1 row. Purl 1 row.

Cont. in st-st., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and next alt. row. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 2 1/2 in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: Right side facing, k 25, cast off 13, k 25.

Next Row: P 23, p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 20 sts. rem. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 4 in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Wrong side facing, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row and next alt. row. Return to rem. sts. and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 39 sts. and work in m-st. for 10 rows.

Next Row: \* K into front and back of next st., k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k into back and front of last st. (59 sts.).

Work 6 patt. rows as for back 4 times.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row until sleeve measures 6 in. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Seam shoulders. Working across left back sts., (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1, knit to end, pick up and knit 35 sts. round front of neck, knit across right back sts. to last 5 sts. (k 1, p 1) twice, k 1.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. last row 3 times. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Seam sides.

Seam sleeves and set into armholes. Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through.

## Three-piece stroller set

Picture opposite

**Materials:** Patons Charm Knitting and Crochet Yarn; 4 balls for coat, 4 balls for leggings, 1 ball for cap (all in white); 1 ball yellow for contrast on collar and pom-pom; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 10 needles; 6 buttons; 1 yd. of elastic.

**Measurements:** Coat: To fit 20 in. chest; length from shoulder, 11 1/2 in.; sleeve (cuff turned back), 7 in. Leggings: All round widest part, 23 in.; front length from waist to base of foot, 18 in. Cap: 18 in. round.

**Tension:** 13 1/2 sts. to 2 in.

**Abbreviations:** M-st., moss-stitch; s.k.p.o., slip one, knit 1, pass slip-stitch over; W, white; Y, yellow.

### COAT

#### MAIN PART

With No. 9 needle and W, cast on 189 sts.

M-st. Row: P 1, (k 1, p 1) to end. Rep. 7 times more.

Next Row: P 1, k 1, p 1 for m-st. border, k to last 3 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1 for border.

Next Row: P 1, k 1, p to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 7 in. from beg. ending wrong side row. Change to No. 10 needles.

Decrease Row: M-st. 3, k 3, (k 2 tog., k 3) 10 times, (k 2 tog., k 2) 20 times, (k 2 tog., k 3) 10 times, m-st. 3 (149 sts.). K 3 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and m-st. 4 rows.

To divide sts. for yoke:

Next Row: M-st. 40, cast off 6, m-st. next 57 sts., cast off 6, m-st. to end.

Next Row: M-st. 3, cast off 2 for buttonhole, m-st. next 11 sts., cast off 2 for 2nd buttonhole, m-st. next 20 sts., work 2 tog., then turn and leave remaining sts. on a spare needle. Work on first set of sts. thus:

### LEFT FRONT

Next Row: Work 2 tog., m-st. 19, cast on 2, m-st. 11, cast on 2, m-st. 3. Continuing in m-st., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alternate row until 34 sts. rem. Work 2 rows ending front edge.

Next Row: M-st. 3, cast off 2, m-st. next 11 sts., cast off 2, m-st. to end.

Next Row: M-st. to end, casting on 2 sts. over those cast off in preceding row.

Work 10 rows, then make another pair of buttonholes on next 2 rows as before. Work 2 rows, ending front edge.

\* To Shape Neck: Cast off 15 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 5 rows (14 sts.).

Work 3 rows straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, work 1 row, then cast off. \* With wrong side facing, join W to sts. on spare needle, work 2 tog., m-st. 53, work 2 tog., turn and leave remaining sts. on spare needle. Work on centre set of sts. thus:

### BACK

Continuing in m-st., dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alternate row to 45 sts. Work 27 rows straight.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT

With wrong side facing, join W to sts. on spare needle, work 2 tog., m-st. to end. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every alternate row until 34 sts. remain. Work 19 rows straight, ending front edge. Now work as left front from \* to \*.

### SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles and W cast on 35 sts. and rep. the m-st. row of main part for 2 1/2 in. Change to No. 9 needles. Work in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of 7th and every following 6th row until there are 47 sts. Work straight until work measures 8 in. from beg. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 9 sts. Cast off.

### COLLAR

With No. 10 needles and Y cast on 15 sts. M-st. 8 rows.

Next 2 Rows: M-st. 9, turn and m-st. 9.

Next 4 Rows: M-st. over all sts.

Rep. last 6 rows 15 times more, then m-st. 4 more rows over all sts. Cast off.

Continued opposite page



### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly. Join shoulder and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Join shorter edge of collar to neck, beginning and ending 8 sts. from front edges. Sew on buttons.

### LEGGINGS

#### RIGHT LEG

\*\* With No. 10 needles and W cast on 68 sts. for waist and work 4 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Eyelet Hole Row: Rib 3, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 2, repeat from \* to last st., rib 1.

Rib until work measures 1½ in. from beg.

\*\*

Change to No. 9 needles and shape thus: K 24, turn and p 24, k 32, turn and p 32, k 40, turn and p 40, k 48, turn and p 48, k 56, turn and p 56.

\*\*\* Continue in st-st., working over all sts., but inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row and at this same edge on every 6th row until 78 sts.

Cont. until work measures 7½ in. from cast on (measuring down shorter edge), ending with p row.

To Shape Leg: Dec. 1 st. each end every k row to 50 sts., then every 4th row to 40 sts., then every 6th row to 34 sts. P 1 row. Work 9 rows k 1, p 1 rib, but inc. 1 st. at end of last row (35 sts.).

Work 1 row in m-st.

To Shape Foot:— Next Row: M-st. 23, turn and slip remaining 12 sts. on colored thread.

Next Row: M-st. 11, turn and slip remaining 12 sts. on white thread.

M-st. 26 rows on the 11 instep sts., break wool and leave sts. on needle.

Slip sts. from white thread on to free No. 9 needle with point at inner end, re-join wool and knit up 14 sts. along side edge of instep, m-st. 11 sts. on needle, knit up 14 sts. along other side of instep, then m-st. the 12 sts. from colored thread.

M-st. 8 rows on these 63 sts.

### THREE-PIECE STROLLER SET—

a coat, leggings, and pull-on cap make this a cosy winter outfit for baby. The set above was designed for a boy; if you want it for a girl, make the buttonholes on the right front of coat instead of the left.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 9, 1966



To Shape Toe and Heel:— 1st Row: Work 2 tog., m-st. 23, work 3 tog., m-st. 7, work 3 tog., m-st. 23, work 2 tog.

2nd Row: Work in m-st.

3rd Row: Work 2 tog., m-st. 21, work 3 tog., m-st. 5, work 3 tog., m-st. 21, work 2 tog.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Work 2 tog., m-st. 19, work 3 tog., m-st. 3, work 3 tog., m-st. 19, work 2 tog.

6th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off. \*\*\*

#### LEFT LEG

Work as right leg from \*\* to \*\*. Change to No. 9 needles and shape thus: P 24, turn and k 24, p 32, turn and k 32, p 40, turn and k 40, p 48, turn and k 48, p 56, turn and k 56.

Proceed as for right leg from \*\*\* to \*\*\*.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work. Join seam of each leg and foot, then join the two legs together from front waist round to back waist. Insert elastic in eyelet holes.

### CAP

With No. 9 needles and Y cast on 121 sts. and rep. the m-st. row given at beg. of coat for 1½ in., but dec. 1 st. at end of last row. (120 sts.)

Cont. in W only and work in st-st. to 6 in. from cast on edge, ending p row.

To Shape Top:— Next Row: K 8, (s.k.p.o., k 2 tog., k 16) 5 times, s.k.p.o., k 2 tog., k 8.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 7 (s.k.p.o., k 2 tog., k 14) 5 times, s.k.p.o., k 2 tog., k 7.

Next Row: Purl.

Continue in this way, working 2 sts. less between the decs. on k rows, until 16 sts. remain.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: (S.k.p.o., k 2 tog.) to end. Break wool leaving a long end. Thread through remaining sts., draw up and secure, then flat seam tog.

### TO MAKE UP

Press cap and turn back brim.

Pompon: Cut 2 circles cardboard, diameter 2½ in., and cut a hole at centre of each, diameter ½ in. Place discs together and wind Y wool through centre hole and over outer edge until hole is filled. Cut through wool at outer edge, then insert double wool between the discs and tie tightly. Detach cardboard and trim pompon to a good shape. Sew to top of cap.

FOR BABY—Page 3



## BOOTEES— a present for the newborn

A QUICK-AND-EASY gift—you can knit these booties in a night. Make them in white or lemon and they will suit either a boy or girl.

**Materials:** 1 ball Villawool Baby Wool-and-Nylon Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; ribbon.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to 1 in.

### PATTERN

1st Row (right side facing): P 1, \* yarn back, p 2 tog., rep. from \* to last st., p 1.  
2nd Row: Purl, working all made sts. through back of loop.  
3rd Row: Knit.  
4th Row: Purl.  
5th Row: P 2, \* y-bk., p 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
6th Row: As 2nd row.  
7th Row: Knit.  
8th Row: Purl.  
Rep. these 8 rows for pattern.

### TO MAKE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 34 sts.  
1st Row (wrong side): Purl.  
2nd Row: Knit.  
3rd Row: Purl.  
4th Row: K 1, \* yarn forward, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to last st., k 1.  
5th Row: Purl.  
6th Row: Knit.  
7th Row: Purl.  
8th Row: Make picot hem by knitting tog. first st. with loop of first cast on st.; cont. in this manner to end of row.  
9th Row: Purl.

Change to patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 1½ in. from base of hem. Change to No. 12 needles and work 3 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

**To Make Ribbonholes:** K 2, \* y-fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

Work 4 rows in rib and dec. 1 st. on last row. Change to No. 10 needles. K 22 sts., turn, p 11 sts., turn. Work 18 rows in stocking-stitch on these 11 centre sts. Break yarn. With right side facing, join in yarn to first 11 sts. already worked. Pick up and knit 10 sts. along instep, knit across 11 centre sts., pick up and knit 10 sts. along instep, knit rem. 11 sts. (53 sts.). Work 9 rows in st-st.

**To Shape Foot — 1st Row** (right side facing): K 2 tog., k 18, k 3 tog., k 7, k 3 tog., k 18, k 2 tog.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 14, k 3 tog., k 7, k 3 tog., k 14, k 2 tog. Cast off on next row.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Join foot and leg with flat seam. Thread ribbon through ribbonholes.



**DAINTY BOOTIES (above) tie firmly round the ankle to ensure warm toes for winter babies.**

## BABY ACCESSORIES

Picture, opposite page

**Materials:** Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply or Emu Scotch 4-ply; Beret, 1 ball; Looped Bonnet, 1 ball; Picot Bonnet, 1 ball; Booties, 1 ball; Mittens, 1 ball; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; button mould 1½ in. wide; 1 yd. ribbon for each bonnet, 1½ yds. narrow ribbon for mittens and booties.

**Measurements:** Beret: To fit 6 to 18 months. Bonnets, Booties, and Mittens: To fit birth to 12 months.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; inc., increase; tog., together; w.fwd., wool forward; M.L., make loops thus: Insert right-hand needle knitwise into next st. on left-hand needle and wind wool loosely clockwise around the first and second finger on left hand, k the st. into which the right-hand needle is inserted, then k into loop around fingers, now slip the second st. on right-hand needle over the first st.

### BERET

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 136 sts. and work 1 in. in k 1, p 1 rib, ending with a right-side row.

Next Row: Rib 9, \* inc. in next st., rib 3, rep. from \* to last 11 sts., inc. in next st., rib to end (166 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work 16 rows in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).

Next Row: \* K 2 tog., k 4, rep. from \* 6 times more, \* k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* to last 14 sts., \* k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2 (136 sts.). Work 9 rows straight.

Next Row: \* K 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* 6 times more, \* k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to last 37 sts., \* k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2 (106 sts.). Work 9 rows straight.

Next Row: \* K 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* 6 times more, \* k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from \* to last 30 sts., \* k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2 (76 sts.). Work 9 rows straight.

Next Row: \* K 2 tog., k 1, rep. from \* 6 times more, \* k 2 tog., rep. from \* to last 23 sts., \* k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2 (46 sts.). Work 3 rows straight.

Next Row: \* K 2 tog., rep. from \* to end (23 sts.). Work 1 row straight.

Next Row: K 1, \* k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end (12 sts.). Break wool, thread end through remaining sts. and fasten off.

### BUTTON COVER

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 3 sts.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., k 1, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., p 3, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., k 5, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., k 7, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., k 9, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., k 11, inc. in last st.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. the last 2 rows twice more.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. Cast off. Join seam. Cover button mould and sew on to centre of beret.

### LOOPED BONNET

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 99 sts. and work 7 rows in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).

Next Row: K to form hemline.

Using No. 10 needles, work 9 rows in st-st., starting with a k row.

Next Row (loops): K 1, \* M.L. into next st., k 1, rep. from \* to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row (loops): K 1, \* M.L. into next st., k 1, rep. from \* to end.

Continue in st-st., starting with a k row, until work measures 4 in. from hemline.

Shape Top—1st Row: \* K 9, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

2nd and Following Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: \* K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

5th Row: \* K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

7th Row: \* K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

9th Row: \* K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

11th Row: \* K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.



13th Row: \* K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 15th Row: \* K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 17th Row: \* K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 19th Row: \* K 2 tog., rep. from \* to end. Break wool, thread end through remaining sts., fasten off.  
 Join seam from centre of crown to crown shaping.  
 Using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 58 sts. round neck edge of bonnet.  
 Next Row: Knit. Cast off. Fold under at hem and slip-stitch into position. Sew on ribbons.

#### PICOT BONNET

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 99 sts. and work 5 rows in garter-st. (every row k).  
 Change to No. 10 needles. Work 8 rows in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).  
 Next Row (picot edge): K 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end. Work 4 rows in st-st., starting with a p row.  
 Next Row: Knit. Continue in st-st., starting with a p row, until work measures 4in. from picot edge, ending with a p row.  
 To Shape Back—1st Row: \* K 9, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 2nd and Following Alt. Rows: Knit.  
 3rd Row: \* K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 5th Row: \* K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 7th Row: \* K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 9th Row: \* K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 11th Row: \* K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 13th Row: \* K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 15th Row: \* K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 17th Row: \* K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 19th Row: \* K 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.  
 Break wool, thread end through remaining sts., fasten off. Join seam from centre of crown to crown shaping. Fold back bonnet brim along picot edge.  
 Using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 58 sts. round neck edge of bonnet, putting needle through both thicknesses across brim edge. K 1 row. Cast off. Sew on ribbons.

#### BOOTEES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 40 sts. and work 5 rows in garter-st. (every row k).  
 Change to No. 10 needles and work 6 rows

in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).  
 Next Row (picot edge): K 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to last st., k 1.  
 Work 4 rows in st-st., starting with a p row.  
 Next Row: Knit. Continue in st-st., starting with a p row, until work measures 1½in. from picot edge, ending with a p row.  
 Next Row: (Make eyelet holes). K 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.  
 Next Row: Purl.  
 To Shape Instep—Next Row: K 27, turn, p 14, turn. Continue in st-st. on these 14 sts. until instep measures 1½in. ending with a p row. Break off wool.  
 Rejoin wool after nrst 13 sts., pick up and k 12 sts. along first side of instep, k 14 instep sts., pick up and k 12 sts. along second side of instep, k to end. 64 sts. K 9 rows.  
 To Shape Foot—1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 25, k 2 tog., k 2.  
 2nd and Following Alt. Rows: Knit.  
 3rd Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 23, k 2 tog., k 2.  
 5th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 21, k 2 tog., k 2.  
 6th Row: Knit. Cast off.  
 Join foot and side seam. Turn over cuff. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes.

#### MITTENS

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 35 sts. and work 5 rows in garter-st. (every row k).  
 Change to No. 10 needles and work 6 rows in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).  
 Next Row: (Make picot edge). K 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end. Work 4 rows in st-st., starting with a p row.  
 Next Row: Knit. Continue in st-st., starting with a p row, until work measures 1½in. from picot edge, ending with a p row.  
 Next Row (Eyelet holes): K 2, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to last st., k 1. Continue in st-st., starting with a p row, until mitten measures 3½in. from picot edge.  
 To Shape Top—1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1.  
 2nd and Following Alt. Rows: Purl.  
 3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 10, k 2 tog., k 1.  
 5th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 1.  
 6th Row: Purl. Cast off.  
 Join side seam. Turn over cuff. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press each piece with warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press over dry cloth instead of damp one.



**BABY ACCESSORIES** (above) include a boy's beret, two pretty bonnets, one trimmed with loops, the other with a picot edge, mittens, and booties. Directions begin opposite and are complete on this page.



# BLACKBERRY JACKET

Picture page 8

**Materials:** Set: 3oz. Villawool Baby Wool-and-nylon yarn. (Jacket: 2oz. Bonnet: 1/2oz.); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 4 stitchholders; 3 small buttons; 1yd. 1in. wide ribbon.

**Measurements** — Jacket: Chest, 20in.; length, 10in.; sleeve seam, 6in. Bonnet: To fit average-sized baby's head.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to lin. (over st-st. on No. 10 needles).

## PATTERN STITCH

**1st Row** (right side facing): Purl.  
**2nd Row:** \* (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 3 tog. \*, rep. from \* to \* to end of row.  
**3rd Row:** Purl.  
**4th Row:** \* Purl 3 tog., (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st. \*, rep. from \* to \* to end of row.  
Rep. these 4 rows for patt. st.

## JACKET BODY

(Note: Garment is knitted in one piece, commencing at neck edge.)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 65 sts.  
**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1 \*, rep. from \* to \* to last st., k 1. Rep. last row twice more. (Moss-st.)

**Next Row** (make buttonhole): Work in m-st. to last 4 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., m-st. 2. Work 3 more rows in m-st.

**Next Row:** M-st. 5, p to last 5 sts., inc. 13 sts. evenly along row, then m-st. 5 (78 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles.

**Next Row:** M-st. 5, work patt. st. over next 12 sts., k 1, w.fwd., k 1 (seam st.), w.fwd., k 6, w.fwd., k 1 (seam st.), w.fwd., k 26, w.fwd., k 1 (seam-st.) w.fwd., k 6, w.fwd., k 1 (seam st.) w.fwd., k 1, work in patt. st. over next 12 sts., m-st. 5.

Place a marker at each seam-st.  
**Next Row:** M-st. 5, patt. 12 sts., p to last 17 sts., patt. 12 sts., m-st. 5.

**Next Row:** M-st. 5, patt. 12 sts., then knit, inc. 1 st. (as before) each side of 4 seam sts. until 17 sts. rem., patt. 12 sts., m-st. 5.

Rep. last 2 rows, making 2 more buttonholes at 1in. intervals, then cont. keeping

border and patt. correct and inc. 1 st. each side of seam st. every alt. row until 262 sts. on needle.

Work 1 row even.  
Now divide sts. as follows (right side facing): Place first 41 sts. on stitch-holder for left front, next 54 sts. on another stitch-holder for sleeve, 72 sts. for back, 54 sts. for other sleeve, and finally 41 sts. for right front.

Working on one set of 54 sts. for sleeve only, work as follows: Work in st-st., casting on 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (60 sts.).

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of 10th row and every foll. 4th row till 40 sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. until sleeve seam measures 5in.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for lin.

Cast off in rib.

Return to sts. on stitch-holder for other sleeve and work as for first sleeve.

Return to body sts., m-st. 5, patt. 12 sts., knit to end of left front section, cast on 6 sts. for underarm, join in, and knit across 72 back sts., cast on 6 sts. for underarm, join in, and knit across 41 right front sts., to last 17 sts., patt. 12 sts., m-st. 5. (166 sts.)

Cont. over all sts., keeping m-st. and patt. st. border at each end of rows and working rem. sts. in st-st., work 7 rows thus:

**Next Row** (right side facing): M-st. 5, patt. 12 sts., k 6, \* inc. 1 (to inc., pick up loop before next st., place on left-hand needle and knit into back of it), k 11 \*, rep. from \* to \* 10 times, inc. 1, k 5, patt. 12 sts., m-st. 5. (178 sts.)

Work 9 rows even.

**Next Row:** M-st. 5, patt. 12, k 6 \* inc. 1, k 12 \*, rep. from \* to \* 10 times, inc. 1, k 6, patt. 12, m-st. 5. (190 sts.) Cont. even until work measures 8in. from start, ending with 4th row of patt. st.

**Next Row** (right side facing): M-st. 5, work in patt. st. to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

**Next Row:** M-st. 5, patt. to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

Cont. in this way, keeping m-st. border and rem. sts. in patt. until 12 rows of patt. have been worked.

**Next Row:** M-st. to last 6 sts. (k 1, p 1) into next st., m-st. to end of row. (191 sts.)

Work all sts. in m-st. for 5 more rows. Cast off loosely.

## BONNET

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 82 sts. Work in m-st. for 8 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work thus: M-st. 5, patt. to last 5 sts., m-st. 5.

Cont. in this way, keeping 5 m-sts. each end of rows and rem. sts. in patt. st. until 12 rows of patt. st. have been worked.

Now cont., keeping 5 sts. each end of rows in m-st. and rem. sts. in st-st. until work measures 4 1/2in.

**To Dec. for Crown** (right side-facing): M-st. 5, k 2 tog., knit to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., m-st. 5. (80 sts.)

**Next Alt. Rows:** Purl.

**1st Row:** \* K 8, k 2 tog. \*, rep. from \* to \* to end of row.

**3rd Row:** \* K 7, k 2 tog. \*, rep. from \* to \* to end of row.

**5th Row:** \* K 6, k 2 tog. \*, rep. from \* to \* to end of row.

Cont. in this way, working 1 st. less between each dec. every alt. row until 2 sts. are knitted tog. all along row.

Break wool, leaving thread, pass thread through rem. sts., pull up firmly, and end off.

## TO MAKE UP

Jacket: Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join sleeve seams and sew sleeves to body at underarms. Sew on buttons. Press seams open.

Bonnet: Join crown to within 4in. of cast-on edge. Press st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew on ribbon ties.

# CABLE TWIST CARDIGAN

Picture page 8

**Materials:** 3oz. of Sirdar Baby Nylon 4 ply or Sirdar Sunshine Baby Wool 4 ply; 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 11 knitting needles; a cable needle; 3 small buttons.

**Tension** (after pressing): 15 sts. and 19 rows to 2in.

**Measurements:** To suit 19 to 21in. chest sizes; length from shoulder, about 9in.; sleeve length, about 5 1/2in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); tog., together; patt., pattern; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning; foll., following; alt., alternate; rem., remain(ing); sl., slip; in(s), inch(es).

**Note:** Sts. in brackets must be worked along row to the extent stated after second bracket.

## BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 66 sts. Work 12 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles.

**1st Patt. Row** (right side): P 2, (k 2, p 2) to end.

**2nd Row:** K 2, (p 2, k 2) to end.

**3rd Row:** P 2, \* sl. next st. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, k next st., then k st. from cable needle, p 2, rep. from \* to end.

**4th Row:** As 2nd row.  
These 4 rows form patt. Rep. them once more.

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until there are 86 sts. on needle. Work 1 row, then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. (110) sts.

Now cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. (134) sts. This completes sleeve shaping. Work 20 rows straight, then divide sts. as follows:

## RIGHT FRONT

**Next Row:** Patt. 57 sts. turn and work on this set only thus: Work 7 rows straight.

With wrong side facing \*\* inc. 1 st. at end of next row and on same edge of every foll. 4th row until there are 63 sts. on needle. Work 1 row straight.

Continue to inc. 1 st. at front edge on every 4th row from previous inc. and at the same time cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next and foll. 2 alt. rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of foll. 6 alt. rows. Work 1 row.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., work to last st. inc. in last st. Keeping front edge straight, dec. 1 st. at side edge on every foll. alt. row until 34 sts. rem. Work 7 rows straight (read 8 rows here when working Left Front). Change to No. 11 needles and work 12 rows in k 1, p 1 rib; cast off rib-wise. \*\*

## LEFT FRONT

Rejoin wool to rem. sts., cast off 20 sts., then work to end. Work 6 rows straight.

With right side facing, work as Right Front from \*\* to \*\*, with bracketed exception.

## TO FINISH OFF

Fin out work carefully, wrong side downwards and press with a warm iron over damp cloth.

**Sleeve Bands** (2 alike): With right side of work facing, join wool to one side at



base of sleeve and using a No. 11 needle, pick up and k 36 sts. along edge. Work 11 rows in k 1, p 1 rib; cast off ribwise. Join side seams, including bands.

**Strapping:** Using No. 11 needles, cast on 7 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib, starting alt. rows with p 1 to keep rib correct, until strapping is long enough to go up both

fronts and across back neck, when slightly stretched; cast off. Sew strapping to fronts and neck. With a coarse knitting needle, pierce 3 holes in centre of strapping on right front, to form "buttonholes." Arrange the first one  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. within lower edge and the rem. two holes  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. apart. Loosely over-sew "buttonholes." Sew on buttons.

until work measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Top:** Cast off 2 (1, 2) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 6 (8, 8) sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row. Cast off.

#### FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 11 sts.

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**2nd Row:** \* P 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last st., p 1. Rep. these 2 rows for  $\frac{1}{2}$  ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in.

**1st Buttonhole Row:** Rib 4, cast off 3, rib to end.

**2nd Buttonhole Row:** Rib, casting on 3 over cast-off sts. in previous row. Continue in rib, making 3 more buttonholes at intervals of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (2, 2) in., measured from base of previous buttonhole. Continue until band is long enough, when slightly stretched, to fit up right front, across sleeve tops, back neck and down left front. Cast off in rib.

#### TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting ribbing. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press over dry cloth instead of damp one. Using back-stitch, join raglan, side, and sleeve seams. Sew on front band, with buttonholes on right front for girls, left front for boys. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons.

#### TRELLIS PATTERN CARDIGAN

##### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 64 (70, 70) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

**1st Row (right side):** \* K 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1.

**2nd Row:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 2 tog., \* w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from \* to last 2 sts., w.fwd., k 2.

**4th Row:** Purl. **5th Row:** Knit. **6th Row:** Purl.

These 6 rows form the pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, ending with a wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 1 (2, 1) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 22 (24, 24) sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row. Cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 34 (34, 40) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin.

Change to No. 9 needles and pattern as for back until work measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armhole:** Cast off 1 (2, 1) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every following alternate row until 31 (30, 37) sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** K 2 tog., pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every following alternate row until 23 (26, 15) sts. remain, then 1 st. on every 3rd. (3rd, 4th) row until 3 (2, 3) sts. remain. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. remains. Fasten off.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Follow instructions for left front, reversing all shapings.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 40 (46, 46) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Inc. and work into pattern 1 st. each end of 5th and every following 4th (7th, 7th) row until 54 (56, 58) sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Top:** Cast off 1 (2, 1) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 14 (10, 14) sts. remain, then 1 st. each end of every row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

#### FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 11 sts.

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**2nd Row:** \* P 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last st., p 1. Rep. these 2 rows for  $\frac{1}{2}$  ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in.

**1st Buttonhole Row:** Rib 4, cast off 3, rib to end.

**2nd Buttonhole Row:** Rib, casting on 3 over cast-off sts. in previous row. Continue in rib, making 3 more buttonholes at intervals of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (2, 2) in., measured from base of previous buttonhole. Continue until band is long enough when slightly stretched, to fit up right front, across sleeve tops, back neck, and down left front. Cast off in rib.

#### TO MAKE UP

Follow instructions for Diamond Pattern Cardigan.

# TWO'S COMPANY

Picture across centre pages 8 and 9

**Materials:** Diamond Pattern: 4 (4, 4) balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply or Emu Scotch 4-ply. Trellis Pattern: 4 (4, 4) balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply or Emu Scotch 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles, 4 buttons for each.

**Measurements:** Diamond Pattern: To fit 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  (20 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. actual measurement. Trellis Pattern: To fit 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  (19 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. actual measurement. Both: Length, 10 (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in.; sleeve seams,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in.

**Tension:** Diamond Pattern: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  sts. and 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  rows to lin. Trellis Pattern: 7 sts. and 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  rows to lin.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; sl. slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-st. over; w.fwd., wool forward.

#### DIAMOND PATTERN CARDIGAN

##### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 64 (64, 70) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern.

**1st Row (right side):** K 2, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog.

**2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 3, \* k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**5th Row:** K 1, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

**7th Row:** K 2, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

**9th Row:** \* K 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2.

**11th Row:** K 4, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 3, rep. from \* to end.

##### 12th Row:

Purl. These 12 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armhole:** Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 2 (1, 2) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 20 (20, 22) sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row. Cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 28 (34, 34) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern as for back until work measures  $5\frac{1}{2}$  (6,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. or required length, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armhole:** Cast off 2 (1, 2) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every foll. alt. row until 23 (30, 29) sts. rem., ending on a wrong-side row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** K 2 tog., pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every following 6th (3rd, 4th) row until 5 (3, 3) sts. remain. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. remains. Fasten off.

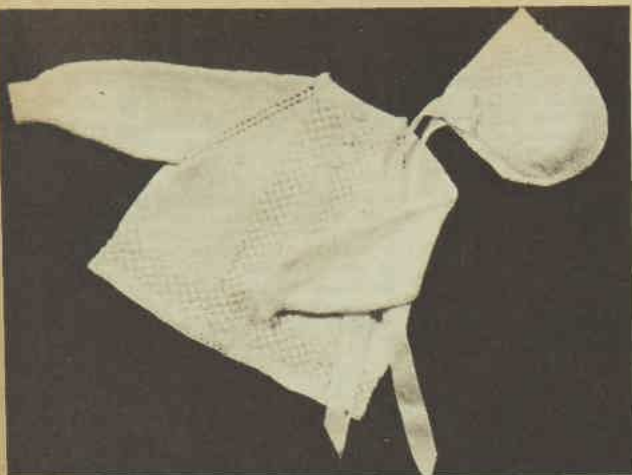
#### RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing all shapings.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 40 (46, 46) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin. Change to No. 9 needles and pattern. Inc. and work into pattern 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th (12th, 8th) row until there are 50 (52, 56) sts. on the needle. Continue without further shaping





**BLACKBERRY - STITCH JACKET** (above) and matching bonnet. The jacket is knitted all in one piece. See directions on page 6.

## SEVEN NEW MATINEE JACKETS



**CABLE - TWIST** cardigan (left) with easy-fitting dolman sleeves and a V-neckline is designed for a 19-21in. chest measurement. Directions begin on page 6.



**TWO'S COMPANY** in a pair of non-identical cardigans, one a diamond pattern (above left), the other a trellis design (above right). Directions page 7.



● *For the first eighteen months a baby can't have too many matinee jackets. Here are seven beauties to set all you mums, aunts, grandmas, and mums-to-be clicking away with the knitting needles.*



**PICOT COAT** (above) with simple knitted-in design is ideal for afternoon outings. Directions for knitting the coat are complete on page 10.

**BASKET-STITCH BORDERS** trim a charming little jacket (below) for a young baby. See complete knitting directions on page 11.



**POMPON JACKET** with raglan shaping and striped trim on collar and sleeves is very easy to knit. Directions begin on page 10.



# PICOT COAT

Picture page 9

**Materials:** 3oz. Sirdar Baby Nylon 3 ply or 2oz. Sirdar Sunshine Baby Wool 3 ply;  $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. ribbon; one pair each Nos. 13 and 11 knitting needles.

**Measurements:** Length, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; width all round underarm, 21in.

**Tension:** 10 sts. to lin. on No. 13 needles.  
**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; in(s), inch(es); st(s), stitch(es); inc., increase; dec., decrease; w.fwd., wool forward; w.r.n., wool round needle; tog., together; t.b.s., through back of stitch; patt., pattern; rep., repeat; st-st., stocking-stitch; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over.

## YOKE

With No. 13 needles, cast on 98 sts. Starting with a k row, work 3 rows in st-st.

4th Row: K 1, \* w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Starting with a k row, work 6 rows in st-st.

11th Row: K 3, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* to end.

Starting with a p row, work 3 rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. at centre of last row. (99 sts.).

Now start pattern:

1st Row: (K 11, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 11.

2nd and Every Alternate Row: Purl.

3rd Row: (K 11, w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 11.

5th Row: K 2, (k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 9.

7th Row: K 1, (k 9, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 10.

9th Row: K 3, (k 5, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 8.

11th Row: K 2, (k 7, w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 9.

13th Row: K 4, (k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 7.

15th Row: K 3, (k 5, w.fwd., k 13, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 8.

17th Row: K 5, (k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 15, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 6.

19th Row: K 4, (k 3, w.fwd., k 17, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 7.

21st Row: K 5, k 2 tog., (w.fwd., k 19, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) 7 times,

w.fwd., k 19, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 5. (187 sts.).

23rd Row: (K 16, w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 5) 8 times, k 11.

25th Row: (K 14, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 3) 8 times, k 11.

27th Row: (K 15, w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 4) 8 times, k 11.

29th Row: (K 13, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 2) 8 times, k 11.

31st Row: (K 14, w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., k 3) 8 times, k 11.

33rd Row: (K 12, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 11, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 1) 8 times, k 11.

35th Row: (K 13, w.fwd., k 13, w.fwd., k 2) 8 times, k 11.

37th Row: (K 11, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 15, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 11.

39th Row: (K 12, w.fwd., k 17, w.fwd., k 1) 8 times, k 11.

41st Row: K 1, (k 9, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 19, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 10.

43rd Row: (K 11, w.fwd., k 21, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 11.

45th Row: K 2, (k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 23, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 9.

47th Row: K 1, (k 9, w.fwd., k 25, w.fwd.) 8 times, k 10.

49th Row: K 3, (k 5, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 27, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 8.

51st Row: K 4, (k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 29, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 7.

53rd Row: K 5, (k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 31, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s.) 8 times, k 6.

55th Row: K 5, k 2 tog. (w.fwd., k 33, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog. p.s.s.o.) 7 times, w.fwd., k 33, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.s., k 5.

56th Row: P, inc. 1 st. at centre of row. (300 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles.

## LEFT FRONT

K 50 sts., turn. Leave remaining sts. on spare needle. Work  $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in st-st. ending with a k row.

\*\* Next Row: K 1, \* w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Starting with a k row, work 2 rows in st-st. Cast off.

## FIRST SLEEVE

K 52 sts. off spare needle, turn. Work  $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in st-st. ending with a k row, and dec. 1 st. at both ends of 9th and following 8th rows. (48 sts.).

Change to No. 13 needles and work 8 rows in st-st.

Change to No. 11 needles and work 2 rows in st-st. Rep. from \*\* as given for left front.

## BACK

K 96 sts. off spare needle, turn. Work as left front.

## SECOND SLEEVE

Work as first sleeve.

## RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front.

## TO FINISH OFF

Press on wrong side under a damp cloth, using a warm iron for nylon and a hot for wool. Join side and sleeve seams. Turn edgings to wrong side at row of holes, and stitch down.

## FRONT PICOT EDGE (both alike)

With No. 13 needles pick up and k 81 sts. along front edge of jacket.

Starting with a p row, work 2 rows in st-st.

Next Row: K 1, \* w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from \* to end. Starting with a k row, work 2 rows in st-st. Cast off. Turn to wrong side at row of holes, and stitch down. Press seams and picot edgings. Thread ribbons through holes at neck.

# POMPON JACKET

Picture page 9

**Materials:** 4 (4, 4, 5) balls Emu Scotch 4-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply. Main color, 1 (1, 1, 1) ball contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles; 4 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 19 (20, 21, 22) in. chest (actual measurement); length, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  (10 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 12) in.; sleeve seam 6 (7, 8, 9) in.

**Tension:** 7 sts. and 9 rows to lin.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; sl., slip; w.fwd., wool forward; c.c., contrast color; m.c., main color.

## BACK

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 66 (70, 74, 78) sts. Work 8 rows in garter-stitch (every row k).

Next Row: K 2 (4, 2, 4), \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to last 4 (6, 4, 6) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 (4, 2, 4).

Work 7 rows in garter-stitch.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p) and continue until work measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  (6, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 7) in., ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Cast off 4 (4, 3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until 22 (24, 26, 28) sts. remain ending with a p row. Cast off.

## LEFT FRONT

\*\* Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 38 (40, 42, 44) sts. Work 8 rows in garter-stitch.

Next Row: K 2 (1, 2, 1), \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2, rep. from \* to last 4 (3, 4, 3) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 (1, 2, 1).

Work 6 rows in garter-stitch. \*\*

Next Row: Cast on 6 sts., p across these 6 sts., k to end. Change to size 9 needles.

Next Row: K to last 7 sts., sl. 1 purlwise, k 6.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures same as back to armhole, ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Next Row: Cast off 4 (4, 3, 3) sts., k to last 7 sts., sl. 1 purlwise, k 6.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 7 sts., sl. 1 purlwise, k 6.

Rep. these 2 rows until 27 (28, 30, 31) sts. remain.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Cast off 15 sts., p to end.

Continue to dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 6 (7, 8, 9) rows. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. remains, dec. at outer armhole edge when it is no longer possible to dec. inside a border of 2 sts. Fasten off.

## RIGHT FRONT

Follow instructions for left front from \*\* to \*\*.

Next Row: K to end of row, turn and cast on 6 sts.

Change to size 9 needles.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 9, 1966



Next Row: K 6, sl. 1 purlwise, k to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Complete to match left front, making 4 pairs of buttonholes, the first pair to be worked on next row, the other 3 pairs at intervals of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , 3) in., measured from base of previous buttonhole.

1st Buttonhole Row: K 2, cast off 2, k 2, including st. used in casting off, sl. 1 purlwise, k 2, cast off 2, k to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: P to end, casting on 2 sts. over those cast off in previous row.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and c.c., cast on 36 (38, 40, 42) sts. and work 6 rows in garter-stitch. Continuing in garter-stitch, work 6 rows in m.c., 6 rows in c.c.

Change to size 9 needles and m.c.

Continue in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 3rd (3rd, 4th, 4th) row until there are 52 (56, 60, 64) sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until sleeve measures 6 (7, 8, 9) in. or required length, ending with p row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 4 (4, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until 8 (10, 10, 10) sts. remain, ending with a p row. Cast off.

#### COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 74 (80, 86, 92) sts., work 12 rows in garter-stitch. Continue in garter-stitch, work 6 rows in c.c., 6 rows in m.c., 6 rows in c.c. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press with a dry cloth instead of a damp one. Using a back-stitch, join raglan, side and sleeve seams. Fold front edges at folding line and slip-stitch down. Neaten buttonholes together and sew on buttons. Sew collar into position, placing cast-on edge to neck edge, beginning and ending at centre of Front Band. Using two strands of wool together, work a single chain crochet cord 32in. long. Thread cord through eyelet holes at lower edge. Sew a small pompon to each end of cord. To make a pompon, cut wool into 2in. lengths, bind securely in the middle, fluff out and trim.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 9, 1966

## BASKET-STITCH BORDERS JACKET

Picture page 9

Materials: 3oz. Sirdar Baby Nylon 4-ply or Sirdar Sunshine Baby Wool 4-ply; a small ball of 3- or 4-ply in a contrasting shade; 1 pair each of Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; a cable needle; a medium size crochet hook; 1 yard of narrow ribbon.

Tension: 15 sts. and 19 rows to 2in.

Measurements: To suit 18 to 19in. chest sizes; length from shoulder, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; sleeve seam, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); in., inch(es); inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch, (1 row k and 1 row p alternately); g-st., garter-stitch; sl., slip; patt., pattern; foll., following; alt., alternate; t.b.l., through back of loops; rem., remain(ing); d.c., double crochet; ch., chain; c.c., contrasting color.

#### BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 80 sts.

\*\* Work 2 rows in st-st.

1st Patt. Row (right side): K 1, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at back of work, k 2, then k 3 sts. from cable needle, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 3, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, k 2, then k 3 sts. from cable needle, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

These 4 rows form patt. Rep. them twice more. This completes the border.

\*\* Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 4, \* k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 4 (65 sts.).

Starting with a p row, proceed in st-st., until work measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from start, ending with a p row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2.

Next Row: K 2 for g-st. border, p 2 tog. t.b.l., p to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2 for g-st. border.

Rep. last 2 rows once more.

Now dec. 1 st., inside g-st. border, at each end of next and every foll. alt. row until 25 sts. rem. Work 1 row; cast off.

#### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 44 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 4 for g-st. border, p to end.

3rd Row: K 1, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at back of work, k 2, then k the sts. from cable needle, rep. from \* to last 7 sts., k 3, then k 4 for border.

4th Row: As 2nd.

5th Row: K 3, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, k 2, then k the sts. from cable needle, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., k 1, then k 4 for border.

6th Row: As 2nd.

Rep. 3rd to 6th rows inclusive twice more.

Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: (K 2 tog., k 3) to last 4 sts., k 4. (36 sts.)

Starting with a p row, proceed in st-st., with g-st. border at front edge, until work measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from start, ending with a p row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole — Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

Next Row: K 4, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: K 4, p to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows once more.

\*\*\* Keeping continuity of g-st. borders, dec. 1 st. inside border at armhole edge, on next and every foll. alt. row until 19 sts. rem. \*\*\*

Shape neck as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 9 sts., work to end. Work 5 rows, but dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on 1st, 3rd, and 5th rows and 1 st. at neck edge on every row. Work 1 row, k 2 tog. and fasten off.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 44 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: P to last 4 sts., k 4 for border.

Next Row: K 4 for border then k 1, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at back of work, k 2, then k the sts. from cable needle, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

4th Row: As 2nd.

5th Row: K 4 for border, then k 3, \* sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, k 2, then k the sts. from cable needle, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

6th Row: As 2nd.

Rep. 3rd to 6th rows inclusive twice more. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 4, \* k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* to end. (36 sts.)

Keeping continuity of g-st. border, proceed in st-st. until work measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from start, ending with a k row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole — Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to last 4 sts., k 4.

Next Row: K to last 4 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, p 2 tog. t.b.l., p to last 4 sts., k 4.

Rep. last 2 rows once more.

Now work as left front from \*\*\* to \*\*\*. Work 1 row, then shape neck.

Next Row: Cast off 9 sts., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2.

Work 5 rows, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on 2nd and 4th rows and 1 st. at neck edge on every row. Work 1 row, k 2 tog., and fasten off.

#### SLEEVES (Both alike)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 40 sts. and work as for back from \*\* to \*\*.

Change to No. 10 needles and working in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 6th row until there are 50 sts. on needle. Proceed straight until sleeve measures 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from start, ending with p row. Shape top as for back armhole until 10 sts. rem. Work 1 row; cast off.

#### TO FINISH OFF

Press work lightly on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Join sleeve tops to corresponding edges of back and fronts; join side and sleeve seams. Using c.c. wool, work a row of d.c. down each front and round lower and neck edges, also base of each sleeve. With right side facing, rejoin c.c. wool to neck edge of right front, work \* 2 ch., miss 1 d.c., and work 1 treble in next d.c., rep. from \* all round neck. Thread ribbon through holes, leaving ends to tie in a bow.

FOR BABY — Page 11





**THIS appealing little dress can be knitted in three sizes to fit 19, 20, and 21in. chest measurements. Directions begin at left below and are complete on this page.**

## Pleats look pretty on a tiny girl

**Materials:** 4 (5, 5) balls Emu Baby Bri-Nylon 3-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 11 knitting needles; 1 pair long No. 10 knitting needles; 3 small buttons; 1 No. 11 crochet hook; 1½ yds. ½ in.-wide ribbon.

**Measurements:** To fit 19 (20, 21) in. chest (actual measurement); length, 15½ (16, 16½) in.; sleeve seam, 5½ (6, 6½) in.

**Tension:** 7½ sts. and 10½ rows to lin.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); st-st, stocking-stitch; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; sl., slip; t.b.l., through back of loop(s); w.fwd., wool forward.

### BACK

\*\* Using long No. 10 needles, cast on 203 (227, 227) sts. and work 4 rows in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p).

**Next Row:** K 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

Commencing with a p row, work a further 5 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at end of last row. 202 (226, 226) sts. Commence pattern.

**1st Row:** K 38 (50, 50), \* sl. 1 purlwise, k 9, p 3, (k 1, p 1) 9 times, k 1, p 3, k 9, sl. 1 purlwise, \* k 36, rep. from \* to \* once, k 38 (50, 50).

**2nd Row:** P 48 (60, 60), k 3, rib 19, k 3, p 56, k 3, rib 19, k 3, p 48 (60, 60).

**3rd Row:** K 7, (w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10) 2 (3, 3) times, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, \* sl. 1 purlwise, k 9, p 3, rib 19, p 3, k 9, sl. 1 purlwise, \* k 5, (w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10) twice, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, rep. from \* to \* once, k 5, (w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10) 2 (3, 3) times, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7.

**4th Row:** As 2nd row.

**5th Row:** K 5, (k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) 2 (3, 3) times, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 4, \* sl. 1 purlwise, k 9, p 3, rib 19, p 3, k 9, sl. 1 purlwise, \* k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) twice, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 4, rep. from \* to \* once, k 3, (k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) 2 (3, 3) times, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 6.

**6th Row:** As 2nd row.

**7th Row:** As 1st row.

**8th Row:** As 2nd row.

**9th Row:** K 13, (w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10) 2 (3, 3) times, k 1, \* sl. 1 purlwise, k 9, p 3, rib 19, p 3, k 9, sl. 1 purlwise, \* k 11, (w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10) twice, k 1, rep. from \* to \* once, k 11, (w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10) 2 (3, 3) times, k 3.

**10th Row:** As 2nd row.

**11th Row:** K 11, (k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) 2 (3, 3) times, k 3, \* sl. 1 purlwise, k 9, p 3, rib 19, p 3, k 9, sl. 1 purlwise, \* k 9, (k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) twice, k 3,

rep. from \* to \* once, k 9, (k 2 tog. w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) 2 (3, 3) times, k 5.

**12th Row:** As 2nd row.

These 12 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 2in. from eyelet holes, ending with a wrong-side row.

**To Commence Shaping:** Keeping continuity of pattern, dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th (3rd, 3rd) row until 162 (166, 170) sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until work measures approx. 10½ (11, 11) in. from eyelet holes, ending with 6th or 12th row of pattern.

**Next Row:** K 18 (20, 22), cast off 45 sts. for pleat, k 36, including st. used in casting off, cast off 45 sts. for pleat, k to end. 72 (76, 80) sts.

**Next Row:** Work to end across all sts.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row \*\* until 44 (44, 46) sts. remain, ending with a wrong-side row.

**To Divide for Back Neck Opening —**

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., pattern 20 (20, 21) sts. and turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge as before until 12 (12, 13) sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row. Leave these sts. on spare needle. Join in wool at neck edge to remaining sts., pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Complete to match first side of neck.

### FRONT

Work as back from \*\* to \*\* until 36 (36, 38) sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** K 2 tog., pattern 10 (10, 11) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle. Still dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 5 (5, 6) rows. Keeping neck edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge until 1 st. remains. Fasten off. Slip centre 12 sts. on to spare needle. Join in wool at neck edge to remaining sts., pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Complete to match first side of neck.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 36 (38, 38) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for lin., ending with wrong-side row.

Change to No. 10 needles and pattern.

**1st Row:** Knit.

**2nd Row:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 5 (6, 6), \* w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10, rep. from \* once, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5 (6, 6).

**4th Row:** Purl.

**5th Row:** K 3 (4, 4), \* k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7, rep. from \* once, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 4 (5, 5).

**6th Row:** Purl.

**7th Row:** Knit.

**8th Row:** Purl.

**9th Row:** K 11 (12, 12), w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 11 (12, 12).

**10th Row:** Purl.

**11th Row:** K 9 (10, 10), k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 10 (11, 11).

**12th Row:** Purl.

These 12 rows form pattern. Inc. and work into pattern, 1 st. each end of next and every following 3rd row until there are 54 (58, 60) sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures 5½ (6, 6½) in., ending with wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Top:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following alternate row until 6 sts. remain, ending with wrong-side row. Leave these sts. on a safety-pin.

### NECKBAND

Using back-stitch, join raglan seams. With right side facing and No. 11 needles, k across the 12 (12, 13) sts. on left side of back neck, 6 sts. on top of left sleeve, pick up and k 11 (11, 12) sts. down left side of front neck, k across the 12 sts. at centre, inc. in last st., pick up and k 11 (11, 12) sts. up right side of front neck, k across the 6 sts. on top of right sleeve and the 12 (12, 13) sts. on right side of back neck. 71 (71, 75) sts. Work 3 rows in st-st., commencing with a p row.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end.

Commencing with a p row, work a further 3 rows in st-st. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over dry cloth, omitting ribbing. Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams. Fold hem at eyelet holes (picot edging) on to wrong side and slip-stitch down. Set inverted pleats into position and catch down cast-off sections on wrong side of work. Work a row of double crochet along each edge of back neck opening, then work three buttonhole loops, evenly spaced along one edge. Sew buttons on opposite edge to match loops. Sew a small ribbon bow to top of each pleat. Press pleats.



## BOY'S TWO-PIECE SUIT

**Materials:** Eight balls Patons 4-ply Baby wool with Bri-Nylon; Nos. 9, 10, and 12 knitting needles; press studs.

**Measurements:** To fit 20in. chest. Jacket: Length, 10in.; sleeve, 6½in. Pants: Side edge, 7½in.

**Tension:** 13 sts. to 2in. over st-st.

### JACKET

#### BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 69 sts.

**Next Row:** K 2, p 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end of row.

**Next Row:** (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Change to No. 9 needles and work pattern as follows:

**1st Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1 through back of loop, rep. from \* to end.

**2nd Row:** P 1, \* k into loop below next st., p 1, rep. from \* to end.

**3rd Row:** K 1, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end.

**4th Row:** P 1, \* k 1 through back of loop, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

Rep. these 4 rows 16 times, then the 1st and 2nd rows once. \*\*

**To Shape Raglan:** Cont. in patt., cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 2 rows.

**Next Row:** Dec. 1 st. each end of row. Patt. three rows. Rep. last 4 rows 4 times (55 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 37 sts. and work as back to \*\*.

**To Shape Raglan:** Work 1 row patt.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end. Work 2 rows in patt. **Next Row:** Keeping patt. correct dec. 1 st. at end of row.

Work 3 rows in patt. Rep. last 4 rows 4 times (30 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

#### LEFT FRONT

Work as right front to \*\*.

**To Shape Raglan:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Work 3 rows in patt.

**Next Row:** Keeping patt. correct dec. 1 st. at beg. of row. Work 3 rows in patt. Rep. last 4 rows 4 times (30 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 39 sts.

**Next Row:** K 2, p 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end. **Next Row:** (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows 5 times.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 4 patt. rows as back inc. 1 st. each end of

7th row and every 8th foll. row to 49 sts. Cont. in patt. until 4 patt. rows have been worked 16 times, then rep. the first and 2nd rows once. Shape raglan as for back (35 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

### YOKE

Arrange all sts. on one needle, wrong side facing, thus: left front, left sleeve, back, right sleeve, right front (185 sts.).

Using No. 12 needles, right side facing, (k 1, p 1) to last st., k 1. **Next Row:** (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 20 rows of rib are worked.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* p 2 tog., k 2 tog., rep. from \* to end (93 sts.). **Next Row:** P 1, \* k 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

**Ribbonholes:** K 1, p 1, k 1, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) twice, rep. from \* to end of row. Work 3 rows rib. Cast off.

### PANTS

#### FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 17 sts.

**1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** Purl. \*\*

**3rd Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., inc. 1 st. in last st.

**4th and Alt. Rows:** Purl, increasing 1 st. each end of row.

**5th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 2, inc. 1 st. in last st.

**7th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., k 4, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 4, inc. 1 st. in last st.

**9th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., k 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, k 2 tog., k 6, inc. 1 st. in last st.

**11th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., k 8, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., k 8, inc. 1 st. in last st.

**13th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., k 10, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., k 10, inc. 1 st. in last st.

**15th Row:** Inc. 1 st. in first st., k 12, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 12, inc. 1 st. in last st.

**16th Row:** As 4th row (31 sts.).

Cont. in st-st. casting on 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (67 sts.). \*\*\* Cont. in st-st. for 5½in., dec. 1 st. at end of last row (66 sts.).

Right side facing, change to No. 10 needles, work k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows.

**Next Row (ribbon holes):** Rib 3, \* w.fwd., k 2 tog., rib 4, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., p 1.



TEXTURED pattern on jacket contrasts with smooth stocking-stitch on pants and yoke.

Cont. in rib for 7 rows. Cast off.

#### BACK

Right side facing, using No. 9 needles, pick up and k 17 sts. along cast-on edge of front. P 1 row. Work from \*\* to \*\*\* of front. Cont. in st-st. on 67 sts. for 5in.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to last 8 sts., turn.

**Next Row:** K to last 16 sts., turn.

**Next Row:** P to last 16 sts., turn.

**Next Row:** K to last 24 sts., turn.

**Next Row:** P to last 24 sts., turn.

**Next Row:** K to end. **Next Row:** Purl.

Change to No. 10 needles and work

rib band with ribbonholes same as front.

#### LEGBANDS

Using No. 10 needles, right side facing,

pick up and knit 72 sts. evenly round leg.

Work 22 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. on wrong side.

**Jacket:** Join raglan seams. Seam sides and sleeves. Make cord approximately 36in. long, thread through ribbonholes, and tie.

Sew press studs to front edges.

**Pants:** Seam sides and bands. Fold legbands as hem and slip-stitch to where sts. were picked up. Make cord approximately 40in. long, thread through ribbonholes.

FOR BABY — Page 13





## Tunic-shift in shell crochet

**Materials:** Five (6) balls Patons 4-ply Baby Wool with Bri-Nylon; No. 11 Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook; 3 small buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 22 (24) in. chest; length, 15½ (16½) in.

**Tension:** 2 patts. equal 1 in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space.

### PATTERN

**Shell:** \* 3 tr. in same sp., leaving last loop of each on hook, wool over, and draw through all loops \*, 3 ch., rep. from \* to \* in same sp.

### FRONT

**Make 100 (115) ch.**

**1st Row:** One shell in 5th ch., \* miss 4 ch., 1 shell in next ch., rep. from \* to end, 4 ch., turn (20, 23 shells).

**2nd Row:** Half shell in first ½ shell, 1 shell between each shell of 1st row, ending with ½ shell, 4 ch., turn.

**3rd Row:** One shell between each shell of previous row, 1 tr. in last ½ shell, 4 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until work measures 3 (3½) in. Dec. ½ shell each end of next row. Work 3 rows. Dec. ½ shell each end of next and foll. 4th rows until dec. to 17 (19) shells. Cont. without further shaping until front measures 10 (11) in., then inc. ½ shell each end of next 2 rows. Cont. until front measures 13½ (14½) in.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** Patt. 7½ (8½) shells, turn. Dec. ½ shell at neck edge of each alt. row twice.

Cont. without shaping until front measures 15 (16) in., ending at neck edge.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Work shell patt. across half shoulder, fasten off.

Rejoin yarn at neck edge, leaving 4 centre shells unworked, and work other side to correspond, sl-stitching to centre of shoulder

**LITTLE-GIRL tunic-shift (left) can stand alone, or cover up a tiny skivvy on colder days. Directions for 22 (24) in. chest measurements are complete on this page.**

and working patt. to end when shaping shoulder.

### BACK

Work as front for 11 (12) in.

**To Divide for Back Opening — Next Row:** Patt. 9½ (10½) shells (centre back), turn, continue on this side only until back measures 14½ (15½) in., ending armhole edge.

**Next Row:** Patt. 7½ (8½) shells, turn, dec.

½ shell at neck edge of each alt. row twice. When back measures 15 (16) in. shape shoulder as for front. Rejoin yarn at centre back and work other side to correspond.

### TO MAKE UP

Join side and shoulder seams. Work 2 rows d.c. round hem, sleeves, and neck, incl. back opening, making 3 buttonhole loops on right side of opening. Press lightly. Sew on buttons.

## Fur-trimmed jacket with sleeping bag

Picture opposite page

**Materials:** 15 balls Patons Soft Touch Orlon; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 11 needles; 3 press studs; fur trimming for hood; 1 14in. Lightning zip fastener; 2 small buttons for sleeping bag; No. 9 Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook.

**Measurements—Jacket:** To fit 20in. chest; length, 10in.; sleeve, 6½in. **Sleeping Bag:** 14in. wide and 18in. long without straps.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to 1in. over rib.

### JACKET

#### BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 69 sts.

**1st Row (right side of work):** Knit. **2nd Row:** K 1, p 1, \* knit into loop below next st. and slip both st. and loop off tog., p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows 5 times.

**13th Row:** Knit. **14th Row:** Purl.

These 14 rows form pattern.

Cont. in patt. until 4 patterns are complete.

**To Shape Raglan:** Keeping pattern correct, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 2 rows in patt. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row. Work 3 rows in patt.

Rep. last 4 rows 3 times (57 sts.). Leave on spare needle for yoke.

#### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 37 sts.

**1st Row:** Knit. **2nd Row:** K 5, p 1 \* knit into loop below next st., p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows 5 times.

**13th Row:** Knit. **14th Row:** K 5, p to end.

Rep. last 14 rows 3 times.

**To Shape Raglan:** Keeping patt. correct, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Work 3 rows in patt.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., patt. to end of row.

Work 3 rows in patt. Rep. last 4 rows 3 times (31 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 37 sts.

**1st Row:** Knit.

**2nd Row:** K 1, p 1, \* knit into loop below next st., p 1, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., k 5. Rep. last 2 rows 5 times.

**13th Row:** Knit. **14th Row:** P to last 5 sts., k 5. Rep. last 14 rows 3 times.

**To Shape Raglan:** Patt. 1 row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., work to end. Patt. 2 rows.

**Next Row:** Work to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Patt. 3 rows. Rep. last 4 rows 3 times (31 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 36 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 12 rows inc. 1 st. in last st. of last row (37 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles and work in patt. st. as for back for 6 rows.

Cont. in patt. inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 8th foll. row to 45 sts.

Cont. in patt. until 4 patterns are complete.

Shape raglan as for back (33 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

#### YOKE

With wrong side facing, slip all sts. on to 1 needle thus—left front, left sleeve,



back, right sleeve, then right front. (185 sts.)

Using No. 8 needles, right side facing, k 9, \* k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k 6. (151 sts.)

Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: K 5, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last 6 sts., p 1, k 5.

Next Row: K 6, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: K 6, \* k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from \* to last 9 sts., k 9. (117 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 5, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last 6 sts., p 1, k 5.

Next Row: K 6, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last 5 sts., k 5.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next Row: Cast off 5 (1 st. on right-hand needle), (k 2, k 2 tog.) 26 times, k 7. (86 sts.)

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts. and k to end. (81 sts.)

Change to No. 11 needles. Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1. Rep. last 2 rows 7 times. Cast off.

#### HOOD

Using No. 8 needles cast on 29 sts.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) to last 5 sts., k 5.

Next Row: K 5, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 5, p to end.

Work pattern thus:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 5, p 1 \* knit into loop below next st., p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: K into front and back of first st., k to end.

8th Row: K 5, p 1, work from \* to \* of 2nd row to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

9th and 11th Rows: Knit.

10th and 12th Rows: As 8th.

13th Row: Knit, inc. 1 st. at beg. of row.

14th Row: K 5, p to end.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at beg. of every 6th row to 35 sts.

Cont. in patt. until 14 patt. rows have been worked 5 times altogether. (Right side facing place marker at beg. of row. Hood is seamed to this point.)

Cont. in patt. for 32 rows.

Cont. in patt. dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and every 6th foll. row to 29 sts.

Cont. in patt. until 10 complete patts. are worked.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 5, p to end.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) to last 5 sts., k 5.

Next Row: K 5, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows twice and cast off.

#### SLEEPING BAG

Using No. 8 needles cast on 83 sts. K 1 row. P 1 row.

Work 14 patt. rows as given for back of jacket.

Cont. in patt. until 12 complete patts. and first 6 rows of next patt. have been worked. Divide for zip fastener.

Next Row: K 41 and leave on spare needle. K 2 tog. and k to end of row.

Next Row: K 1, p 1 \* knit into loop below next st., p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Cont. in patt. on these 41 sts. until 20 patterns are complete. Cast off.

Rejoin yarn to centre front and work to correspond with first side.

#### WAISTBAND

Fold bag in half and seam sides. Using No. 11 needles, right side facing, pick up and knit 128 sts. evenly round top of bag. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in.

Next Row: Cast off 54 sts., rib 20, cast off 54 sts.

Rejoin yarn to 20 sts. and work in rib for 2in.

Next Row: Rib 10 and leave on spare needle.

Cont. in rib on rem. 10 sts. for 6in. Cast off.

Rejoin yarn to rem. 10 sts. and cont. in rib for 6in. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Jacket: Seam raglans. Seam sides and sleeves. Fold neckband in half and slip-stitch into place. Sew press-studs to front borders. Make cord approximately 36in. and thread through neckband.

Hood: Seam back of hood and slip-stitch lower edge inside to base of neckband. Stitch fur trimming around front border of hood.

Sleeping Bag: With crochet hook work 1 row d.c. round front opening and fit zip fastener into place. Work a 5-chain loop at end of each shoulder strap and sew on buttons to correspond.

Press all seams on wrong side.

THIS delightful jacket and sleeping bag set are knitted in a very simple stitch from synthetic yarn. Directions begin opposite.





# Filmy shawl gives wrap-around warmth

**Materials:** 13 balls Patons 4-ply Baby Wool with Bri-Nylon; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles, long; 1 No. 9 Milwards Phantom crochet hook.

**Measurements:** 40in. square.

**Tension:** 20 sts. to 3½in. over pattern.

Cast on 203 sts., k 1 row. P 1 row.

Work pattern thus:

**1st Row:** K 3, k 2 tog., \* w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., \* rep. from \* to \* to last 6 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3.

**2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 2, k 2 tog., \* w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., \* rep. from \* to \* to last 7 sts., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

**5th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., \* w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., \* rep. from \* to \* to last 8 sts., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

**7th Row:** K 2 \*, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 1, \*, rep. from \* to \* to last st., k 1.

**8th Row:** P 5 \*, k 1, p 7 \*, rep. from \* to \* to last 6 sts., k 1, p 5.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows 3 times.

**15th Row:** K 3 \*, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3 \*, rep. from \* to \* to end.

**16th and 18th Rows:** Purl.

**17th Row:** K 4 \*, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 5 \*, rep. from \* to \* to last 7 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 4.

**19th Row:** K 2 \*, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**20th Row:** Purl.

Rep. rows 15 to 20 once, then rep. rows 15 to 18 once more.

Page 16—FOR BABY

*KNITTED LACE in a leafy design makes the body of the shawl, which is edged in contrast lace. Directions are complete on this page.*

**31st Row:** K 1 \* p 1, k 2 tog., k 1, w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., \*, rep. from \* to \* to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

**32nd Row:** P 1 \* k 1, p 7, \* rep. from \* to \* to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1.

Rep. rows 31 and 32 3 times.

**39th Row:** As 3rd row.

**40th, 42nd, 44th, and 46th Rows:** Purl.

**41st Row:** As 5th row.

**43rd Row:** As 1st row.

**45th Row:** As 3rd row.

**47th Row:** As 5th row.

**48th Row:** Purl.

Rep. these 48 rows 5 times more, then the first 22 rows once. Cast off.

## BORDER

Pick up and knit 203 sts. along cast-on edge and p 1 row.

Commence pattern:

**1st Row:** Knit into front and back of first st., k 1 \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 \*, rep. from \* to \* to last st., knit into front and back of last st.

**2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows:** Purl inc. 1 st. each end of row.

**3rd Row:** Knit into front and back of first st., k 4 \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3 \*, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 1, knit into front and back of last st.

**5th Row:** Knit into front and back of 1st st., k 5, rep. from \* to \* of first row until 5 sts. rem., k 4, knit into front and back of last st.

**7th Row:** Knit into front and back of first st., k 8, rep. from \* to \* of third row until 6 sts. rem., k 5, knit into front and back of last st.

**8th Row:** As 2nd row.

Rep. these 8 rows once, then the 1st and 2nd rows once more. Cast off.

Work border on rem. 3 sides in same manner. Seam corners of border with flat seam. Press seams lightly.

Using crochet hook, work round outside edge thus:

\* 3 d.c., 1 picot of 3 chain, rep. from \* all round, ending sl-st. into 1st d.c. Fasten off.



The Australian Women's Weekly—February 9, 1966



Hitherto he had respected Musgrave as an upright, honorable man whose love of justice found its natural expression in his magisterial role; now he perceived that this passion for justice—quite apart from being (like any other passion) uncomfortable—was capable of creating in its victim a credulousness that had to be experienced to be believed. So long as the phenomenon of the drum could be interpreted as an act of retribution (Musgrave's justice), the magistrate was ready to believe in it. If he were pushed, he might even admit to satisfaction that his concept of justice extended beyond the grave.

Henry decided to push him, and said gently, "If I had heard that drum beat, do you think I should inevitably die?"

"Not inevitably," Musgrave said. "Nothing's inevitable. But I think you should consider you'd been warned."

"And how do you suggest I should react to the warning?"

"As I said. I'd put my conscience straight."

"You think that might avert the disaster?"

"I don't know. I think it's worth a try. If it didn't, at least you'd be in a better state to meet it."

"And what do you mean by 'putting your conscience straight'?"

"Good grief, man, I'm not the keeper of your conscience. That's something every man must decide for himself."

**H**ENRY said slowly, "I don't think there's much on my conscience except the petty lapses of every day—you know, impatience, irritability, and so on."

Musgrave nodded. "I know."

"As for big things," Henry continued, "I can't honestly think of much. I've not robbed or murdered or swindled. I'm not cruel so far as I know. My lies don't go beyond permissible degrees of grey."

"I've done my duty. I've never knowingly been unjust."

Musgrave, who was studying his fingernails, interrupted. "Some people might not agree with that last."

Henry felt his face and throat flush a deep crimson. "What are you getting at?"

"Don't you know?" Musgrave said evenly.

Henry decided to brazen it out. "If you're referring to the business with young Randall," he said, striving to sound dispassionate, "I think we've been over it more than enough. You happen to disagree with my decision and you've a perfect right to do so. Equally, I've a perfect right to stand by it. This is a free country after all."

"The freedom to commit injustice is not included."

"Who says it was injustice?"

Henry cried. "Damn it, Musgrave, Randall's financial position was hopeless. The fellow hadn't a penny to his name."

"So because of a trifling debt at cards you ruined him?"

"I did nothing of the sort. I've no doubt he's done perfectly well since."

"Did you ever learn what became of him?"

"I never tried to," Henry said.

He would not willingly have heard the name Randall mentioned, still less have learned of its owner's whereabouts. James Randall, under pressure from his colonel, had resigned his commission in the Wiltshires. That was all Henry Lawson cared about. Of course, there had been murmurs of injustice. Any decision except a unanimous one brought opposition in its train. And the decision to ask James Randall for his resignation had been anything but unanimous; indeed, Henry remembered with distaste, he had almost to force it through, aided only by Major Williams, who always agreed with the most senior officer present and had become a major as a result.

Technically, therefore, Henry and Williams had been able to ask for the lieutenant's resignation, just as, technically, they had grounds for doing so. An officer did not incur debts he could not discharge

Continued from page 32

## THE DRUM

—even of fifty pounds; not even when the creditor—a fellow lieutenant—was prepared to cancel the debt, which had been rashly incurred in the course of a game of poker. Henry still remembered the ingenuous way in which Lieutenant Randall had admitted that he was unable to pay. When Henry and Williams had requested his resignation, he had seemed thunder-struck.

The trouble was that he should never have been in the Wiltshires in the first place. He was only there because his father had been, but, whereas the elder Randall was a fine officer whose death in action had been a loss to the regiment, the

son had—as Henry put it—"gone soft." No doubt it was not to be wondered at; an only child brought up by a widowed mother; no doubt either that this helped to explain his attraction for women, all of whom responded in various degrees to his wistful, brown-eyed charm. Even Cynthia had responded. Henry remembered. And abruptly suppressed the thought. The flirtation—no, not so much as a flirtation—had been so patently innocent that even Henry had been unable to find grounds for suspicion—a fact that had done nothing to dispose him favorably toward young Randall and had merely underlined the latter's offence.

For it was an offence to win from Cynthia the kind of look her husband could not secure; to make her laugh with a wholehearted enjoyment Henry had never heard in her voice before. The fact that Randall saw her only in company and that nothing was ever said or hinted between them made it worse. It was as though his presence were enough to endow her with a radiance which, beautiful as she was, she did not normally possess. Of course Henry blamed himself for the situation. It was like calling to like—no doubt of that. A girl with the right background would not have wasted time on Randall, and if Randall had been the kind of officer the Wiltshires wanted, he would never have flirted with his colonel's wife. It was

To page 34

## RIVETS



Nature in its wonderful way has protected our skin with an acid cloak which guards against blemishes, dryness and dullness. Many ordinary soaps and cleansers, being alkaline in action, tend to remove this acid cloak, leaving the skin unprotected and defenceless against harmful accumulations and residues which in time cause these blemishes, dryness and dullness. But with Neutrogena, which contains no free alkali, your skin, be it oily, dry, normal, or a 'problem' skin, is perfectly safe, because Neutrogena preserves, rather than destroys, this natural protection. This helps to maintain the suppleness, elasticity, and cleanliness of the skin, and so works towards a more youthful appearance. Neutrogena is recommended by doctors, so take their advice—for a clear, radiant, beautiful complexion, give Nature the chance she deserves—cleanse only with safe gentle Neutrogena, the *natural* cleanser.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start your one-month beauty treatment today! Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted with the youthful fresh appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena is only 13/6 (\$1.35).



Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist, Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532.

Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—amazingly priced at only 4/6 (45 cents). Sole Australian distributor: The House of Faulding.

NTG-48

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



## Beautify Your Hair



Your hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner, and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 373. — SHIFT

This attractive shift is available cut out to make in tonings of green, orange, and turquoise cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/19/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.



373



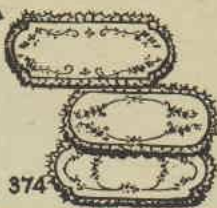
375

### No. 374. — SET OF THREE DOILIES

This set of three doilies is available cut out to embroider in white, cream, pink, and blue pure Irish linen. Set of three, 6/9, plus 9d. postage and dispatch.

### No. 375. — TENNIS FROCK

This attractive tennis frock is available cut out to make in non-iron poplin. Sizes 30in. bust, £1/15/6; 32 and 34in. bust, £1/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/19/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.



374

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington, N.Z. No. C.O.D.

## THE DRUM

Continued from page 33

time he went, and Cynthia had shown no emotion — a fact which had pleased Henry very much.

He had become (for the moment) more aware of her, more indulgent toward her, as if unconsciously he were trying to make up. When she first expressed an interest in china-collecting, he was eager to forward it by every financial means. He had been in this respect a generous husband, and Cynthia's contentment was his reward. Once Randall was removed, she recovered her usual composure, and Henry congratulated himself on a restoration of order all round.

It was all the more annoying, therefore, to be reminded that he was not universally admired, especially by Musgrave, who had already left the regiment and consequently knew nothing at first hand. What the hell was he thinking of, Henry wondered, inquiring after young Randall like that; calling a perfectly straightforward action an injustice, and hinting that Henry was at fault? Did he expect him to go down on his knees to Randall and invite the puppy back?

"I am not aware of having committed any injustice," Henry said coldly. "I acted perfectly within my rights. Randall had debts and was unable to discharge them. In the circumstances there was nothing else I could do."

"Evidently not — in the circumstances."

"I'd like an explanation of that remark."

"Very well," Musgrave said, "you shall have it. You acted, as you say, within your rights. But the fact remains that you chose to take action on a very technical point in order to get rid of Randall, whom you had strong personal reason to dislike."

"I was hardly aware of the fellow," Henry protested.

"You were aware that he was friendly with your wife."

Henry managed a laugh which was not quite a true one. "If you've nothing more against me than that . . ."

"You had nothing more against Randall," Musgrave said mildly. "It's only a suspicion, after all. However, if it doesn't trouble your conscience, there's nothing you need do. This whole discussion is hypothetical. It's not as if that drum had really begun to beat."

MUSGRAVE'S words remained in the air long after he had departed; they even followed Henry Lawson home. He was not superstitious — no, of course not — but the day's disclosures certainly added up. First was the fact that the drum had undoubtedly beaten; both Cynthia and the museum attendant could vouch for that. Second was Musgrave's story, told without ulterior motive, of the prophetic nature of its act. Third was Syrett's unfortunate corroboration of an instance where its prophecy had proved true. Of course Syrett was not to know that the drum had beaten in his presence, but Henry found his corroboration tactless none the less. It was just like Syrett to thrust into what did not concern him — he had defended Randall, Henry recalled. By the same token, he might know the fellow's whereabouts. It might be well to sound him out sometime.

Henry was not superstitious — of course not — but he was disturbed by what he had learned. He did not believe

his death was imminent, but he could not rid himself of a feeling of unease. A further visit to his doctor did not dispel it, despite assurance that there was nothing physically wrong. But a man could have an accident or a thrombosis . . . It did no harm for a man to be prepared. He visited his lawyer and checked over the contents of his will very carefully, but there were no changes he wished to make. He had left everything to Cynthia, as was only proper. One did the decent thing, even in death. There remained the question of young Randall, and the injustice that Musgrave had alleged.

While not conceding for an instant that there had been injustice, Henry was one who believed he could take a hint. If the time had now come for generosity, he was not going to be the one to hold back. It could do no harm to look up Randall, and perhaps — if he needed it — extend a helping hand. It could do no harm to let Musgrave know of it, either; from Musgrave the news would very quickly spread. It would also redound to the Colonel's credit when once it became known in the Mess. And if it redounded to his credit at a higher level — well, Henry Lawson would not be one to complain.

He was not too sure that he believed in "after death, the judgment," but as Musgrave said, it did no harm to be prepared. If he had at some unspecified date in the future to face a Being with Musgrave's magisterial eye, he would prefer to feel as confident as possible to meet it; and though death, he hastily assured himself, was not imminent, he was bound by his mortal nature, some day, to die.

The trouble was to trace young Randall. Syrett, as he might have guessed, turned out a broken reed. "Don't know, old chap. Lost touch with him completely. It rather seemed as if that was what he wanted to do. Can't say I altogether blame him, although I was sorry he felt that way. Reminders of the regiment must be painful to him. Don't be surprised if he doesn't exactly rush to say hallo. In fact—" he looked at Henry with open curiosity — "unless you've some special reason for getting hold of him, take my advice and let him get clear away. After all, it's three years or more since all this happened. The dust has settled; let the dust remain."

"I have no intention of disturbing it," Henry said loftily. "I was merely curious, I'm afraid."

"Returning to the scene of the crime?" Syrett asked, laughing; although the laughter did not reach to the wrinkles round his eyes.

"Not at all," Henry said, controlling himself with difficulty. "Randall's name happened to crop up the other day and I was suddenly reminded of him."

"Then I'd forget him again if I were you. I dare say his mother knows what's become of him, but I doubt very much if anyone else does."

Henry did not pursue the matter. He was anxious not to seem to be seeking Randall, and besides, Syrett had already given him his next clue. Randall's mother's address was in the regimental records; she had been given as his next of kin. Henry

To page 35

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 9, 1966

**BAND-AID** strips  
stick at a touch . . .  
...lift more than  
100 times their  
own weight!



(at a touch)



Buy the big 100 pack and save!

Johnson & Johnson



had no difficulty in finding a pretext for it to be given him. She lived near Chiselhurst.

Should he write, or telephone, or visit her? Henry could not decide. Whatever he did, he would have to have a good reason for doing it. Mrs. Randall was not likely to be deceived. Nor were her feelings toward him likely to be friendly. The prospect of introducing himself did not appeal. In a mood of uncertainty, Henry resolved to drive down to Chiselhurst. When in doubt, he would reconnoitre as a soldier should.

He ascertained from the telephone directory that Mrs. Randall still lived there, and drove down to Chiselhurst on a Thursday afternoon. Cynthia was attending an auction and would not be home till late. It was a golden day toward the end of August, with everything a little over-ripe; the apple harvest would be a good one; the first leaves were beginning to fall; dahlias blazed at him from every garden; the sunlight was yellow, sticky, dusty, without glare.

He found the house without difficulty and received a shock. A "For Sale" notice rose not quite vertically beside the entrance gates. "Sole agents Brownlow and Company," Henry read. A spattering of bird-droppings along one side suggested the notice was not exactly new.

Henry pushed open the gates and walked up a weedy, overgrown drive. The garden cried out for attention, but its form was recognisable still. There was lawn on two sides of the house surrounded with fruit trees; Henry noticed that they had not been pruned. The flower-borders were colorful but contained few annuals; the vegetable garden had run wild. Everything pointed to neglect of the usual spring attentions; the house must have been empty since then. Henry peered through the windows, but there was no furniture. The house was empty as a ransacked treasure-tomb.

**I**T must have been a pleasant house to grow up in. The thought came to him out of the blue. A boy could have fun in so large and diversified a garden, and the house itself was unexpected. Peering through the low casement windows — so low it would have been easy to climb in and out — Henry saw pleasantly proportioned rooms in which the light was often filtered by the creeper which tangled over the panes. This year it had not been cut back as usual. It was like an overgrown head of hair—that of a boy whose mother no longer bothered. Abruptly Henry turned and strode away.

He found Brownlow and Company without any trouble. It was a double-fronted corner site. The young man inside was most anxious to be helpful, impressed no doubt by the Bentley parked outside. He recognised the house from Henry's description. It had only been on the market a few weeks. The owner had died and her son had instructed them to sell it. If Henry wished, he could let him have the keys.

"Died?" Henry said, a little sharply. "Would it be Mrs. Randall you mean?"

"That's right, sir. A pleasant lady. Died last spring, as a matter of fact."

Before the pruning and the planting and the digging . . .

"I'm sorry to hear that," Henry said. "I used to know her son years ago, though I never met Mrs. Randall herself."

"She's greatly missed," the young man hastened to assure him. "She'd lived in that house for over twenty years. But, of course, Mr. Randall doesn't feel like keeping it as a bachelor establishment, so he's asked us to put it up for sale."

"He lived with his mother, then?" Henry queried.

"Oh, no, sir. Mr. Randall lives in town."

"Could you tell me where I can get in touch with him?" Henry asked. "I'd rather like to look him up again."

"I'm sorry, sir—" the young man was apologetic—"but I'm afraid we don't have his address."

"Don't have his address? But you

Continued from page 34

must have! Suppose I made an offer for the house?"

The young man smiled slightly. "It's all done through his solicitors—Messrs. Belgrave and Knights, of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Randall hasn't dealt with us direct in the matter. In fact, he hasn't been down here for years."

Not surprising, Henry thought grimly. He must have been ashamed to show his face. But it was annoying that all trails ended in a dead-end. The solicitors were not likely to be much help. He made a few more perfunctory inquiries about the property and was unable to get away without leaving his name. Driving home, he blamed himself

## THE DRUM

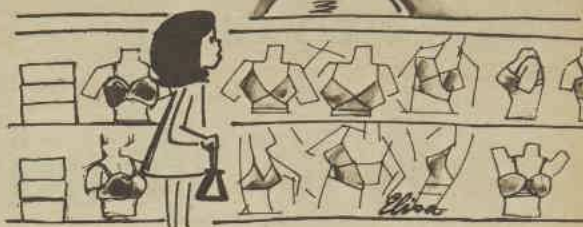
for not giving a false one, but reflected that there was no reason why Randall should ever know.

Cynthia had returned from the auction before him, with a new china figure to her account. As always after such a purchase she was good humored. Over dinner the conversation was brisk and light. Without intending to, Henry found himself steering it toward Randall, via items of regimental news, so that he hoped it sounded quite natural when he heard his own voice say: "I wonder what became of that fellow Randall—the one we had to kick out?"

To page 38

## LULUBELLE

### BRA BAR



"I want to make my sweater better, give my shift a lift..."



'Everyone colors their hair with Polycolor overseas — and now we're all doing it here. (There's never been anything like it!)

**so easy** — Polycolor colors, conditions and cleans — a complete beauty treatment in minutes. No messy liquid — Polycolor's Cream won't drip or run — won't stain your scalp.

**SO sure** — Polycolor gives even coverage all over — glorious conditioned color that lasts a month or more — fades out gradually, evenly. Blends in greying hair — no retouching is necessary.



**so many colors**

With Polycolor you can choose from 20 shades to enliven your natural color, darken your present color or create highlights or fashionable tones. No other cream shampoo gives you such a choice! \$1.05 (10/6) tube.



## INTERNATIONALLY SENSATIONAL POLY COLOR

**POLYHINT FOR THOSE WITH GREY HAIR . . .**

Pauline Reynolds (Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor) says: If you've a sprinkling of grey, Polycolor Cream Shampoo

Pastel will blend the grey hairs in with your own natural colors. For predominantly grey hair, use Polycolor Permanent Cream Hair Color in the black and red box.

CREAM SHAMPOO  
Pastel  
HAIR COLOR



This month in Reader's Digest Ardis Whitman provides some answers to questions asked by every parent

## Why good parents have 'problem' children

The author points out that psychologists, 'once so permissive', have had to back water . . . now, there's recognition of the value of discipline — 'now the worst thing we can do is to be too kind.' Here's a plea that children be held to standards which help develop self-control.

In the same issue read about . . .

### YOUR ACHING BACK —and what to do about it

Severe back pain is one of today's most common medical complaints. Yet you can often cure or prevent it *yourself*. Here are 6 simple tests to see which muscles are weak, plus 14 effective exercises to cure sore backs caused by weak or tense muscles.

### Will Man direct his own Evolution?

Would you like a larger, more efficient brain? A cure for old age? Parentless babies? Body size and skin colour to order? Momentous scientific advances may soon give us godlike powers to tamper with the essential nature of man. But have we the wisdom to use them?

### Have you checked your tyres lately?

"If you're driving fast, pressure builds up anyhow, so don't add air now." Is that good summer-driving advice? Is a 'super deluxe' a better tyre? Here are answers from an expert about some of the dangerous beliefs that shorten tyre-life — and drivers' lives too!

### The FBI's secret war against the Ku Klux Klan

Nearly 2000 FBI agents are today risking their lives to defend the legitimate cause of civil rights against terror, subversion and anarchy. Their mission is the most difficult and thankless in FBI history. John Barron takes you behind the scenes of racial tumult where FBI agents are fighting a desperate battle against Klansmen, communists and killers.

### Can you trust your Life Jacket?

This Reader's Digest report to consumers is based on tests made with the U.S. Coast Guard. It reports such surprising facts as: children's jackets should be *more buoyant* than adults'. Read how to test any jacket . . . and the 3 types which are Coast Guard-approved, each with a number stamped on it.

### They speed up slow minds

Connecticut's "regional centre" plan offers a fresh approach to an old problem: caring for the 3 out of every 100 persons who are born mentally retarded. Read how an informal program encourages help from families . . . how a successful new method trains the retarded to do useful work.

### The Art of Intelligent Listening

Public-opinion analyst Louis Harris found that our failure to listen to one another is both cause and symptom of some of our most serious personal problems. Conversation has become a competitive exercise in which the first to draw breath is declared the listener. Read how conversation can inform, broaden, even nourish the soul and how the listener must often lead the conversation.

READING AT ITS BEST IN THIS MONTH'S READER'S DIGEST

# Reader's Digest

FEBRUARY ISSUE 2/6 at your newsagent NOW!

## TWO READERS' STORIES:

# GO OUT WITH YOUR CHILD

—says a mother

• In the school holidays, my son, aged 13, took me on an outing. Just a fishing trip, but I learned something that I will never forget, and maybe other grown-ups will learn something from it also.

I am a working mother and my time at home is limited.

I rise early and on my days off I relish the extra time in bed, so I was not too pleased when my son asked me to go fishing.

Rather reluctantly I agreed, feeling that I had to go with him, but wishing I could get out of it.

I was horrified when told I would have to leave the house at 4.30 a.m. because "We have to be out early to dig bait, Mum."

By 4.30 a.m., Peter and I were on our way to the creek, loaded with a yabby pump, rods, flask of tea, landing net, torch. We needed the torch to see our way down through the bush to the dinghy.

I was barefooted and the mud squelched unpleasantly as I waded out to the dinghy.

We had about an hour's row to the mouth of the creek; Peter rowed, as all I can do is go round in circles. On the way down, we could hear the sounds made by the creek; the slap of the water against the boat, the plop as a fish leaped from the water, and the sucking sounds of the water in the mangrove mud.

Dawn came just as we were getting bait. I have never been a nature lover and the thought of picking up yabbies fills me with horror, yet somehow I found myself enjoying it.

The smile of satisfaction on Peter's face when his pump yielded fat bait was infectious, and I found myself entering into the spirit of the thing.

He would pause now and then to show me some snail or worm he had brought up, and we both laughed at the antics of the soldier crabs as they scuttled into their burrows.

Two waterhens glided serenely about their business, taking not the slightest notice of us. Farther on, a crane was looking for food and little birds ran about on stilt-like legs.

With the coming of the sun, the creek changed. By day, it is a muddy affair, with drab mangroves coming down to the water's edge.

But in the filtering light of the early sun it became almost a thing of beauty. The mangroves became a soft green; everywhere was

the sound of life awakening.

Birds began to sing and twitter, and now and then a vivid flash showed us a kingfisher darting through the trees. I knew none of the names of these birds, but my son did, and delighted in pointing them out to me.

He knew the names of the birds feeding at the water's edge, and what they fed on. He knew when the first faint breeze came, and from what direction it came.

By  
BERENICE FORD

We drank our tea in companionable silence. Now and then as some sound reached us we would look at each other and smile, and I felt very close to Peter.

I thought to myself, you are 13, my son, and yet today you are much older than I am. Maybe wiser would be a better word.

All these things I had seen many times before, but like most of us they had been forgotten. Now through the eyes of a 13-year-old boy I was rediscovering them.

We started fishing, again in silence, broken only when one of us caught a whiting. The tide was coming in now, bringing grass and weed and gently rocking the boat.

It was time to go and I was strangely reluctant. I had

started out feeling vaguely resentful at missing some of my precious time at home, but instead I had found something peaceful.

We arrived home about 11.30 a.m., hot and tired, but very happy. We had caught fish, but more important than that I had found something.

I had been given a chance to see something I had long ago forgotten; I saw the world through the eyes of a child. Too many of us go about our business without ever seeing what goes on around us.

Probably I will never remember all the names of the birds Peter showed me, but whenever I see a kingfisher I will think of this day. I will see the look on Peter's face as he brought in a fish, and the half-indulgent, half-exasperated look when he had to show me how to put a yabby on a hook.

So please, mothers, when your children want you to go somewhere with them, no matter if you get muddy or hot and tired, do it.

It won't happen very often. They soon have their own pleasures, but you will gain something from such a trip that will be much greater than a few hours' sleep.

You and your child together can have privacy and companionship, and in this modern world that is very rare indeed.

## Coiffures for



• "La coiffure college girl" is the name given these two hairstyles. Above, the hair is brushed on one side and plaited high.



**A grandmother says: If a child is born with some disability, don't despair. Medical help, with love and understanding, CAN now work miracles, as they did for her granddaughter, a . . .**

# Cleft-palate baby

● It is 13 years ago now, but I still think of that night in horror — that night when my young son-in-law, a distraught new father, came to tell me that my daughter Margaret had had the baby.

THE new baby was not the most beautiful baby in the world they had anticipated but a baby with a harelip and a cleft-palate.

It had been around midnight when she came, and I spent the rest of the night sleepless, haunted by memories of Nellie, my mother's charlady of long ago.

Nellie, a poor, ugly sight, with her spreading hooked nose, her roughly cobbled-up harelip; and so mumbled in speech it was hard to understand a word she said.

I longed for the miserable night to end, but dreaded the day to come. How would Margaret take this blow?

How could I possibly give comfort to one whose life stretched ahead ever with the hurt of her child growing up to be like—oh, it was too horrible—like Nellie . . .

Next day at the hospital a nurse said that as my daughter was having a little sleep she would take me along to the baby and matron would come to me there.

"Isn't she lovely and fat?" the nurse said, trying to cheer as she lifted the baby up.

## Knees began to tremble

But I couldn't see the sturdy limbs just then, nor the smooth, unblemished skin. I could only see the newborn crumpled face, with its split top lip extending down from where the left nostril lay flat on the cheek, right on through the divided roof of the mouth and down to the red little throat.

I closed my eyes. My knees began to crumple. Fortunately matron came along at that moment.

"Oh, Mrs. Kent . . . how are you? Yes, it's a darned shame, this, isn't it? But these cases can be fixed up well these days, you know. They'll operate on the lip first, not immediately but probably in a couple of months' time."

I found my way with sad heart to Margaret's ward. She was sitting up now, propped against her pillows. She spoke quickly, perhaps a little nervily. "Now, sit down, Mummy, and give me all your news."

## Little Girls



● Again the hair is brushed to one side and plaited above ear-level. Styles are by Alexandre of Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

I looked wonderingly at my daughter, so young, so pretty, with a bright red ribbon round her curly head. Was there something unnatural about her cheerfulness? Or was it courage?

She touched lightly on her confinement and the baby, then rattled on from this to that, as if to avoid any further discussion of the tragedy.

Soon—too soon—it came time to leave her. I went along the corridor, thinking sadly of Margaret. If only she had given in, wept uncontrollably, and been over and done with it. But no, that could never be. This child was her lifelong cross.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Kent . . ."

Deep in thought, I had almost collided with matron.

"Oh, don't look so worried," she said sympathetically. "I'm just on my way to attend to that lusty grandchild of yours. Come with me."

I followed her reluctantly. I had no wish to pile misery on misery. The baby was making a sad, strange, wailing sound — no ordinary baby cry with that mouth.

When matron picked her up and placed her in my unwilling arms, saying with kindly indulgence that she was breaking all the rules and regulations, I found myself holding the small bundle awkwardly in a mixed agony of revulsion and compassion.

By LEILA KENT

Soon the sad wail began to cease. My wee granddaughter snuggled close, becoming, as it were, part of myself. For a heavenly moment I was able to think of her as a perfect baby, altogether whole and very, very beautiful.

"There, there, there," I crooned, losing all sense of time, hardly aware that matron had quietly left me . . .

Until a brisk sister came into the room and said, "She can't suck, of course," and jolted me back to reality.

My daughter returned home alone. Her baby, needing much attention, had to be left in hospital for some time.

At two months, baby Catherine was transferred to the Children's Hospital. There the repairing of the baby began.

First, photographs were taken for records, then X-rays were made. Clamps were placed on the little face to draw the flesh, muscles, and tissues together.

Then came the operation. Skilful surgery did indeed work wonders. The top lip was neatly drawn together. There was a scar, of course, and one nostril was still spread, giving the little nose a flattened appearance on one side, but this didn't seem to matter quite as much now that the mouth—while still lacking the shape of a normal one—did look like a mouth.

Nothing had been done to close the palate. This would not be done till she was about two years old, the doctors said. Meantime, this meant extreme difficulty in feeding a child with a yawning roof to her mouth. Sometimes the milk would rise up into the open palate and come dribbling back down through the nostrils. This meant flailing fists and much spluttering.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty came a little later, when the toddler began to talk. Her speech was nasal, muffled, almost incoherent.

It came as almost a relief to her parents when she had to enter hospital again—this time for surgery on the palate—because they knew when this was over feeding would be easier; her speech, too, might be more easily understandable.

After the ordeal of this operation, though, Catherine came home rather pale, quiet, and withdrawn. I longed to pet the little thing, to make a fuss over her. But Margaret said firmly: "Now then, Granny, no spoiling."

"But she's endured so much," I couldn't help protest.

"And that's the very reason why we're not to dwell on it, don't you see? She must be treated as a normal child. It will be all the better for her in the long run."

How right Margaret was has been proved long since.

Soon after this, regular visits to a speech therapist began. Margaret would come home laughingly laden with various things for practising blowing exercises at home—whistles for postman games, trumpets, mouth organs. All to help Cathy breathe out through her mouth instead of the nose. Drinks were sucked up through a straw. Thus

## FAMILY AFFAIRS

the muscles and tissues where surgery had been performed were strengthened. This was all treated as fun and games, never as medical treatment.

When it came time for Cathy to begin kindergarten, I felt apprehensive. Would the other children treat her as "different"? Might the teacher lack understanding?

No, the teacher was a knowledgeable woman of rare insight. She often introduced speech therapy as a group activity, with all the other little ones joining in to suck and blow merrily.

Again Cathy was blissfully unaware of this as medical treatment. It meant there was no further need at that time to visit the speech therapist.

But there was need—very dire need—for regular visits to the Dental Clinic at the Children's Hospital. Bands had to be placed on the baby teeth with fortnightly appointments to tighten them—the idea being, not only to straighten the teeth, but to gradually push out the uneven jawline, to act as a guide for the second teeth.

Then, by the end of another dozen or so visits spread over many months, a plate had to be moulded and fitted to hold the good work thus achieved in place.

This plate had to be kept scrupulously clean and brushed hard after food had been taken. Now, how would the child manage after lunch on kindergarten days? Would she be embarrassed and feel "different"?

Apparently not, for before long all the other little ones were going home and clamoring to their bewildered mothers for a plate in their mouths! They all wanted to be like Cathy!

But, alas, kindergarten days don't last for ever. Cathy had to contend with a scarred upper lip, strong bands on her teeth, and, more, an ugly gap where the split had been and where no teeth had grown.

She had to accept many a hurt. Although we, who loved her, made light of her deformity, many an outsider made her aware of it. Often natural curiosity forces a person to gaze with interest at anyone who is different.

She had to accept physical hurt, too. After the stronger second teeth came, the dental treatment went on and on . . . the bands placed in position, the regular visits to tighten them to straighten the teeth, another plate moulded and fitted to hold the work achieved in place. There would be a lull for perhaps six months or so, then back to the same old procedure as Cathy's mouth grew.

Often Cathy would be a long while in the dentist's chair, open-mouthed, while the doctor gave a lecture to students on the work being done in such cases.

"She's such a wonderful little patient, Mrs. Kent," nurse said one day. "Remarkably relaxed. Lies back and seems to be thinking of something else."

## Worthwhile results

The repairing of a harelip and cleft-palate, plus an uneven jawline, can be a long and tedious process. But with Cathy it has yielded most worthwhile results.

The scar on the top lip has gradually faded. The nose, as she grows, has become better shaped. So our fears for her future when she arrived a poor disfigured baby have proved groundless—thanks to the miracle of modern surgery and treatment.

Of speech therapy, too. For there was the day she made her vows as a Girl Guide and stood straight and fearless in that crowded hall — her voice ringing out distinct and clear, her enunciation of every consonant perfect.

But perhaps best of all her personality has remained completely unscarred.

After her last visit to the children's dental clinic, when the mouth was pronounced perfect, she came running in to me excitedly. "Oh, Gran, what do you think I'm getting for Christmas. Oh, it's gorgeous. Simply gorgeous!" And she hugged me impulsively in her delight.

I thought quickly of all the things a girl of 13 would love. A bike? A new party frock? Some records? But no. "A plate," she announced. "A new plate."

Well, what of that, I thought. Hadn't the child had to contend with a denture in her mouth for years?

"And it's going to have teeth on it, here," and she pointed to the ugly gap where no teeth had ever come.

Yes, the new plate was hers for Christmas, to improve her appearance no end, to make her the happiest girl in the world. Today, she is lovely to look at, sunny-natured and self-confident, with a normal life ahead of her.



For a moment it seemed to him there was an utter stillness. Then Cynthia said: "I've no idea. What makes you ask?" Her voice was still light, but her eyes had grown suddenly watchful.

Henry shrugged and reached to light her cigarette. "Someone mentioned him the other day and it reminded me. I understand his mother recently died."

"That must be a blow. He was very fond of his mother," Cynthia spoke as impersonally as if Randall, too, were dead.

"Yes. Well, these things happen," Henry said lamely. "The rest of the world goes on."

Cynthia still said nothing, and he continued: "I wonder what became of him, all the same."

"Why on earth should you wonder that?" Cynthia demanded, driven into reaction at last. "I

Continued from page 35

should have thought he was one of the last people you'd want to hear of. You were hard enough on him, heaven knows."

"I did not share your partiality for him."

"You made that very clear."

"We're not going to quarrel over it," Henry said pacifically. "After all, what's past is past."

Cynthia inhaled long and deeply before answering. "Yes, Jimmy Randall's certainly part of the past."

That was just the trouble, Henry told himself. Randall was so much part of the past that he had vanished into it. Now that he was wanted in the present, he could not be brought back. He was not

## THE DRUM

exactly sure for what purpose he wanted Randall, but he knew it was becoming increasingly important that he be found. It was as though somewhere at the back of his brain he could hear the crisp, insistent rub-a-dub-dub of the drum in the museum beating for action and reminding him that he had not much time.

He was therefore not particularly surprised by his behaviour, even though part of him was shocked, when he turned into an unfamiliar doorway one morning and made for an office on the fourth floor. The notice downstairs, among a dozen others, announced the presence of a private inquiry agent's bureau.

Henry had walked past it scores of times.

There were inquiry agents and inquiry agents, and he would have preferred one recommended by a friend. But one could not ask without making it obvious that one required such an agency, and this Henry was unwilling to do. He did not want gossip seeping through the regiment, and wrong constructions being put upon things. A man's private business was private. If he wanted to get in touch with Randall, it was his affair.

He had no difficulty in believing that the man who greeted him would be discretion personified. He was a unit detached from a crowd of identical units, all nameless, faceless, and discreet. Medium height, medium coloring, medium age-group, a ready-made suit, and a voice that was medium-bred. The

man might have served as a model for a man-in-the-street advertisement. Henry almost smiled when he introduced himself as Smith.

Smith listened in silence to Henry's statement of his requirements, then reeled off a brief resume of the facts.

"I'm afraid I've not given you much to go on," Henry apologized.

"Not to worry, Colonel Lawson. We've done wonders on less information than that. I suppose you wouldn't have a photograph of the gentleman? Exact identification always helps."

"I believe there's one at home," Henry said, remembering. "I could arrange to bring it in."

It was a snapshot taken at a polo match—Cynthia surrounded by a crowd in which Randall had come out rather well.

"It would be helpful if you could," Smith was saying. "Now let me get this clear. You just want to know where this gentleman is at present residing? No other evidence at all?"

"I don't want you to spy on him," Henry protested. "I just want to know where he lives."

"Fair enough, Colonel Lawson," Smith said smoothly. "We'll let you know as soon as we find out."

Privately he reflected that they were all the same, these proud ones, pretending not to care a damn; but they wanted their evidence just like the ones who were whining or indignant, and they all made the same

## FROM THE BIBLE

● *This is why we thank God continually, because when we handed on God's message, you received it, not as the word of men, but as what it truly is, the very word of God.*

—1 Thessalonians 2:13.

use of it in the end. He had not built up his agency without learning that most men were contemptible in distress. It enabled him to treat the client as impersonally as the object of his inquiry, and Colonel Lawson was no exception to this. He was fairly certain of providing the information the Colonel wanted, but he liked to seem to earn his fee. He accordingly told Henry that it would be several weeks before he could expect to hear from him, and said goodbye as if he had a lot to do.

Henry had little expectation of hearing more from Mr. Smith. In a way he was relieved, for he was half ashamed of having engaged his services. Admittedly he intended no harm toward Randall, but there was something despicable about employing a man to spy. He preferred to pretend that the incident had never happened and regard it as money down the drain.

Consequently he was surprised and not altogether cordial when Smith telephoned in due course. The call came through to the office, but it could not have been more discreet. Smith simply requested an appointment, as he had something of interest to disclose, and Henry, unable to avoid it, had perforce to make one there and then. He arranged to call at Smith's office; he would not have him coming to his own.

There was something unlyling about Smith's presence, despite the neatness and cleanness of his dress. There was also a suppressed jubilation in his manner which Henry found distasteful in the extreme. He hitched his trousers with the hand which Smith would have shaken, and sat down without being asked.

Smith's indiarubber face underwent no change of expression. He merely stated in his nasal, slightly sing-song voice: "The gentleman you were inquiring about, Mr. James Arthur Lovejoy Randall, resides at 42 Paddington Gardens, off the Bayswater Road, about five minutes from Notting Hill Gate."

To page 39



### 'COME-HITHER' COMPLEXION—skin that's clear and acne-free!

For really clear skin, free of blemishes, use pHisoHex. It really helps clear pimples, black-heads, acne. This medicated antibacterial cleanser removes dirt, grease—and germs—from your skin and can keep tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. Wash with pHisoHex, exclusively, 3 or 4 times every day. This keeps an invisible germ-fighting film on your skin. No other soaps or cleansers, please; they remove the protective film. Do use pHorac cream in the morning and at bedtime to help heal and cover pimples. And even though your skin clears, go right on using pHisoHex every day to help keep it that way. Winthrop Laboratories, Errington, N.S.W.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

**pHisoHex**

containing 3% hexachlorophene  
(pronounced Fy-so-hex)

ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND



"Indeed?" Henry raised a disapproving eyebrow. "So he isn't all that far away."  
"No, sir. Quite handy as turned out."  
Something more seemed to be required of Henry. "Has he lived there long?" he inquired.  
"About a year," Smith informed him proudly, as one who had done a thorough

"And what sort of establishment is it?"

"Well, sir, that's not entirely easy to say. Between ourselves—Smith leaned forward confidentially—"it's just what you might call very nice. There's some very nice rooms in Paddington Crescent. There's some that are let like No. 42."

"Randall has only a flat?"

"No, sir. Mr. Randall has a flatting-room," Smith continued to make this sound somewhat more important, and pointed on as if to mitigate: "The lady who owns the flat is a not very successful divorcee, decidedly middle-aged. Most of her acquaintances are rather similar. A bohemian, you might say."

HENRY objected. "Randall isn't middle-aged," he said, "he was only Cynthia's age."

"No, sir. Mr. Randall's the youngest," Smith admitted. "His face gave nothing away."

"Well, that all seems very satisfactory," Henry conceded. "What does Randall do for a living, do you know?"

"He's in business as an antique porcelain dealer."

"Do you mean to say he's got a shop?"

"No, the business is carried on from Paddington Crescent. He buys on commission. Sometimes sells as well."

"A sort of middleman in the porcelain business."

"Exactly, Colonel. You've got the nail on the head."

Henry looked at Smith with a new appreciation. The fellow certainly knew his stuff. "Considering that you don't have much to go on," he congratulated, "you seem to have done pretty well."

Smith accepted the tribute with a just one.

"How did you do it?"

Henry went on. "I mean, I didn't give you much except the photograph, and I don't suppose Randall's solicitors helped."

Smith had grown to dislike Henry Lawson. He enjoyed revenge very much.

"I followed my usual practice in such cases, sir. I started with the lady in the flat."

"The lady? I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"Your good lady, sir. Mrs. Cynthia Anne Lawson."

Henry turned the color of a pumkin. "If you mean what I think you mean, sir, I'd advise you to take care. Are you trying to tell me that my wife and James Randall are associated?"

Smith said, "Of course they are."

He was rewarded by Henry Lawson's expression, by the man's harsh breathing that seemed to come in gasps.

Clients didn't always like being told as fact what they had previously only suspected, but it was rare for them to take it as badly as this. Almost he hoped that Colonel Lawson would lose control of himself and commit some violent and consequently embarrassing act, but with a tremendous effort the Colonel mastered his emotions.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I have identified them together on no less than seven different occasions."

"Are you certain you are not making a mistake?"

"We cannot afford mistaken identities in my profession, Colonel. I would swear to it in any court of law."

"I can't believe it," Henry said with perfect truthfulness. His brain was racing faster than his heart. Surely Cynthia had not found it so easy to deceive him, to make a mock of him and put horns upon his head? He would be the laughing-stock of the regiment if ever the story became known; and it would become known if he divorced her, which was the only dignified thing he could do. But Randall—Randall! as co-respondent! That mother's boy with his devoted, doggy gaze. His hands caressing Cynthia and Cynthia responding to his touch. Henry was physically sickened by the prospect. The reaction from his fury left him pallid, weak, and damp. He looked at Smith as if imploring him to deny it, and Smith looked back at him unblinkingly.

"I must emphasise," he began, the sing-song twang of his voice more noticeable, "that there is no evidence of any matrimonial offence. The meetings have all occurred in public places and no impropriety has been observed. It would be easy to show that Mrs. Lawson and Mr. Randall are acquaintances, but difficult to prove that they are anything more than that. I am obliged to tell you that my evidence, were it to be called for, would not furnish you with grounds for divorce."

"I don't want a divorce," Henry said thickly. "I very much resent what you imply."

He was afraid he might faint or be sick on the threadbare carpet. He saw Smith's face through a mist.

Smith was saying: "I deeply regret, Colonel Lawson, any distress my investigation may have caused."

"Distress!" Henry said. "That's a fine word. Did you expect me to jump for joy?"

Smith continued to keep his eyes discreetly lowered. Clients seldom put on an act as good as this. He enjoyed thinking how Henry Lawson would suffer, touched in his pride which would be his tenderest spot. He could not have wished for his investigation to turn out better, for his evidence was no help while destroying Henry's peace of mind. When his client rose to go, he accompanied him, talking volubly all the time.

Henry heard not a word of Smith's discourse. He was concerned with only two things: maintaining a front against this inquiry agent's malicious implications, and confronting Randall man to man. He was not sure what he would say to Randall and even less sure of what he had to know what was at the bottom of this nonsense, for some basis of fact it must have. Smith would not invent these meetings between Randall and Cynthia. No private eye, however evil, dare do that. Therefore, he must know the extent of his wife's involvement—must know, indeed, if an emotional involvement did exist.

It did not occur to him to ask Cynthia. A wife was a possession, not an entity. Her fate would be decided between her husband and her lover, but she need not be consulted or approached. If the meetings were innocent, as Smith stated, Cynthia had nothing significant to hide. If they were as guilty as Smith implied and Henry concluded, she had forfeited the right to speak.

Henry took a taxi to Paddington Crescent, which was exactly as Smith had described. Number 42 was more in need of paint than the others, and none of its curtains matched. The woman who opened the door might have been the landlady or the charwoman, and Henry wasted no time in learning which. He asked decisively for Mr. Randall, and was only half convinced of the truthfulness of the reply that he was out.

"Could you tell me when he will be back?" he inquired too casually.

"About seven, I should think. I really couldn't say."

THE woman eyed him with a curiosity which Henry less frankly returned. He longed to ask her all she knew about Randall, but forced himself to hold his tongue. How many times had Cynthia stood on this doorstep? Did this woman know her by sight? What would she say if he were to produce Cynthia's picture and ask her if his wife was now upstairs? Probably she would deny it and seek some way to warn the guilty ones—she would be agin the law and on the side of disorder, Henry felt. He, therefore, extracted a calling card with infinite circumspection and held that out to the landlady instead.

"Would you see that Mr. Randall gets this as soon as he returns," he instructed, "and ask him to telephone me here." He wrote on the back the phone number of his club, and added for good measure, "I shall be there tonight till half-past ten."

The woman took the card and her eyes flickered for an instant, as though she knew his name. Yet the face she presented to him was blank.

To page 42

# AT HOME

## with Margaret Sydney

● With the beginning of the school year, have you ever thought of letting your 12-year-old throw away his exercise books and pencils and get himself a paying job?

EVEN if you have, the law won't allow it—but this is what is being urged by a British expert and lecturer in education at one of the great English universities.

"Adults treat children in an inefficient, barbarous, and insulting way," he says. "It's only recently that we have invented a special class called teenagers. They live in a sort of zoo in which they are viewed by the adult world as peculiar and somewhat difficult animals. They have nothing much responsible to do."

The expert, a doctor, said that he visited many schools and it was his opinion that even with the school leaving age at 15, as it is in England, the last year was more often than not a complete waste of time.

"Teachers and pupils have come to a tacit understanding that they will not bother each other too much," he said. "Little is learnt, and the boys and girls do not develop as human beings."

He suggests that 12- and 13-year-olds be given a substantial part-time job, under the supervision of teachers and education authorities, to make sure that they are not exploited.

The doctor suggests that the child should be paid an income partly from public funds and partly by the employer, and from this he would learn to live on a fixed amount and pay his own way.

To me, this seems about the most retrogressive idea that has been put forward for generations. Shades of the Industrial Revolution! Does anyone want to go back to child labor?

If the handling of teenagers and their education has gone wrong to the point where a small proportion of them are a positive nuisance to society, then surely there's some better solution than saying to them, "We don't like the use you're making of your youth, so we're going to take it away from you!"

### Room had to be left for late-starters

FEW parents will deny that already it's tougher for their children than it was for them.

In those days it was considered a "Good Thing" to pass exams, but parents and teachers alike recognised that there were many more things in heaven and earth than an A-level pass-mark.

They recognised, too, that room had to be left for non-workers and the late starters (like Winston Churchill, for instance) to run their way up through the field and take the lead.

Now surely no one's going to tell children that the whole race is practically over by the time they're 12 and that if they haven't shown reasonable form by that age they'd better get out and start earning a crust?

Once they get on the treadmill, they're on it for life. The first few years in which they earn will be the only years in which they have any spare cash.

After that there'll be marriage, and furniture and rent, then babies to finance, and food and clothing and doctor's bills and

insurance and (except for the lucky few whose work is a genuine pleasure) no chance to take risks and change jobs, because they have too many responsibilities.

### That bugbear—the intelligence test

MIKE came home at the end of the last school year with a story I didn't believe, but, so help me, I've checked up since with the parents involved, and it's true.

It has to do with the "streaming" of students and that bugbear—the intelligence test.

In the beginning, educationists regarded the intelligence test as suspect and gimmicky; then there was a long period when it was thought of as a useful indicator but not the whole answer; now some schools are using it as the final and infallible word.

Mike has a friend called Alex, who's no great brain, but an intelligent child and a born worker. He topped the year. Imagine his feelings when he learnt that next year he was to go into the "B" stream.

They don't call it a "B" stream, they give it a fancy name—but children are realists, fine words butter no parsnips with them, and a "B" stream is a "B" stream whatever the teachers like to call it. It didn't make Alex feel any better to learn that two or three boys from the near bottom of the class were going into the "A" stream. He went home and broke into floods of unmanly tears and announced that he wasn't going to bother to work ever again.

His parents checked up and were told that the streaming was done on the basis of intelligence testing, and not to worry, because when he'd done this year's exams he'd be sure to be moved back to "A" again. But six or eight months is a long time to a child and all will to work can disappear in that time.

I agree that children from the bottom of the class who tested high should be given a chance to work at the high level that the tests say (probably quite correctly) they're capable of. But what about the child who has already proved (tests or no tests) that he can keep ahead?

The true experts never claim that testing is infallible. They recognise the few who will always test lower than their actual potential, they recognise that what happened at home at breakfast-time may influence the result on a certain day, or even the fact that the child has an uncomfortably full bladder while the test is being made.

But schools have a lot of decisions to make, and they sometimes fall into the error of taking the one test made on one day as an indication of a whole future.

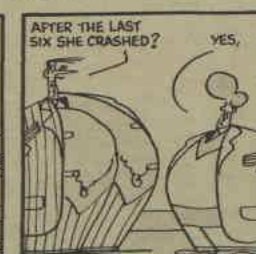
"It's a handy rough guide," they say, "and where an obviously wrong decision has been made the school system will soon sort it out and put it right."

Fine! But children are not philosophical beings—they get savage and obstinate and give up trying at some critical time, so that it's exceptionally hard for them to catch up again.

Mike's friend Alex is probably bright enough to weather this, but surely it would have been more sensible to have given him the benefit of the doubt?

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





## ● HOUSE of the WEEK



EXTERIOR of house showing how Oriental-style roofs accentuate varied floor levels. Tiled walkway behind pool extends beneath vertical windows and oak doors into lower part of living-room. Steps to pool and front door also accent four-level design.



CEILING heights vary with floor levels in living-room, which opens on to terrace, pool, and beautiful view.

● West borrows from the East in our first House of the Week, a charming variant of the two-storey plan, which architect John James designed for Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Blades, of East Lindfield, N.S.W. It is on four levels, two above the central staircase, two below, with Chinese inspired roofs. The design is the result of Mrs. Blades' desire for an unusual house with a happy atmosphere and the architect's belief that a house should be an integral part of its site, in this case a varied-level block 61ft. x 200ft. With the four-level design, rock outcrops and many trees could be retained.

For details and floor plan of House of the Week, see overleaf.





UPSTAIRS dining-room with timber walls and ceiling is connected to kitchen by lacquered buffet, can be closed off by small doors. Dining-setting, with lacquered chairs upholstered in wool, was made from architect's design to heighten Oriental mood.

## ■ ■ ■ FOUR LEVELS, ORIENTAL THEME ■ ■ ■



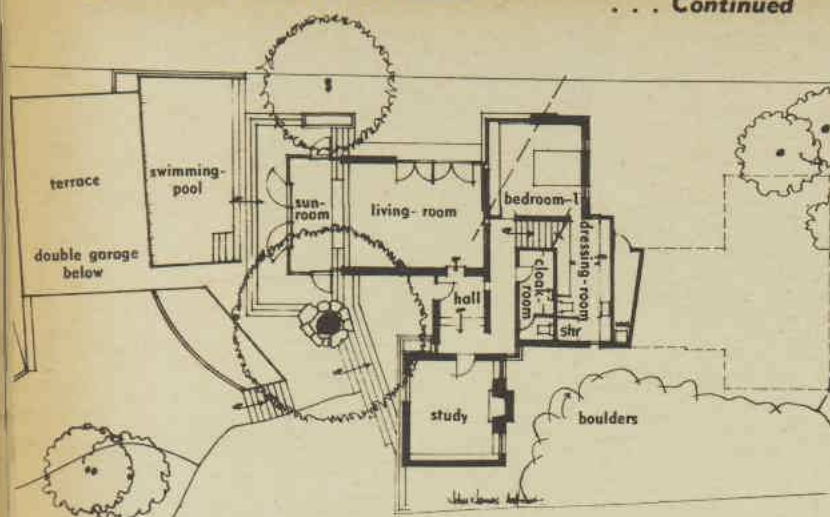
KITCHEN has wide windows and hidden strip-lights above all working surfaces. Laundry is behind the wall-oven.



DRESSING-ROOM off main bedroom has shower recess, ample built-ins. Slot window gives glimpse of garden.

Pictures by Keith Barlow





## PLAN LOWER LEVELS

**T**HE design of Mr. and Mrs. Blades' house at East Lindfield, N.S.W., made costly excavation unnecessary, and the building, nestling among rocks and tall trees, with its beautiful roofs rising gracefully one above the other, looks as though it belongs completely to the site.

Roofs are covered with asbestos shingles, a pleasing contrast to the exterior walls, which, on the two lower levels, are common bricks lightly bagged and painted white, and on the upper levels timber. Window frames are oregon, door veneers Tasmanian oak.

The house is spacious, with three bedrooms (one with dressing-room), large living-room, den, a separate dining-room, and the luxury of a swimming-pool, electrically heated floors, and an intercommunication system. So the architect cut construction costs wherever possible.

The unusual ceilings, for instance, made of tongue-and-grooved oregon, shaped like the roofs, and insulated with pulp board, also form roof bases.

Another effective economy was to place carpet or quarry tiles directly on to concrete rafts for the two lower floors. Upper floors are Australian bluegum.

The oriental theme is repeated in the wooden doors alternating with floor-to-ceiling windows which form the front wall of the living-room. The adjoining quarry-tiled terrace and swimming-pool are partly above the garage.

The interior of the house is mostly closed-planned (rooms are divided from each other by walls and doors) for two reasons.

One — Mrs. Blades thinks a closed-plan house is easier to keep tidy. Two — architect John James believes a house should have a quality of "surprise", a feeling that there is something interesting behind a door or round a corner, instead of (as with most open planning) almost the entire house being on view from the front door.

This "surprise" quality is strikingly exemplified in the simple entrance hall. Oak-veneered doors at left and right, even when open, reveal only small but interesting sections of living-room and den; and an archway at one end of the white brick wall facing the front door, and a "slot" in the wall itself, gives intriguing, shadowy glimpses of the passage leading to the main bedroom.

### Corner window

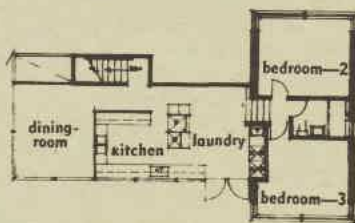
Again, at one end of this passage, a slim corner window provides a view of part of a rock garden outside, makes you wish to explore it further.

The hall and living-room comprise the first level of the house.

The living-room has two sections, one formal and carpeted, the other (slightly lower) tiled to match the terrace outside and used as a sunroom. Built-in lift-up seats provide storage for resuscitation gear, sun-tan oil, pool equipment, etc.

On the second level are the den (above a short flight of steps), the main bedroom

**LIVING - ROOM, study, master bedroom suite are on lower levels with pool and terrace at front of house. Garage is beneath terrace.**



## PLAN UPPER LEVELS

**DINING-ROOM, kitchen, laundry, though on third floor level, have direct access to garden. Children's rooms are one floor level higher.**

with adjoining dressing-room, complete with shower recess and almost two long walls of built-in storage, and a handy cloakroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Blades say the den is one of the most useful rooms in the house. It is small, intimate, and preferable to the large living-room for entertaining a few friends or for evenings at home. There are built-in bookshelves, an open fireplace, and storage for stereophonic equipment.

An upstairs dining-room, kitchen, and laundry, unified by a single timber ceiling, is an unusual feature of the design, but one Mrs. Blades finds practical.

### Lovely view

Although this area is high above street-level she can walk out of the kitchen and laundry on to flat, terraced areas (and to the clothes hoist), and up a few steps to the back garden. From the dining-room at the opposite end she can see wooded hills.

This, combined with the timber ceiling, the picture windows shaded by the wide roof eaves, and the Chinese-inspired lacquered furniture designed by the architect, makes the dining-room outstanding — something Mrs. Blades wanted particularly, because her favorite form of entertaining is a dinner party for about six people.

Service between kitchen and dining-room is easy with a built-in buffet divider backed by a twin sink. Small doors above the buffet can be used to close off kitchen.

Working surfaces in the kitchen extend round three sides, one doubling as a bar for informal meals. A special feature is the concealed cylinder strip lighting (designed by the architect) above the work surfaces.

A built-in storage wall with fold-away ironing board and linen press partly separates the kitchen from the laundry, which is large enough for a children's playroom.

On the fourth floor level, a short flight of steps above the kitchen and laundry, are two children's bedrooms separated by a bathroom. Mrs. Blades thinks this proximity of children's rooms to kitchen, where a mother spends much of her time, is excellent.

—Ennis Honey

and unseeing, so that Henry asked sharply, "Did you hear?"

"Yes, I heard," the woman said slowly, placing the card on a table inside the hall. "Mr. Randall will see it when he comes in," she added. She made as if to close the door. In the nick of time Henry put his foot in the opening. "It's very urgent that he ring me," he said.

Seeing the curiosity on the woman's face, he added to impress her: "In fact, you might tell him it's a matter of life and death."

Henry woke next morning abruptly, as though startled out of sleep by an alarm. He was in his own room and everything seemed normal, yet he had a sense of terrible disquiet. Something was wrong. He had a sense of impending doom for no reason. Then he realised that the drum was beating in the house.

**H**IS legs turned to water. He sat, half out of bed, unable to move in either direction while the sinister sound went on. There was no mistaking its dreadful insistence or the final frenzied crescendo, dub-dub-dub. Only now it was muted by distance, by closed doors, and the well of the stairs. Or did it have a greater distance to travel — all the way from the Carrington museum? "The drum always beats when a colonel is going to die," Musgrave had told him. And now he recognised that it was a muffled drum.

The sweat ran down Henry Lawson's forehead and he felt too weak even to wipe it away. Great sobbing breaths shook him as he listened to the voice of the drum. Dub-dub-dub, dub-dub-dub, dub-dub-dub, dub-dub-dub, dub-dub-dub. The noise rolled and reverberated against his eyes — the only part of him capable of movement — toward his watch on the bedside table: the hands showed quarter to seven. Surely the maid was up by now; why didn't she stop it? Unless — he pressed his palms to his ears in desperation — unless it were audible only to him?

But Cynthia had heard it last time; she had come running in from the next room. With a gigantic effort, Henry heaved himself upright and staggered the few steps to the door. He had to lean against the door-jamb for a moment, so great was his weakness and fear, but he overcame the weakness sufficiently to get as far as the door of Cynthia's room. It was a long time now since she had insisted on separate bedrooms. Henry cursed himself for giving in to her. If she had been by his side, as she should be, she could have told him at once if the beating of the drum was real. But she was not by his side. She had betrayed him with Randall.

Fragments from yesterday came back into his mind; Smith; the abortive visit to Paddington Crescent; the evening spent waiting for a phone call at his club. Randall had not telephoned; he had not had that much decency, or perhaps his landlady had torn up the card. Whatever the reason, there had been no word from him. At eleven o'clock Henry had given up waiting and gone home. Cynthia was out when he got there — gone to the theatre with friends, the maid had said. It was likely enough, but Henry's thoughts immediately flew to Randall. Was this the reason he had not telephoned? Half resentful, half relieved at Cynthia's absence, Henry had retired early to bed and, though convinced he had a sleepless night before him, had been wakened only by the beating of the drum.

It was strange that Cynthia had not heard it — that is, if Cynthia were there. He had not heard her come in last night, he remembered. A new fear assailed him at once. Suppose she had flitted with young Randall, leaving him a laughing-stock?

Henry opened her door brusquely, but quietly nevertheless. She was there; he could see her hair spread over the pillow; and she was pretending to be asleep. He knew she was pretending because, in the instant of opening the door, he had seen that her eyes were on him. He guessed their lids were trembling even

now. She lay almost on her back, one arm flung out of the bedclothes, and her face with its fluttering eyelids turned toward the open door. Even as he watched, she drew her knees up slowly and rolled over on her side with a sleepy, stifled yawn.

She had turned her back toward him. It was as pointed and deliberate as that. She knew he knew she was not sleeping, and she had chosen to make her feelings for him plain. She was always cool and unresponsive, but she had never refused him his due. Henry watched the too-even rise and fall of her shoulders a moment and then, hating himself and her, withdrew.

The house seemed unnaturally silent. It took him a minute or two to realise that the muffled drum had ceased. The sounds he heard now were the ordinary household sounds of an early autumn morning: the clink of crockery being assembled in the kitchen, the thud of newspapers arriving in the hall. Slowly, clutching the banisters like an old man, Henry Lawson made his way downstairs. To go back to bed was unthinkable; equally it was too early to get dressed. He needed something to distract his mind from Cynthia and the blow he felt he had just received: had his wife turned her back because she

now. She lay almost on her back, one arm flung out of the bedclothes, and her face with its fluttering eyelids turned toward the open door. Even as he watched, she drew her knees up slowly and rolled over on her side with a sleepy, stifled yawn.

She had turned her back toward him. It was as pointed and deliberate as that. She knew he knew she was not sleeping, and she had chosen to make her feelings for him plain. She was always cool and unresponsive, but she had never refused him his due. Henry watched the too-even rise and fall of her shoulders a moment and then, hating himself and her, withdrew.

The house seemed unnaturally silent. It took him a minute or two to realise that the muffled drum had ceased. The sounds he heard now were the ordinary household sounds of an early autumn morning: the clink of crockery being assembled in the kitchen, the thud of newspapers arriving in the hall. Slowly, clutching the banisters like an old man, Henry Lawson made his way downstairs. To go back to bed was unthinkable; equally it was too early to get dressed. He needed something to distract his mind from Cynthia and the blow he felt he had just received: had his wife turned her back because she

To page 48

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Feb. 2

<p><b>ARIES</b> MARCH 21-APRIL 20 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, tricolors. * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>* There's a happy spot for romance on the 18th. There's also good news about home and family. But watch for baffleball from some of your so-called "friends." They may talk straight.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> APRIL 21-MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, yellow. * Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.</p>	<p>* Discontented Taurians who want to get out of a rut receive every help. Are you added to watch out for double-talk. The 8th is allergic to marriage matters.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 20 * Lucky number this week, 1. * Gambling colors, orange, tan. * Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>* Many could find themselves on an unscheduled pleasure cruise which could have intriguing consequences. You might have to watch those trigger-happy nerves occasionally.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> JUNE 21-JULY 20 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, green, white. * Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>	<p>* Perhaps some long-cherished wish comes true, but not exactly as you expect it. Friends play a leading, but sometimes unreliable, role. Don't trust over-much.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> JULY 21-AUGUST 20 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, red, gold. * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>* You had better yet closely the credentials of any stranger offering partnership. There's a subtly restless atmosphere; also possibly a change in career and surroundings.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> AUGUST 21-SEPT. 20 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, rose, navy. * Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.</p>	<p>* Those born in the September 8-19 bracket are advised to take a very watchful eye on persons concerned. Big changes loom. Weekend favors legal matters and lottery luck.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> SEPT. 21-OCT. 20 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, rose, lilac. * Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>	<p>* There's plenty of change of pace romance-wise. Cupid is behaving like the traditional prima donna. You could meet an attractive egghead of the opposite sex.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 21-NOV. 20 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, brown, green. * Lucky days, Fri., Monday.</p>	<p>* You might have to use your detective radar a lot. As the Indian says, some whites speak with forked tongue. Mixed influences affecting marriage and partnership.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 21-DEC. 20 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, green, gold. * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>* Many could get a new job, improve their work conditions, make many successful trips. But there are elements of muddle and unreliability. Routine is best just now.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 21-JAN. 20 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, black, red. * Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* There should be some wind-fall, increase in business or financial gain. There could be muddle with loved ones. However, the misunderstandings can be solved.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 21-FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, blue. * Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.</p>	<p>* There could be good news for you at week's end — perhaps a lucky surprise letter. If you deal in communication of any sort, so much the better for the surprise.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20-MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, green, grey. * Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* A lot of you will be wanting to go-go, but you'll have to look out for muddle and miscalculation. Act before new plications.</p>
<p>[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]</p>	



# BERLEI DESIGNS FOR THE IN-GROUP







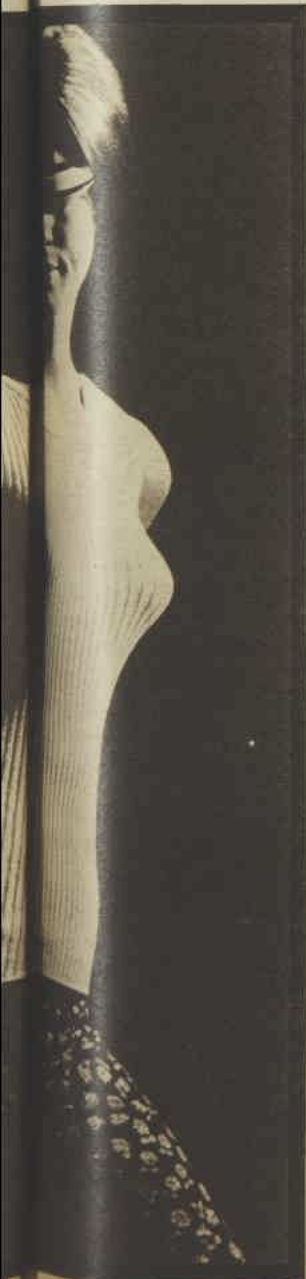
## THE NEWEST LOOK IS THE FORWARD LOOK. READ WHY THE IN-GROUP WANT IT.

The newest change in the shape of the high-fashion bust is a subtle thing — but, then, subtle things are important to the in-group. This new-style 200 bra, like all Berlei bras, controls the natural sideways pressure of the bust, projects it slightly further forward, and gives you — the forward look. It's in. Also noteworthy: this new Berlei 200 is cut very low under the arms, so that you can wear the lowest-cut sleeveless fashions with no bra showing. **\$4.00** (40/-) in white, skintone, or black. (All lace. Cotton on next page.)

**Also in:** Long 5" leg X-tasy pantie in Lycra **\$4.50** (45/-). And a light little girdle to match (top right). **\$3.95** (39/6). The in-group's cover girl is wearing the Nylon lace and Lycra contour bra Style No. 201 in black, **\$5.00** (50/-) (also available in white)







**ALSO IN:  
FLARED TERRACE PANTS  
(AND A SMOOTH  
5"-LEG XTASY PANTIE  
FOR UNDER THEM.)  
ITALIAN SANDALS.  
RAFFIA HANDBAGS.  
RUCHED-RIBBON HATS.  
THE SNOOD.**

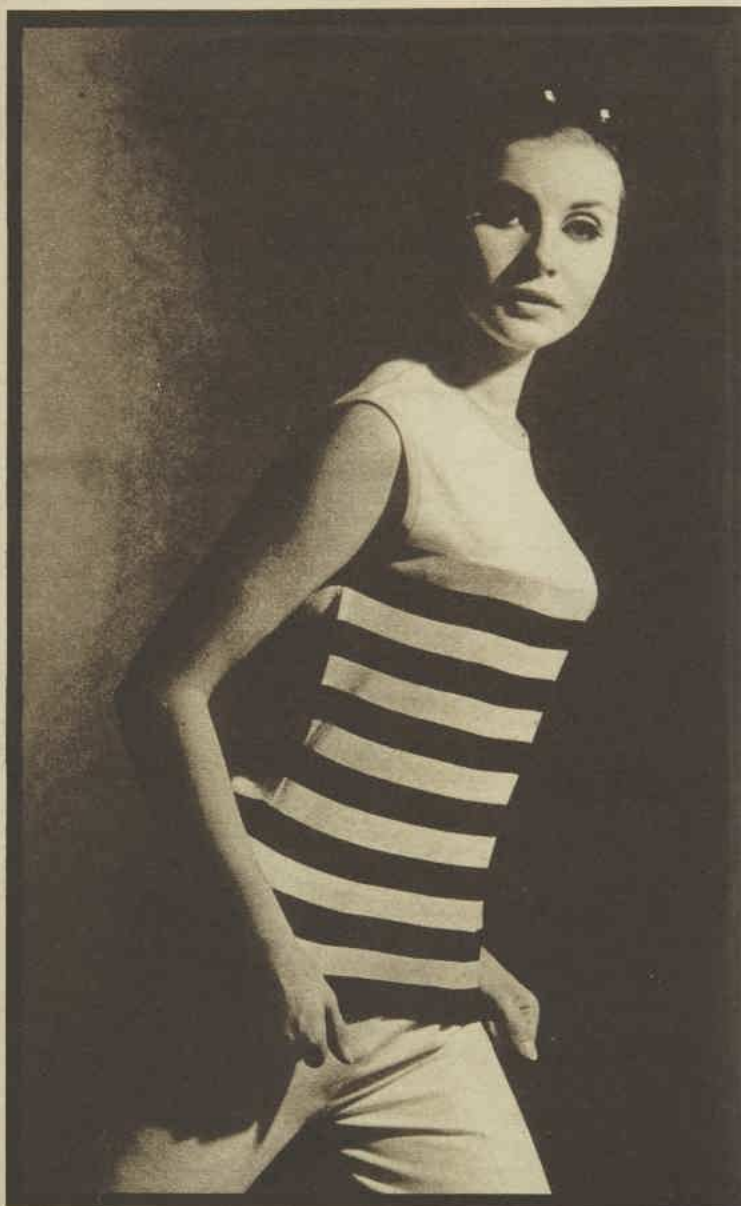
(If you want to be ready for Australia's  
fashions of tomorrow, be fitted with  
Berlei today.)





## FOR THE IN-GROUP, BERLEI CUTS A NEW STRETCH BRA LOW UNDER THE ARMS:

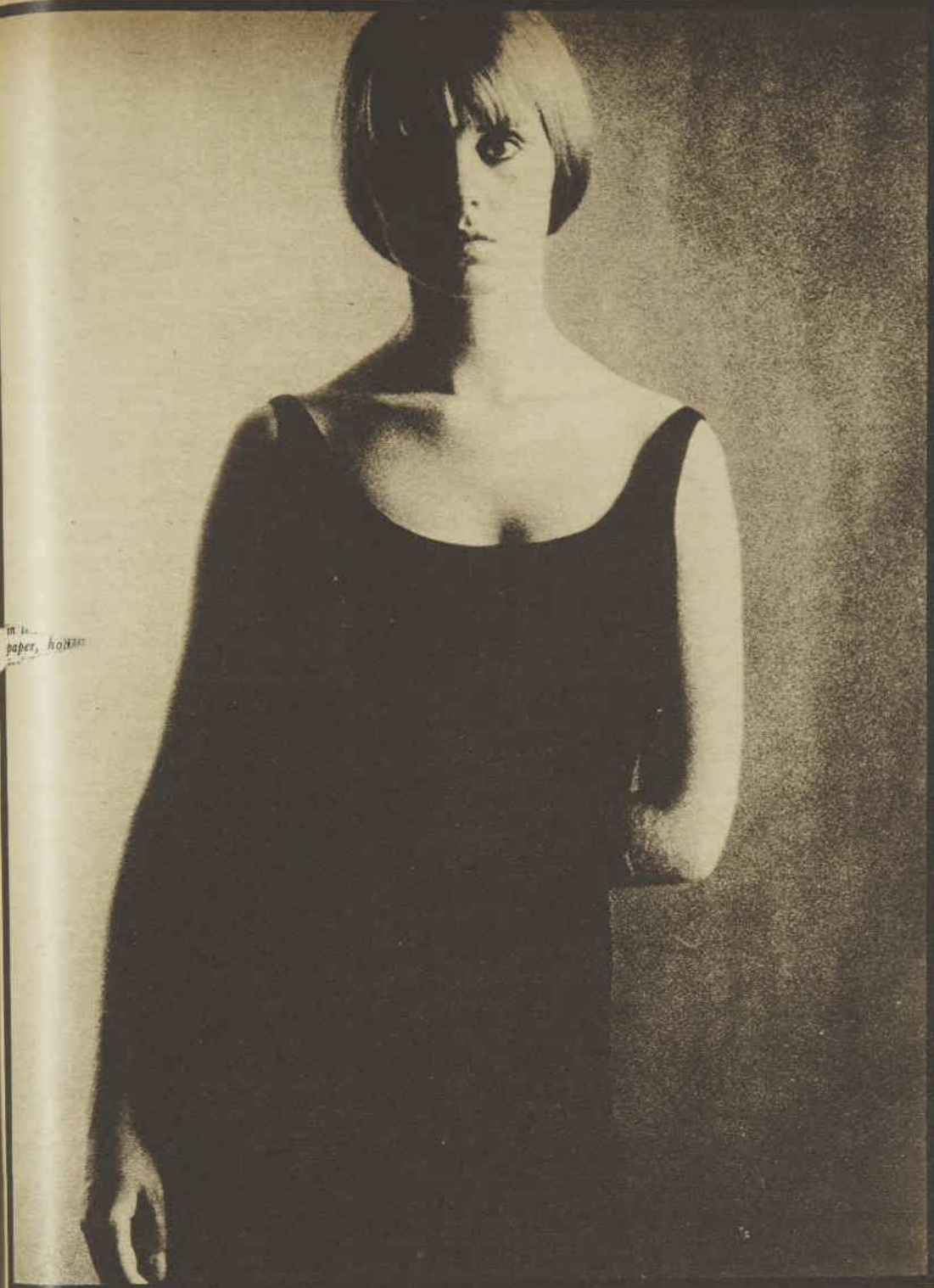
If you've been casting covetous eyes at the newest fashions from London — then you should also covet this new Berlei stretch bra. We cut it way down under the arms, so that you can wear the lowest-cut sleeves with no bra showing. Ask for Berlei's new E200 Stretch Bra. (The one for the in-group.) **\$4.00** (40/-) in white.



## MAKE-DOWN

The look for the in-group is Pale. The soft, natural, ravishing colours of youth. You can still cover blemishes, perfect the shape of your lips, tailor the shape of an eyebrow. But you do it in pale foundations, pale make-up, pale lipstick . . . and with tweezers instead of thick mascara and eyebrow pencil. Stop making-up — start making-down. It's the in look for the in-group.





## WHAT THE IN-GROUP WANTS. X-TASY HAS.

In this case, a new strip-top bra. Straps wide apart, for after-five gear. But they stretch, so you can be comfortable in this bra all day long. The look it gives your figure is high, rounded, Empress. And all Berlei wants for this in-group X-tasy strip-top bra is **\$3.95** (39/6). Are we out of our tiny minds?

**And:** A new Berlei X-tasy brief pantie in Lycra, trimmed with elastic lace. Pretty to look at, a delight to wear, and it silently says the nicest things about your figure. **\$3.95** (39/6).

## TRY IT ON.



Get smart. Before you buy a bra, spend a few minutes in the store's fitting room. Try on a few different styles and sizes. Find the perfect fit — the bra that does the most for your figure. (Chances are the store's trained Berlei fitter can help you here.) Take your time. Try it on before you buy it. You'll get more of what you're buying a brassiere for. It's common sense. It's in . . . to be fitted.

## HOW TO WEAR LITTLE OLD LADY PRINTS WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE A LITTLE OLD LADY:

Plait your hair and pout. Or if your hair is too short, get Vidalized. (A Vidal Sassoon "Butch type" haircut.) Your figure is important, too. Try a Berlei All-Stretch Bra and a Sarong girdle. Little old ladies haven't figures like that.





had been out last night with Randall? Was this how she chose to show him he was deceived?

In the hall he met Jane, the middle-aged domestic, who was laying the table in the breakfast-room. She paused in astonishment as her employer came down the staircase, and, seeing his face, asked solicitously if he was all right.

"Of course I'm all right," Henry said sharply. "I just couldn't sleep, that's all. Thought I might as well get up and look at the papers."

Jane bewailed that the fire was not yet lit.

"It doesn't matter," Henry said hastily. "The electric fire will do." He looked at her a long minute as she stood there, feet apart and planted firmly on the hearth. Then: "Jane?" he asked, almost coaxingly, "did you hear anything odd just now?"

Continued from page 42

## THE DRUM

"What sort of thing?" Jane asked guardedly, uncertain of what he wanted her to say.

"Well, like a muffled drum, for instance."

Jane shook her head decidedly. "I haven't heard anything like that, Colonel Lawson. You don't look well. Are you sure you feel all right?"

"Yes, thanks," Henry said, sinking down in the nearest armchair and burying his face in his hands.

Jane looked at him in consternation. "Shall I ask Mrs. Lawson to come down?"

"No, no, no," Henry exclaimed, his voice descending testily. "Just go away, there's a good girl."

He lay back expecting to die, and

didn't; then thought that perhaps the drum had been a nightmare after all. Yesterday had been a day of considerable stress, he reminded himself, and he had slept very heavily indeed. The episode of the drum in the museum and Musgrave's explanation of its import had undoubtedly shaken him. Who knew what, in a moment of weakness, the subconscious might achieve? Even down to a repetition of the muffled drum-beats? It might all have happened in his mind. Neither Cynthia nor Jane had heard anything. He needed to pull himself together, that was all. If he didn't he would never be able to deal with Randall whom he would surely have to see some time today.

With a crackle, he opened the paper, annoyed to find his hands still shook. It made the type difficult to focus; even the headlines trembled before his eyes. Odd items of news detached themselves, presented legibly, and were gone: "Actor Sued for Breach of Promise," "Russia Warns the West," "Three Die in New York Riot Area," "104 Today." The great and small were jumbled up together in a kaleidoscope of trivial and important things. "Man Falls on Line" was just another item, until a name in the last line of the paragraph caught his eye.

"Central Line trains were delayed for up to half an hour last night," he read, "when a man fell under an eastbound train at Notting Hill Gate station. The accident occurred during the peak period, and at one time Oxford Circus station was closed because of congestion. The

dead man was later identified as James Arthur Lovejoy Randall (28), of 42 Paddington Crescent, W.2."

Randall. Randall had escaped him. He had cheated him by dying as surely as he had cheated him in life. He would never now account for his meetings with Cynthia. Henry would never know if they represented guilt or innocence. Now there was only Cynthia who could tell him, and he would never mention it to her. He would humiliate himself by exposing his suspicions, which were very possibly unjust. She must last night have been to the theatre, for example, for Randall was dead by then. And was it accident or suicide—or was it something else that now he would never know? Henry paced up and down in uncontrollable agitation. He had his back to the door when Cynthia came in. To his surprise, she was fully dressed already (she usually breakfasted in a dressing-gown). She was wearing a tweed suit and walking shoes, as though for travel. She made no move to give him a morning kiss.

"You're going out," Henry said in a voice of accusation.

"I trust I may do so if I choose!"

"I don't keep you prisoner," Henry protested, coming toward her.

Cynthia side-stepped him neatly and sat down.

"You're early," Henry accused. "I don't think Jane's the coffee yet."

"I can wait," Cynthia stretched out a hand for the paper. "It's not as if I have a train to catch."

"Going shopping?" Henry asked, hating himself for asking.

"No."

"Or an auction sale?" He tried to make the sentences run on.

"I might. It depends on—other people. I don't have any settled plans."

"But you'll be in for dinner, won't you?" Henry queried. "You're not going out again?"

"Yes, I am," Cynthia said, and added: "You may as well know it, Harry. I'm never coming back."

Henry wondered if the drum-beats could have affected his hearing. "What do you mean—you're never coming back?"

"What I say, Harry. I'm leaving you. It's something I should have done long ago. You won't miss me. I've never been really necessary. If you accept that it will be easier for us both."

Henry listened in stupefaction. He could not believe that what he heard was true. If one of Cynthia's china figures had spoken he could not have been more amazed. "You know you're necessary," he managed to stammer. "I may not parade my feelings, but you matter very much."

"No, Harry. Only as your most expensive possession. Another woman would suit you just as well."

To page 50

### THE BOYFRIEND



"I just wanted to see what he was reading!"



Good things  
come double,  
like double-layer  
KLEENEX\* toilet tissue.

Double layers of softness. Double layers of absorbency. Double layers of flower-fresh pastel colours and pure white.



The only toilet tissue that's soft like Kleenex tissues

\*Registered trade mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.



# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.



● American clock.

WE have a small walnut veneer watch-holder case which I would like to find out more about. The door has a cast brass panel, in the centre of which is an aperture through which the face of a watch may be seen. The box itself is quite empty except for a small hook on which to hang the watch. There is no indication whatever of there ever having been any mechanism in the box. Remains of pink lining paper, however, can still be seen inside. A piece appears to be missing from the top of the box, perhaps an ornament or even a loop by which the holder was carried.—Mrs. L. Gilbert, Armidale, N.S.W.

Your walnut watch-holder probably dates about 1840. However, a closer inspection would be necessary before a definite attribution could be made. The style of the case appears to be 18th century, but the finely fluted moulding appears to be 19th century. Originally it would have had a brass loop handle.



● Staffordshire plate.

DO you have any information about this plate (above)? There are three sprays of leaves on the back rim of the plate with a crest in the centre beneath which is printed "Stone China LIV." —Mr. A. Murray, Otford, N.S.W.

Your attractive plate, with its fluted border in the "Japan" style, was made in Staffordshire about 1840-50. The name "Stone China" appears on ironstone-type earthenware and was used by many 19th-century English manufacturers.

★ ★ ★

MY husband found an old chair on a rubbish dump. He repaired it, repolished it, and had it reupholstered. As you can see from our picture the results are quite nice. We are now wondering if you could tell us the type of chair and how old it is?—Mrs. D. McCall, Fairfield, Vic.

Your chair is a typical English Victorian walnut lady's chair with carved oval-shaped back and cabriole legs. Made about 1860-75, it originally was part of a suite which comprised a gentleman's armchair, sofa, and six occasional chairs.

I AM interested to find out about an unusual jug and carved clock, both of which are supposed to be quite old. Could you give me any information about them? The jug stands fifteen inches high and nine inches across at the base. There are no visible markings on it. The clock is sixteen inches high at the centre front and about fourteen inches across at the base. Engraved in metal on the inside workings of the clock are the words "Waterbury Clock Coy. U.S.A." — Mrs. C. M. Dennis, Mildura, Vic.

Your ornamental ewer jug (right) is about 80 years old, while the American clock was made during the last quarter of the 19th century.

★ ★ ★

WE have a metal kettle with a squarish handle and its own matching stand. Could you tell us anything more about it? — Mrs. R. Pender, Crescent Head, N.S.W.

It is a Regency-style kettle, probably made about 1840-50.



● Ewer jug.



get away from the everyday...  
swing over to cool clean Consulate



for that surprising extra it gives you  
**CONSULATE**

THE ONLY VIRGINIA MENTHOL CIGARETTE

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED



"It's the talk of the town"



... and it's coming from  
L M ERICSSON PTY. LTD.

## LONELY? IS YOUR PROBLEM BODY ODOUR

Body odour is so unpleasant yet many of us don't realise that we are giving offence. Millions of people throughout the world have found the answer to this problem. They take AMPLEX Deodorant Tablets.

Continued from page 48

## THE DRUM

"I don't understand," Henry said. "How have I failed you? Haven't I given you every mortal thing you want?"

"You've been very generous, Harry, and I appreciate it — more, even, than I can ever let you know."

"And what will you do now?" Henry demanded. "You know you haven't a penny of your own."

"You needn't remind me that I've been dependent on your bounty."

"I'm sorry. But how will you live? Where will you go?"

Cynthia laughed. It was a sound both joyous and care-free. "Only you would worry about things like that. It doesn't matter where I go — the world's my oyster. And so long as I live as I choose, that's all I want."

"And I don't matter any longer," Henry's voice was becoming harsher now. "You've lived, as you put it, on my bounty, and now you're casting me aside. You make it plain that my feelings don't matter, but don't you realise I have a position to keep up? You have a position, Cynthia. You're the Colonel's lady, after all."

"The Colonel's lady," Cynthia was suddenly bitter. "That's all I am. How well you put it, my dear. The Colonel's lady — a title. Not a woman. I've never been an individual to you at all. Perhaps that's why I've never borne you children. It might have made all the difference if I had. But our marriage has given me nothing except financial and social security. And now — you had to know this some time — there's someone else."

"Randall."

Cynthia raised the eyes she had demurely lowered. "So you know. Or was that simply a guess?"

"The inquiry agent told me you were seeing him," Henry's legs had become so weak he had to sit down.

"An inquiry agent?" Cynthia's expression was scornful. "I might have known you'd resort to one of those. Is he going to give the necessary evidence?"

"He told me the relationship was innocent."

"Good for him," Cynthia nodded in approval. "So it was, until you made it something more."

"I should be glad if you would explain," Henry said.

"When you forced Jimmy Randall to resign his commission. I didn't care that much for him as a person, but like

everyone else, I thought you'd been unjust."

The snap of her fingers was like a whiplash. Henry said: "Not everybody thought I was unjust."

"Major Williams didn't," Cynthia admitted unconcernedly, "but all the decent officers did. And they knew, too, why you had done it. Because Jimmy was fond of me. The fact that it was harmless and innocent didn't matter. Jimmy was too honorable for it to be anything more. And though I liked him, he didn't mean anything to me. I, fool that I was, was still in love with you."

Again it was as though a whip descending on Henry's shoulders, and a burning, searing pain ran through his chest.

"Oh, yes, Harry, darling, I loved you. Did you think I'd have married you if I had not? For the first few years I was always hoping you would return it, but hope deferred. . . . In the end my heart just sickened. If you'd been jealous of Jimmy because you loved me, I'd have been flattered. I think I'm woman enough for that. But it was only your sense of possession that was affronted. Your dignity."

"Jimmy had very little money — no private income — and his widowed mother wasn't much better off. To help him she sold a couple of china figures. I bought one. I felt I owed him that. I discovered Jimmy knew a lot about porcelain. To help him, I began to collect. Before long I was interested in collecting for its own sake — I assure you, I haven't been putting on an act — but I always used Jimmy as my dealer, and he soon began to build up a clientele. He had a gift for it and he knew a lot about it. It was what he'd always wanted to do. He'd only joined the army to please his mother, who thought it was what his father would have wished."

"But if Jimmy was my dealer, he never was my lover. Your inquiry agent was perfectly accurate. I might never have realised how much I had come to love him if you hadn't suddenly begun hounding him to death."

This time, when the whip cracked, Henry was conscious only of agony within. He tried to restore himself with a sip of coffee, but his fingers refused to close about the cup.

"I don't know what made you remember Jimmy Randall," she continued, "or why you began behaving as you did, but it seemed suddenly that you were on Jimmy's tracks everywhere, and we began to be afraid. Not that we had anything to be ashamed of. Our relationship was still as innocent as the day. But you had already shown what you were like when you were jealous. Is it any wonder Jimmy was worried sick? He had lost his mother last winter — he was

fond of her and she was the only relative he possessed."

"Then almost as soon as her home was put on the market, the estate agents told him a Colonel Lawson had been trying to get in touch. They said you made all sorts of inquiries and seemed very anxious to try to track him down. Next thing he knew, he ran into Syrett, who also mentioned the interest you had shown. When you mentioned Jimmy to me one night at dinner, I thought you were on to us at last. But it seems we were still a few steps ahead of you. Jimmy began to plan to go abroad."

"And all this time you were his mistress?"

"No, that only came much later. You'd be surprised how much later: yesterday afternoon. That was when I knew I had to go with him," Cynthia continued, "and that I must leave you and tell you why. You can do what you like about divorcing me, but you won't affect my decision either way."

"I shan't divorce you," Henry managed to utter. "You won't be able to provide the evidence I need."

"Don't worry, Harry. I'm not going to be ladylike about this. I'll make love with Jimmy in Trafalgar Square, if need be."

"You will not make love with him anywhere," Henry whispered. "The dead are impotent."

**H**ENRY held out the paper. "Your paramour, my dear, is dead. No doubt it was an excess of joy that killed him — joy of receiving favors so long deferred."

He reached out to take the letters which Jane was discreetly bringing in. Cynthia, rigid and white-faced over the newspaper, did not even register the fact. He pushed his wife's two letters toward her, noting that — as usual — there were only bills for him. Would she insist on leaving him, he wondered. Already he was hoping she would not. This death, timely even if accidental, might be the saving of them yet.

He was interrupted by a cry from Cynthia, a despairing, wailing "Why?"

Henry shrugged. "He has taken his secret with him."

"You were not hounding him again?"

"I was not, Cynthia. I swear it."

"Cross your heart and slit your throat if you lie?"

Henry made the requisite childish gestures but his wife did not even watch the performance. Her arms clasped about her body as though to comfort, she was rocking very gently to and fro. It was as if she were cradling herself or cradling Randall. Brokenly Henry could distinguish the repeated syllable "Why?"

To page 54



... she can't wait 'til she grows up... nor can her hair

# beautiful healthy hair begins with..

MEDICATED

# Curlypet

Now your children can have beautiful healthy hair.

New medicated Curlypet, containing Hexachlorophene treats dandruff and cradlecap; its baby mild medication soothes annoying irritation, leaving the scalp hygienically clean.

In addition, Curlypet is a gentle hair setting lotion that keeps kiddies hair neat and tidy all day long.

Non-sticky and non-greasy Curlypet does not soil clothes or pillows.

Look for the golden yellow Curlypet bottle, only 5/6 (55 cents) at your family Pharmacy or store.





# Steak in a special sauce

● **Steak acquires lovely flavor when cooked in a special sauce; this recipe wins first prize of £5 in our weekly contest.**

**R**ECIPES for cherry biscuits and a madeira cake of good texture win consolation prizes of £1 each.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used in the recipes.

## SWEET AND SOUR BEEF

Two pounds round steak, seasoned flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or oil, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 cup water, 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 cup tomato puree, 1-3rd cup vinegar, 1-3rd cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon made mustard, 2 cups mixed cubed vegetables (carrots, green pepper, celery), 1 cup well drained canned pineapple pieces, boiled rice.

Cut steak into 1½ in. cubes, toss in seasoned flour. Heat oil, cook meat and onion until browned, add water, cover and simmer 1 hour. Add garlic, tomato puree, vinegar, brown sugar, mustard. Bring mixture back to boil, add prepared vegetables, cook with lid on until vegetables are tender but still crisp. Add pineapple, adjust seasoning. Serve with boiled rice.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Dart, 31 Hogg Street, Wynyard, Tas.

## HOME HINTS

● **Useful home hints sent by readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.**

**KHAKI** garments which have become faded and shabby after much washing can be restored to their original color by adding a sufficient quantity of permanganate of potash to the washing water. The garments can be boiled or simply soaked in hot water. — Mrs. G. A. Whitley, 60 Watkins St., Howard, Qld.

**Shoes** (especially school shoes) which have been scuffed at the toes can be easily restored by melting a little shoe polish and applying with a soft cloth. Leave to dry, then rub with a shoe brush until the shine comes back. — Mrs. C. Naismith, 4 Hender St., Forest Hills, Vic.

**When next baking apples,** fill the centres with pineapple jelly crystals instead of sugar, to give added flavor. Serve with whipped cream or custard. — Mrs. M. E. Atkins, Box 11, Mitchell's Island, N.S.W.

**If a small piece of plastic is** placed over the hands of teenage dolls they are much easier to dress, especially in woollen garments, because the fingers don't get caught. — Mrs. J. M. Clarke, 93 Best St., Davenport, Tas.

**To make the cuffs of men's** shirts last three times as long, run a double line of straight machine stitching close to the edge of cuffs when new. — Mrs. M. E. Goodwin, c/o. 11 Macara St., Masterton, N.Z.

**It is well worth while checking** with other mothers before buying your child's new clothes for school—not uniforms, but other items such as colors for gumboots, etc.; it can very much upset a child to find he is differently dressed from other children. — R. Patrick, Klumpton P.O., Nowra, N.S.W.

## MADEIRA CAKE

Three eggs, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. cornflour, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 4oz. melted butter.

Beat sugar, eggs, salt, and vanilla until fluffy and light lemon in color. Sift flour and cornflour together, fold carefully into mixture. Lastly fold in melted warm butter. Turn into greased 8 in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool in tin 10 minutes, turn out.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Phillipson, 11 York Crescent, Belmont, N.S.W.

## CERRY CHIPS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons icing sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons finely chopped glace cherries.

Beat butter and sifted icing sugar to a cream, add vanilla, sifted flour, salt, and cherries. Roll pieces size of teaspoon into balls, place on greased oven slide, press with fork to flatten. Bake in slow oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Hill, Box 15, P.O., Canungra, Qld.



**SWEET AND SOUR BEEF** wins the £5 prize. See recipe.



Try these new ideas from ETA then build up your own favourites. Start the year with something different . . . take slices of rich raisin bread. Spread with ETA Table Margarine and sustaining ETA Peanut Butter (or ETA "Crunchy" with added peanut pieces). Smother with marshmallows for a back-to-school treat.

Spread scones with ETA Table Margarine and nourishing ETA Peanut Butter. Top with hundreds and thousands, bananas and strawberry jam or banana slices and stoned dates as variations on a peanut flavoured theme.



# Build up after school snacks on ETA Peanut Butter



Product of ETA Foods division of the Marrickville Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.





# All aboard for this first-class food

● These are the dishes most in demand by passengers on board the luxury liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth as they ply between Britain and the U.S., and cruise to the romantic West Indies. In catering for all tastes, the liners' chefs have perfected these famous recipes, specialties of many countries.

## COQ AU VIN

One roasting chicken,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. button mushrooms, 8 small white onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. diced salt pork, 1 cup burgundy, bayleaf,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon thyme, chopped parsley.

Cut chicken into pieces. Flour each chicken part. Melt butter and saute mushrooms and onions until lightly browned. Remove from pan, add chicken pieces and pork; brown well, return vegetables. Combine burgundy, bayleaf, and thyme; pour over chicken. Place in moderate oven, cook covered for 45 minutes or until chicken is done. Remove chicken to warm platter with vegetables and pork. Strain sauce and correct seasoning. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

## BEEF STROGANOFF

Two pounds fillet steak, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 cup finely chopped onions, 1 cup beef stock,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dry sherry,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup tomato sauce, 1 cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Cut beef in thin strips about 1 in. wide and 4 in. long. Brown lightly in hot oil. Add onions, beef stock, and tomato sauce; simmer 25 minutes. Stir in sour cream, chives, parsley, and sherry. Heat gently. Serve with green noodles, egg noodles, or rice.



Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these shipboard recipes.



## CHICKEN KIEV

Three large whole chicken breasts with small main wing bone attached, 4oz. soft butter or substitute, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 teaspoon rosemary, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour, 2 beaten eggs, 2 cups fine breadcrumbs, oil for frying.

Divide chicken breasts in half. Remove skin. Bone each breast half, leaving small main wing bone attached, if possible. Place each breast half between sheets of waxed paper and flatten slightly with wooden mallet or

flat side of cleaver or broad knife. Combine butter, garlic, rosemary, parsley, chives, worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Blend well. Form into roll; wrap in foil and chill until firm and very cold. Cut into 6 equal portions; place 1 portion on each flattened breast half. Tuck ends in, envelope fashion. Roll tightly, letting wing bone protrude. Fasten with wooden cocktail sticks, if necessary. Dredge rolls with flour; dip in beaten egg, then coat with crumbs. Repeat egg and crumb coating. Fry in hot oil, 1 1/2 in. to 2 in. deep, for 8 minutes or until golden brown and done. Drain on paper towels. Serve with crisp potato chips. Garnish with bouquet of watercress.

## COTE DE PORC A LA LANGUEDOC

One large onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 bayleaf, 4oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. mushrooms, 6 pork chops, chopped parsley, 2lb. tomatoes.

Chop the onion and garlic very finely and place in a pan with the bayleaf and 1oz. of butter. Cook for 10 minutes over a low heat, stirring occasionally. Blanch and peel the tomatoes in the usual manner and cut them into small dice; add to the onion and cook together slowly for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Peel and slice the mushrooms and saute them lightly in a small amount of butter. Then add them to the tomato mixture for the last 5 minutes of cooking. In separate pan, season and saute

the pork chops slowly until cooked. When chops are cooked cover them with the sauce—garnish with French Fried Aubergine and Glazed Apple Rings. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve at once.

**French Fried Aubergine (Eggplant):** Peel and cut 1 large aubergine into  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. slices. Cut the slices into sticks. Dip into beaten egg and then into seasoned crumbs. Fry in hot oil until golden brown.

**Fried Apple Rings:** Select 2 large cooking apples. Wash, core, cut into  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. slices. Sprinkle lightly with brown sugar. In a little hot butter or substitute, saute apple slices until tender on both sides.







## BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING

Eight thin slices white bread, soft butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons raisins, 2 tablespoons currants, 2 tablespoons mixed diced candied fruits, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 cups milk, extra sugar.

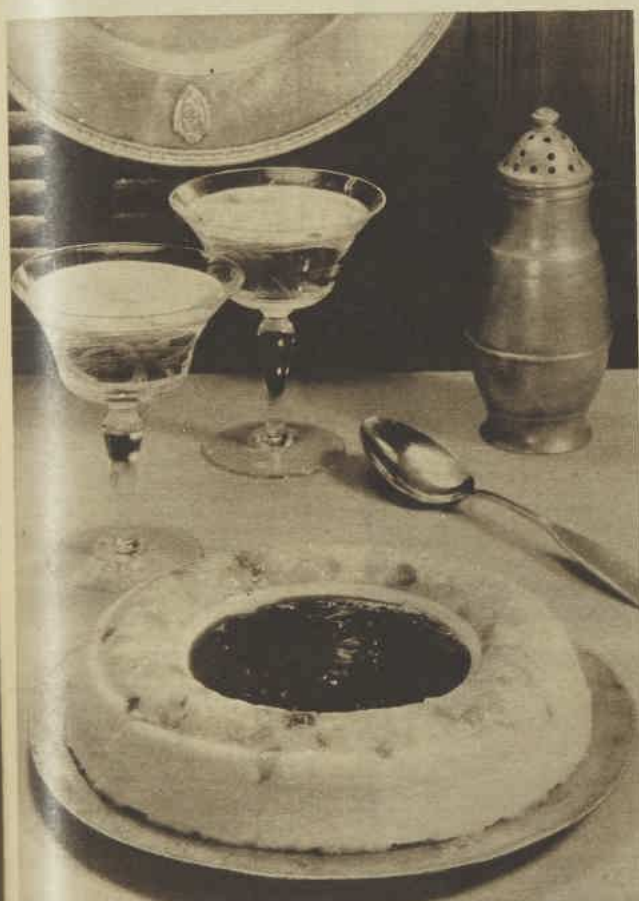
Spread bread slices with butter; trim off crusts. Arrange 4 slices of bread in shallow baking dish, cutting to fit if necessary. Spoon

half the raisins, currants, and fruit over bread. Top with another layer of bread and fruits. Combine slightly beaten eggs, sugar, salt, and vanilla; stir in milk. Beat until sugar dissolves. Pour gently over bread and fruit. Set in a pan of warm water. Bake in moderately slow oven about 1 hour or until knife inserted near rim comes out clean. Sprinkle with sugar. Serve warm with cream if desired.

One 9in. unbaked pie shell (well chilled), 3 eggs, 6 bacon slices (fried crisp, crumbled into small pieces), 2 cups scalded milk or 2 cups cream,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated gruyere cheese, 1 small finely chopped onion.

Sprinkle bottom of pie shell with bacon, cheese, and onion. Cool milk. Beat eggs until blended and add seasonings. Stir milk slowly into mixture. Pour mixture into pie shell. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven or until top is golden brown and custard is firm.

## QUICHE LORRAINE (Cheese tart)



## DIPLOMAT PUDDING

Plain cake, 2 tablespoons kirsch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mixed diced candied fruits, 6 slightly beaten eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 2 cups scalded milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cut enough cake into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes to measure 1 cup. Sprinkle cake cubes lightly with kirsch. Arrange half the fruits in bottom of greased 5-cup mould. Cover with cake cubes; top with remaining fruits. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt. Beat until sugar dissolves. Combine milk and vanilla. Stir into egg mixture. Pour slowly into mould. Set in shallow pan and fill pan with hot water to the depth of 1in. Bake in moderately slow oven for about 45 minutes or until knife inserted near rim comes out clean. Chill. Unmould on serving plate. Serve with Raspberry Sauce.

**Raspberry Sauce:** Two cups fresh raspberries (sweetened to taste) or use 10oz. packet frozen raspberries,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red currant jelly, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon cold water.

Crush fruit and combine with jelly in saucepan. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and jelly melts. Blend cornflour with water. Add to berry mixture. Cook, stirring until clear and thickened; rub through sieve, cool. Makes about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups.



## LANCASHIRE HOT POT

Six lamb shoulder chops, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon thyme, 3 sliced lamb kidneys, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 6 medium potatoes, 2 sliced medium onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms or use 4oz. can sliced mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon flour, melted butter or substitute.

Combine salt, pepper, and thyme; sprinkle half this mixture on chops. Brown chops and kidneys in butter or substitute. Slice 4 potatoes thinly; cut remaining potatoes into balls, using a melon ball cutter, or cut into

dice. Grease a casserole. Cover bottom of casserole with 1-3rd of the potato slices. Sprinkle with some of the remaining thyme mixture. Top with some of the onion and mushroom slices, then with 3 chops and half the sliced kidneys. Repeat layers, ending with potato slices. Arrange potato balls round edges. Blend flour with water; bring to the boil and pour over casserole. Cover; bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes. Remove cover; brush potatoes with melted butter; bake 30 minutes longer, uncovered, or until potatoes are tender and browned.







**TRANSFER**  
**DAISY - FILLED**  
 basket to embroi-  
 der on your linens  
 is from Embroi-  
 dery Transfer No.  
 201. Order from  
 Needlework Dept.,  
 Box 4060, G.P.O.,  
 Sydney. Price 1/6  
 or 2 for 2/9, plus  
 5d. for postage.

"There are some letters for you,"  
 he informed her.

She took no notice, unheeding of  
 all but grief.

"We were so happy," she mur-  
 mured to no one. "So happy yester-  
 day. Was it yesterday? I thought  
 we should be happy for ever. Oh,  
 Jimmy darling, why did you die?"

"I'm sorry," Henry said awk-  
 wardly. "Though he was unbal-  
 anced. You admitted as much just  
 now."

"Whose fault was that?" Cynthia  
 demanded. "But you'll answer for it  
 somehow."

Henry took no notice of what  
 she was saying, for very faintly once  
 again he could hear the drum. Even  
 as he listened, it grew louder. This  
 time it seemed to be beating in his  
 head. Cynthia gave no sign of hav-  
 ing heard it, but he saw rather than  
 heard her give a little cry and

stretch out her hand half fearfully  
 toward one of her letters, which lay  
 looking blindly at the sky.

The handwriting was vaguely  
 familiar, but Henry could think of  
 nothing but the drum.

This time it was not muffled; his  
 body reverberated with its sound.  
 He had such a sense of fear that  
 it left him breathless. The sweat on  
 his forehead gathered once again.  
 It might be well if he took a couple  
 of his tablets. He should have taken  
 them long before. With fingers  
 grown stiff he groped for his vest-  
 pocket, where his phial of tablets  
 lay. But his fingers encountered  
 only the silken folds of his dressing-  
 gown, while all the time the drum  
 beat louder in his head.

Continued from page 50

## THE DRUM

The tablets were upstairs in his  
 bedroom. He would have to ask  
 Jane to bring them down. But there  
 was no bell, and it was too far to  
 call to the kitchen, even if he had  
 had the necessary strength of voice.  
 He moved his stiff lips in a travesty  
 of speaking, and Cynthia for the  
 first time looked up.

Her face was ravaged already;  
 even so, her husband's altered ap-  
 pearance made her give a start. He  
 could not tell whether she had  
 spoken, because all sound was  
 drowned by the beating of the drum.  
 Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub. It  
 was not one drum but a battalion.  
 Through the din he heard himself  
 give a gasp.

"My tablets are upstairs," he said  
 faintly.

Cynthia had obviously not heard.  
 She pushed the letter across to him.  
 The handwriting blurred before his  
 eyes. Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, it was  
 the beating of his own heart that  
 he heard, thudding against his rib-  
 cage like a piston intent on forcing  
 its way out. The realisation fright-  
 ened him so much that he stopped  
 breathing. Gasping, choking, strug-  
 gling, he inhaled again in a long  
 sighing ah-ah-aah, and for an in-  
 stant all was clear down to the  
 minutest detail of the inky, angular  
 script.

Jimmy. The signature on the let-  
 ter stood out so clearly that he  
 could not believe what he saw.  
 Jimmy Randall was dead. He had  
 seen it in the papers. Did a man  
 write letters from the grave?

He felt Cynthia's eyes upon him,  
 eyes as cold and hard as a winter  
 sea or sky. "My tablets . . ." he  
 struggled to tell her.

"Read it," she commanded.  
 It was a pathetic enough letter,  
 full of trite phrases and pleas to  
 forgive: "Better for the both of us  
 this way . . . When I came in, I  
 found that he had called. I can't  
 stand any more of his hounding and  
 now he will really have cause. Don't  
 blame me too much. He'd never let  
 us be happy. What I am going to  
 do is for your sake . . ."

For your sake, Henry might have  
 thought it ironic if Cynthia had  
 not looked at him as she did, if  
 the dreadful emptiness of his lungs  
 were not killing him, if his heart,  
 which had seized up, would only  
 start again.

"My tablets . . ." he croaked.  
 He wanted to explain that he  
 had never hounded Randall, that  
 he had simply wanted to rectify a  
 mistake. An injustice, if you like—  
 what did it matter? Something he  
 ought never to have done. All men  
 made mistakes sometimes. Women  
 ought to realise that. What had he  
 done to be thought worse than the  
 next man? Why should his own  
 wife hate him so? His eyes pleaded  
 for her understanding, but she  
 looked at him as if he were not  
 there. It was how she had always  
 looked at him. The thought caused  
 him physical pain.

"Have pity and call the doctor,"  
 he whispered.

She gave no sign of having heard.  
 "I think I'm dying," he told her.  
 She replied: "Yes, Harry, I think  
 you are."

Her voice, like her face, was  
 wintry. She sat as motionless as a  
 stone.

Henry got to his feet very slowly,  
 and the ground rose up to meet  
 him as he walked. It was gentle—  
 much gentler than he had expected.  
 He wondered if the rails had seemed  
 gentle to Randall, too. Did one have  
 a chance to ask these things—  
 later? Was he going to meet Randall  
 after all? Randall. And they would  
 neither of them have Cynthia. But  
 — there was blood or bile in his  
 throat—some fellow would. He  
 remembered suddenly that he had  
 left her all his fortune. Young,  
 beautiful, and wealthy, she would  
 surely marry again. Someone else  
 would possess her, touch her. Per-  
 haps not one, but many other men.  
 The pain was so great that he lost  
 consciousness, his body twitching.  
 After a moment he breathed out  
 again and died.

From the table Cynthia watched  
 his dissolution. There was no expres-  
 sion on her face. When she was quite  
 sure that he was dead and the  
 doctor could safely be summoned,  
 she picked up the telephone.

(Copyright)



**This feeling could only be Johnson's.**

The world's best tale gives you the world's best feeling: Johnson's. Best for baby, best for you. **Johnson-Johnson**



breathlessly, her eyes wide. Anxious eyes, Mrs. Plover could see. She wants it quite badly, she thought, my balcony room.

"Let what, young lady?" She knew very well "what," but she was an explicit woman and she liked others to be explicit. Besides, it seemed she must do business with a schoolgirl and, because their association was beginning somewhat vaguely, she was exasperated and, so, rude. And because she liked to think she was too well bred to be rude, this exasperated her further.

"The balcony room. Advertised this morning." The girl held up the folded newspaper. Mrs. Plover opened her door wide and took a quick look out. No sign of a husband. Well, young women these days were so efficient, they did the deciding and the budgeting, and studied psychology and home management and finance.

"Not yet," said Mrs. Plover briskly, for she had decided to be brisk. And businesslike and ruthless and decisive. One must, in letting rooms, in dealing with people. In particular, in letting this room. She added formally: "You wish to see it now?"

"Please. I came as soon as I could. I kept thinking all through class, if only there was a phone number—" She took a deep breath. "I even thought at first of missing class, but I've paid in advance you see, and—"

"You're a teacher?" Mrs. Plover, struggling to keep Sebastian out, was a little breathless herself. She closed the door against the cat with a bang, and flushed. She hated noise. So undignified.

"Oh no. I'm the one taking lessons. Accountancy."

"Accountancy? Goodness." Mrs. Plover almost tripped over the loose step on the stairs. "Mind the step," she added automatically. This pretty head—for the girl was quite pretty—chockful of figures; awe-inspiring to a woman who had developed her own exact but unique method of totting up the housekeeping. She straightened her glasses. She should have had them changed long

Continued from page 22

## THE BALCONY ROOM

ago, but glasses cost money when you weren't quite old enough for the pension. Everything cost money. But with the room let—

She glanced at the books under the girl's arm. Scholarly books. Still, a quiet thing, accountancy. A responsible thing. This young woman would look after the room and the furniture. And the quilt. She was glad after all, as she watched the young fingers exploring the smooth and intricate surface, that she had put her precious quilt on the big double bed.

"A patchwork." The young woman smiled. A gentle smile. "I haven't seen one since home."

"Satin." Mrs. Plover brushed a non-existent speck of dust from the dressing-table and adjusted the mirror. "And velvet. You've no idea how I searched for those pieces. . . . This used to be our room, you see, Mr. Plover's and mine, but now that Mr. Plover's gone. . . ."

SHE paused impressively, having long ago discovered that such a remark, left hanging, sounded as final as death, without actually telling an untruth. And so settled everything. People hated to ask questions about death. . . . "I decided that another married couple—"

"Married couple?" The girl swung about. "But—"

"That's what I said you know. In the ad."

"But you didn't. . . . I mean, it's not here." And she held out the paper. Mrs. Plover squinted through her unsuitable lenses; she had been so busy all morning she had merely glanced at her advertisement, but now, on inspection, she saw that the girl was right. There was no m.c., as she had written it out. Or. . . . had she? Whose mistake. . . . She flung the paper aside. "I'll check with the newspaper office on Monday, but, of course, the damage is done. Well, that's it. A married couple. After all, there is the double bed."

"But I love a double bed. I had one at home."

"And where?" Mrs. Plover pumped, straightening her well-loved print of "The Angelus," left her by her mother, "is home?"

"The north-west. New England. I grew up on the land, but my mother died. . . . and two years ago my father married again, so. . . . Anyway, one must make one's own life," she finished sagely.

"Of course." "It was the balcony room took my eye. I grew up with space. I can't stand being shut in."

"Neither can a lot of other people," Mrs. Plover said bluntly. "If you knew the poky places about here—"

"Oh, but I do. I've looked at so many rooms; without sun and looking out on backyards, and on people getting meals, and people hanging their washing, and people putting out garbage, and. . . . This is a wonderful room. Just wonderful."

"They stood in one of those awkward silences watching the sun on the fountain spray, the pigeons in the park, the impatient cars lined up at the 'stop' signs, the trees shimmering, the slacks-clad girls with shopping baskets and poodles on leads. And the young mothers with baby strollers. And there was music from somewhere. . . ."

"It's quiet, too," Mrs. Plover knew she was being cruel, but, at that moment, she was very sure of herself, her room, and her word. "Back from the main road a

bit. It's worth every penny of seven guineas, serviced. That much was in the paper."

"I know. And that was the part that really worried me. All through class. The rent."

"And what's wrong with the rent?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing. For other people. But for me. . . . You see, I thought that if I promised to look after the room myself, and fix it up from time to time, fresh paint and curtains and things like that, you might, just might, lower the rent? To five pounds. I could just manage five pounds."

Another silence. A long one. Mrs. Plover was glad to see Sebastian slide around the door—there must be a lower window open somewhere—and to busy herself with lifting him into her arms, although she still must answer the girl. "This is a special room," she said at last, firmly, "and what you ask is out of the question."

"Well then. . . . with all these coffee shops about I might get work at night. As a waitress perhaps. I work in an office all week. Saturday there's my class, Sunday I wash my hair and study, but there are the nights—"

"You'll kill yourself," Mrs. Plover said brusquely. "You're too thin as it is."

"But I'm strong. Really I am. Quite strong."

"I'm sorry, but the room is for a married couple. Serviced. At seven guineas a week. That is the arrangement."

To her annoyance she found herself turning from the look on the girl's face. But she remained adamant. She couldn't afford sentiment. The step must be repaired, and an extra power point installed, and new doormats were needed. And there were her glasses. She must have the right people in this room; successful, decisive, strong people, people who could easily afford seven guineas, not this bit of a girl, struggling, who looked as if a puff of wind would blow her away. . . . She heard the girl's reluctant tread on the stairs.

"Mind the step," she called, but there was no answer, just the front door opening, closing. She walked on to the balcony to watch her visitor cross the road, slowly, seeming dangerously unaware of the traffic, to stand in the park, in the sun, watching the fountain. . . .

Sebastian squirmed. A restless cat. Restless, like Archie. The silent room behind her seemed to press upon her shoulders. Was it her pride in this room, in her possessions, her concentration upon the house, that had driven Archie away? She had not dared consider it before. "Don't smoke, Archie, you'll soil the cushions. . . ." "Your boots are muddy, Archie. . . ." "Archie, mind the cushions. . . ." "But Rosie, it's only a house. . . ." He had always called her Rosie. "Rosie. . . . ma posie. . . ." he would sing, Jolson-like, with elaborations of his own that brought roars of laughter from his always-joking friends.

But she had known she was marrying vaudeville he would remind her when she called his friends "common," but his noisy, cluttered life had actually only begun to affect her when they had settled into this house after Johnny's birth; a neat terrace house between other terrace houses, all with starched curtains at the windows, flowers in the little gardens, neighbors who went walking out each Sunday, very properly, after church, and the Sunday roast. None of the riff-raff, the "mods," the stompers, the long-haired bike riders, the

girls who went up and down the lanes below.

There had been, she supposed, the equivalent; in the bohemian artists and lairs and party-givers, but she never noticed them, she was too busy making plans; a new dining-table by the window, for entertaining nice people, over there a piano for Johnny to take lessons, no jazz, only the classics. . . .

She hadn't even noticed when Archie stayed away, at poker games, at the races, on tour. She wouldn't—couldn't—travel with Archie any more, because of the house. Because of Johnny. No boarding-school for Johnny; Johnny must have his school close by, and his mother, and his circle of respectable young friends. Johnny must have the best. And Johnny did have the best. Until the car. . . . Crossing the street in his neat suit, carrying his neat schoolcase, the car had crazily, incredibly, knocked him down.

Oh, Archie had stayed, Archie had really tried to make up for Johnny, but she had locked her house and her mind against the street, against the world. Against Archie. Finally, a note in Archie's sprawling hand: "Don't hate me too much, Rosie, but it's the only thing for us both. I'll never fit into your neat house and your neat life. The house is yours. So is the account. And you can always let rooms. . . . Oh, he had been cruel had Archie Plover, heartlessly, terribly cruel, and she had not tried to find him.

Her pride would not let her. And he had never come back. Nor even written. But he was alive. . . . Jock Barker, otherwise Rondo of the Juggling Rondos, had seen him on tour, less than five years ago, in the country, with a blonde partner named Flo. Well, the money had lasted quite a while. And she had let rooms. She had managed. . . .

THE knocker again. She let Sebastian wriggle from her arms. Really, she supposed she must face a procession of boys and girls in search of views and cheap rents. She went carefully downstairs. The boy was very young. . . . Heavens, what was the matter with her today, everyone looked young. He wasn't really a boy, he just looked it, in the longest, bulkiest sweater she had ever seen dragged down over his long frame. He grinned, as he leaned against something; these thin awkward youths were always leaning. She looked, instinctively, for a guitar. No guitar. Instead, canvases under each arm, angular things, that kept slipping. She pushed the door closed.

"Wait." He sounded a little frantic. Foolishly, she eased the door slightly and a canvas thudded into the hall. He added politely. "Ma'am."

"It's quite useless," she warned. "I didn't advertise a studio."

"But I don't want a studio. I'm no artist."

"These look remarkably like paintings."

"Taking 'em to a gallery. I dabble. And hope. Actually, I'm an architect. Or will be." His face fell, and he leaned again, dolefully.

"Architect?" Somewhat mollified, she opened the door wider. Another canvas thudded inside.

"They're respectable. Architects, I mean. At least I'm told so. Now then. . . . the room."

It didn't seem to enter his head that the room might be

taken, or that she might not like the look of him. He was a brash young man. Decidedly over-confident. But. . . . likable. When he grinned he looked like Archie. Yes, so like Archie it was uncanny. The similarity irked her. More, it frightened her.

"The newspaper made a mistake," she said briskly. "My balcony room is intended for a married couple. At seven guineas a week. Serviced."

"Married couple?" She couldn't decide if his face showed genuine horror or mockery. "You'd waste a balcony room on a married couple?"

"And why not?" "Because they don't need it. They'd be too busy looking at each other to appreciate the view. And it does have a view, naturally. All balcony rooms have views."

"Not as fine as this one." Somehow or other he was leading her up the stairs; at least she was moving, swept on by his hand under her arm. She resented his guidance but couldn't seem to break free of it. A canvas tucked under his other arm went bumpety-bump against the stair-rail.

"Cripes," he breathed from the doorway, "what a decor. . . . the Jazz Age, Scott Fitzgerald and all that, with. . . . yes, a touch of Pre-Raphaelite—"

"Are you being rude, young man?"

"If we just take this down. . . . Outrageously, he was removing "The Angelus." "Not that it hasn't atmosphere, mind, Millet was quite a boy paintwise to my way of thinking, but all this wonderful space. . . . There, see? Absolutely fab." And he struck a gesture before the garish blobs of green and yellow and violet that blazed along the wall. Mrs. Plover blinked, for the absurd daub really did work in; with the spread, and the walls, and the sunshine slanting across the balcony and into the room. There was sudden warmth; the sad and lonely place was thrillingly alive. Her spine stiffened.

"I have no intention of letting this room to an artist."

"Architect." He picked up a little pile of books from the side table. "Accountancy. . . . Wow. Yours?"

She ignored the absurd question; it was irritating enough that the girl had forgotten her property. "Artists get paint on everything, and won't let you into the room to clean, and keep wanting the rent reduced—"

"Which," the youth cleared his throat noisily, "brings me to the point. Two quid off, and I'll do repairs." His too-long hair flopped over his eyes as he tossed his head. "Have that step out there fixed in a jiffy. And the door. . . ." He gave it a spine-jarring swish. "Only needs a little oil. As for the bed knob. . . ." He lifted it off neatly. Now, how had he known the knob was loose when she had balanced it so carefully?

"There must be a dozen jobs need doing. I like the room, you see. It has space. And the light's good. What do you say?"

"The room is for a married couple. Unless, of course, you're contemplating marriage?"

"Marriage? Me? No fear." In some inexplicably simple manner he had replaced the knob securely and she felt, quite suddenly, on the defensive. She said sternly: "You have an aversion to marriage, young man?"

"Aversion? Not a bit. Marriage is a natural state. But you don't go rushing into it. I mean, it's a big step." "Of course it's a big step." "So you give it thought. You shop around. For the right one, that is. And that's tricky. Real tricky."

"Tricky?" "There's no foolproof way, you see. Oh, you can put all your traits into a computer and come out with an answer and it looks right, real impressive, but is it right? I mean, you mightn't even like each other. So, in the end, it's hit or miss. You

To page 58

EVERY  
TWO  
MINUTES  
of every day . . .

A NEW SET OF  
**TILT-A-DOR**  
OVERHEAD GARAGE  
DOOR FITTINGS

is installed  
somewhere  
in Australia

Use TILT-A-DOR fittings with any size garage door—in steel, timber or aluminium. Standard or deluxe models, all fully guaranteed. See your door specialist, or local hardware store.

T182/6

## Fashion FROCKS



● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"ANTONIA." — This smart suit, with fully lined jacket, is available in gold, pink, white, and sapphire-blue sundeck. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £7/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £7/5/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/3/6.


Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 34. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





## New pack for your

Now KRAFT Cheddar packets will carry this world-famous  symbol, so you'll know at a glance that you're buying the cheese your family like best.

You know our KRAFT symbol on many fine foods. Now it's on one of your very favourite foods, KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, in the bright new packet you see here. Now when you're shopping you'll know at a glance that you're buying the cheese your family like best of all. It's worth being sure you get the extra nourishment and nicer flavour of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.





Now 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar packets look like this. Soon, 1 lb. and 2 lb. KRAFT Cheddar packets will too.

## favourite cheese

### KRAFT take more care

KRAFT use only the best milk to make really fine cheeses. Then we blend and pasteurise these selected cheeses, so that you can be sure you get the uniform quality and superior flavour of KRAFT Cheddar every time.

### A Gallon of Goodness

KRAFT Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and calcium, because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition. Available in 8 oz., 1 lb. and 2 lb. packs.



for good food and good food ideas

\*Reg'd. Trade Mark. KRAFT



## I REMEMBER THE ROLANDS

As I helped in the pantry, washing and polishing the glasses, and laying them on trays for the man to take inside, I caught a glimpse, now and then, of Jocelyn. She looked as though a light inside her had been turned off.

That night seemed to be the one that marked the end of an era. Everything could not have happened at once, but in my mind's eye it seems that almost overnight our tight little world vanished.

Susan had left us for her violin studies. Derek had gone back to school, and only Jocelyn was at home, helping round the house and paying calls with her mother.

Though the storm clouds had been ominously gathering for some time, it still came as a shock when we were plunged into war. It gave me a pang to see Derek in his uniform, looking so grown-up and manly.

When we got two letters telling of Susan's engagement and marriage Derek was home on leave. The letters were dated a month apart, but somehow arrived together. Mrs. Roland read to me the bits about the romance. It had all happened very suddenly, as they had become engaged after only knowing each other three days. The first letter was all about the engagement, and the second told of their whirlwind marriage in Paris, and of how happy they were.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland seemed rather sad and thoughtful, and I was glad Derek was home to cheer them up. I suppose they had dreamed of the girls being married at home, the old house once again full of gaiety. And here was Jocelyn, older than Susan, with not many prospects now all the young men were away at the war. Geoffrey, though, had not gone. There was evidently some defect in his eyesight, which was not noticeable, but they wouldn't take him. I think that the work he was doing on the farm was important, too. He had not been to the house for months, and Jocelyn never mentioned his name.

They were grim days, when Mr. Roland seemed to age before my eyes. He kept all Derek's letters in his pocket, and would read and re-read them.

The day the telegram came he and Mrs. Roland were sitting under the trees taking their afternoon tea. When I opened the front door and saw the pink envelope I had a sense of foreboding, and I put off taking it outside till I guessed they had finished their tea. But the news was not serious, after all. The telegram had been sent by Derek himself. He had suffered a leg injury, and after a period in hospital would be coming home.

Dinner was a happy meal

that night, even Jocelyn being roused from her customary quiet. And it was not long after that when she had reason for joy, too.

We had been down in the orchard all morning, Mrs. Roland, Jocelyn, and I, picking the luscious ripe peaches. After lunch Mrs. Roland took her customary rest, and Jocelyn and I bottled the fruit. The sun streamed into the big kitchen, and on to the deal table where we were cutting up the juicy peaches. Some of them were bubbling in the big iron cauldron, and from it arose an almond-sweet fragrance. I looked at Jocelyn and I remembered thinking I had never seen her look prettier.

From where she was sitting she could see a part of the gravel drive. Even before I heard a car she was on her feet, untying the apron from her waist.

"It's Geoffrey," she cried. "And look at me."

I looked, and I thought to myself what a picture she made, enough to set any young man's blood racing. And I persuaded her to sit down again, even retying the strings of her apron. I sent Geoffrey out to her in the kitchen when I answered the door, leaving them there together. Between them they finished the work, and after that I never took a bottle of peaches down from the shelf without seeing again that picture of pink and gold loveliness that was Jocelyn that afternoon.

From that day on he was always at the house, and there was no mistaking the love they had for each other. By the time they were married Derek was home again, and it was almost like old times. Almost, but not quite.

Because most of the young men who had squired the girls had gone to the war, and some would not be coming back. Susan had not been there for the wedding, but promised to pay a long visit in the autumn, after the birth of her second child.

Derek had changed, and seemed much older. He walked with a limp, and sometimes there was a strained look about his eyes. I guessed these were the times when his leg was troubling him. He still went for lonely drives in his car, and I thought this was just because he had a need to be alone. He never mentioned the girl that he had once fought over, except to tell me that she had married a local farmer.

The evening the tragedy occurred commenced like any other. Since Jocelyn's marriage the three of them had taken to dining in the small den. It was cosy there by the firelight, and after I had cleared the table Mr. Roland and Derek would generally have a game of chess while Mrs. Roland knitted or read. Even if she retired early the two men always listened to the late news. They had grown very close to each other since Derek had been home.

While I was removing the crumbs from the table I heard Derek tell his father that he was going for a short drive, but would be home in time for the news. It was a wild, wet night, and I expected Mr. Roland to try to dissuade him, but though he looked disappointed, he said nothing. I brought in the coffee tray, bade them all goodnight, and went up to my room.

And that was the last time I ever saw Derek. I had closed my door when I went upstairs, and did not hear the telephone when it rang. It was Mrs. Roland who came and told me what had happened. Even now, after all

these years, I cannot bear to think about it. The fact that he had skidded on the wet road and been killed instantly when his car hit a tree was terrible enough. But it was infinitely worse when we learned that he had not been alone, that his companion had been a young married woman. I did not have to be told her identity, and I wondered to myself how many times Derek had seen her when we thought he was going for those solitary drives. Perhaps her former husband had gone to the war, and she had turned to Derek in her loneliness. Well, they are both dead now, and who are we to judge?

All these things are buried in the past, the good and the bad. But coming back to the house today, standing again in the old familiar kitchen, the memories come crowding back. It is years since I have seen any of them, though they write from time to time. The girls are happily married, with children of their own. Mr. Roland and his wife live quietly in a small apartment. Mr. Roland, aged considerably since Derek's death, has retired into a world of his own, where no one but his wife can reach him. She has evidently adjusted herself to her altered life, and gets much joy from her grandchildren.

Susan, I hear, still plays her violin, though the babies put an end to her dreams of fame. I will be seeing them a few days from now. There have been tenants here in the meantime, but now Mrs. Roland has asked me to caretake for a week or two.

The time has come for the family to remove their belongings, as the old house is to be pulled down. Soon Mrs. Roland, Jocelyn, and Susan will be dividing between them the possessions of a lifetime. Before they come I will air the place and remove the dust-covers, and try to recapture for them the grace of yesterday. But to me that grace and spirit is as alive to-day as it was then. I am convinced that an old house such as this has a spirit of its own. That the love and life and laughter that it has known must, in time, become a part of its very bricks and mortar.

And what will become of that spirit when the old house is no more? When the last brick and stone have been razed, and when naught is left but the ugly wound on the brown earth? Will the winds, sweeping through the bare places, find it hovering sadly where the fireside used to be? Or where the piano once stood, with its echoes of past melodies?

I can almost see that bereft spirit in its search for a resting-place. Looking for the sudden flash of Derek's smile, a glint of gold from Jocelyn's hair, or a phantom note from Susan's violin.

Soon the bulldozers will come, and then the concrete and machinery. And the workmen, too. For Progress had decreed that an expressway will run through the place where the old house now stands. And its spirit will find no resting-place amid the noise of a constant stream of cars, and a thousand hurrying feet on a concrete road.

As I grow older I find that more and more my thoughts are turning to the past. Perhaps one night when I lie in bed, and a vagrant breeze steals through my window, that spirit will slip quietly in, and find me here.

And what better resting-place for it than in my heart?

(Copyright)

## THE BALCONY ROOM

Continued from page 55

go on waiting for the "ping."

"Ping?"  
"The real thing. The 'death us do part' bit."  
"Some people," she said, "wait for love."

He was indignant. "Just what do you think I've been talking about?"

"Well . . ." she floundered, "it all sounds a little irresponsible."

"Irresponsible? Me?" He was shocked. "With a tenner in the bank, and a few bob a week assurance, and being an optimist — because it works you know, affecting others, just basic psychology — and with good health, and plans, and years and years ahead —"

"Women," she insisted, "want a home."  
"Of course they want a home. So do men. Cripes, you should see my junk; sketches and photos and lecture notes and stuff, and nowhere to store it. That corner cupboard would be fine."

"And people do have children."

"Of course they have children." He was looking at her now as if she were quite mad. "But they string along and learn to laugh and have fun and take the good with the bad. Anything wrong with that?"

His smile was wide and confident and young. And Mrs. Plover, quite suddenly, wanted to cry. Because she was getting old and a little bitter and afraid; afraid to open her heart, afraid to open her room . . . And because she was so afraid, she became angry, for when one is angry one cannot be weak.

"I'm sorry, but the room is for a married couple. Serviced. At seven guineas a week."

He stood with his back to her for a long time. Finally, he turned, shrugging. "Well . . . it's only a room." Her mind clicked over. Exactly like Archie. Without quite realising that she was doing so, she picked up the little pile of books. "Would you mind . . . the young lady who just called left these. She's down there in the park . . . see? She does seem a little tired," she added, not meaning to do so, but glad when she had said it.

"The one with the hair like corn?"

"Why, yes . . ." She stared at this contrary, matter-of-fact young man who made such romantic-sounding statements, "exactly like corn."

He took down his painting and replaced "The Angelus," while the books disappeared somewhere under the folds of his generous sweater. He winced as he clattered downstairs, winced again as he banged the door after him. Sebastian was rubbing against her legs. She picked him up and stepped on to the balcony to watch the youth roll like a full-rigged ship across to the girl who sat, one arm across the seat-back, looking up at the house. Mrs. Plover moved back to face the room. Funny, she thought, not one of us knows the other's name.

"Hi," said Wally Quigley, thudding down his burdens to send the pigeons scattering.

Sally Bates turned her head slowly. "Yes?"

He grinned. "Where were you?"

"In a balcony room." She tossed her head. "Up there."

"Oh that." He sprawled beside her. "No use. I've just tried. The old girl wants a married couple, you know, solid, with money in the bank, no answers, no noise." "She's not old, and really rather nice behind those odd-

looking glasses. She's just sad. When you're sad you look old."

"You're sad and you don't look old. Fact is, I never saw anyone look so young. All of sixteen I'd say. Sure these are yours?" And he dropped the books in her lap.

"I'm nineteen." She fingered the books. "Funny, I didn't even miss them."

"You see? Too young to look after yourself."

"And you're an ancient, I suppose?"

"I'm twenty-two. An old man." And he dragged his sweater over his knees, and gloomed.

"Did you want the room so badly then?"

"Sort of. The light was good."

"You're a painter." She said it very seriously. "Of course you must have good light."

"Never get anywhere at it, I suppose. But I've got to try."

"Of course you must try."

"Say, you understand." He turned to meet her eyes. "Were you very disappointed?"

"Terribly."

"It's wrong," he boomed. "I mean, it's wrong if one has to get married to get a view, and good light, and cupboard space . . ." He was quite a while, watching her. "Anyone ever painted you?"

She laughed. "I've never even known an artist."

"Well, you know one now. Look, I sold a painting last week, a small one, but when I get paid for it I'll have twenty quid in the bank. I'm a tycoon." He grew quiet again. "She's right, you know, you are tired. Bet you skipped breakfast."

"No. But I'll miss lunch if I don't get home."

HE grimaced. "Boarding-house?" She nodded. "Awful?" She answered him with a second nod. He bustled, collecting his paintings, somehow managing to hold her by the arm as he did so. "You need a steak. Come on. Oh, don't worry, we'll split the bill. You take the coffee, I'll take the steaks. And we'll tear the old girl to bits. Married couple . . ." he scorned. "Hope she gets a pair who'll produce a noisy brood to slide down the stair-rail and spit cherry seeds into her geraniums."

"All the same," he mused, "if one really wanted to get married — both working, of course — it wouldn't be a bad spec. Quiet and storage space and good light; the sort of place to settle in . . ."

"I know what you mean."

"That's if one were thinking of marriage, of course."

"Of course . . ."

Mrs. Plover stroked Sebastian, and watched them laughing, the sun glinting on the girl's hair. She looked plumper, rounder somehow, the girl. She needs to laugh, Mrs. Plover decided, and that mad young man will teach her. And he needs his feet more firmly on the ground. She'll do that for him. Each giving as well as taking. As Archie had given, of life and laughter, while she . . . But none of that mattered now, not really, for in some queer roundabout way, Archie had come home . . .

Sebastian wriggled from her arms and swayed gracefully down the stairs. Mrs. Plover locked the door behind her. It could wait a little longer, her balcony room. And as she went carefully downstairs to make her tea she had the persistent comfortable feeling that it would not have to wait very long. Not long, not long, the balcony room.

(Copyright)



"I was tired and fed-up due to irregularity"

R. Baylis

What Carter's Little Liver Pills did for Mr. Baylis, they can do for you. If you are listless, irritable and "liverish" due to irregularity, these safe, effective laxative pills will soon put you right. Get rid of that nasty bilious feeling and you can really enjoy life again. You can easily prove all this to your own satisfaction. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills according to the instructions. The regular size is 2/6—a small price to pay to bring back health and enjoyment to life. Millions of people throughout the world have found relief with Carter's Little Liver Pills. Carter's can help you.



IRREGULAR? THEN TAKE  
**CARTER'S**  
TONIGHT  
—FEEL FINE  
TOMORROW!  
CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS



"It's the talk of the town"

and it's coming from

L M ERICSSON PTY. LTD.



## CROCHET THIS SMART SUIT

● A crocheted sunsuit to wear on long, lazy summer days when the sun's just right for baking, and a smart cover to freshen up a jaded sun hat. The cover will stretch over many different shapes.

Contrast it in color to the straw.



### CROCHETED SUN-BONNET COVER

Materials: 5 balls Patons Charm Knitting and Crochet Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 9.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space; p.l., picot loop (worked thus: 5 ch., sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 8 ch., sl-st. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch., cl., cluster (worked thus: \* 1 d.tr. into next st., drawing through 2 loops twice, rep. from \* twice, yarn over hook and draw through all 4 loops).

#### TO MAKE

Commence with 4 ch., join into ring with sl-st.  
1st Round: 7 ch., into ring work (1 d.tr., 3 ch.) 7 times, 3 ch., sl-st. into 4th of 7 ch.  
2nd Round: Sl-st. to centre of 1st 3 ch. sp., (6 ch., 1 d.c.) in every sp., join with sl-st.  
3rd Round: As 2nd round, working (8 ch. 1 d.c.) in each loop.  
4th Round: (1 cl., 6 ch., 1 cl.) in each loop.

5th Round: (10 ch., 1 d.c.) in each loop.

6th Round: 15 d.c. in each loop.

7th Round: 5 cl. in each loop, working into each d.c. of previous row, with 4 ch. between each cl.

8th Round: (2 d.c., 1 p.l., 2 d.c.) in each 4 ch. loop.

9th Round: (3 ch., 1 d.tr.) in centre of each p.l.

10th Round: \* 1 cl. in each of next 2 loops, 3 ch. Rep. from \* to end of round.

11th Round: (6 ch., 1 d.c.) in each 3 ch. loop.

12th Round: (1 p.l., 1 d.c.) in each 6 ch. loop.

13th Round: (6 ch., 1 tr.) in centre of each p.l.

14th Round: \* 6 d.c. in each of first 2 loops, 15 d.c. in next loop. Rep. from \* to end of round.

15th Round: \* 1 d.tr. into centre of 6 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.tr. between next 3rd and 4th d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.tr. in centre of next 6 d.c., 5 cl. in 15 d.c. loop with 3 ch. between each cl., rep. from \* to end of round.

16th Round: (2 d.c., 1 p.l., 2 d.c.) in each 3 ch. loop.

17th Round: (1 tr., 4 ch.) in centre of each p.l.

18th Round: (3 d.c., 3 ch., 3 d.c.) into each loop. Fasten off.

#### TIES (Make 2)

Commence with 25 ch.  
Foundation Row: 1 d.c. in 4th ch. from hook, (4 ch., 1 d.c.) in every foll. 3rd ch. (8 loops). 1 ch., turn.

1st Row: \* 3 d.c. in 1st loop, 6 d.c. in each of next 2 loops, 3 d.c. in next, rep. from \* once, turn.

2nd Row: 5 ch. to stand for 1st d. tr., miss 3 d.c., 4 cl. with 1 ch. between each in next 12 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d. tr. between foll. 3rd and 4th d.c., 1 ch., miss 3 d.c., 4 cl. with 1 ch. between each in next 12 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d. tr. in last d.c., turn.

3rd Row: \* (4 ch., 1 d.c.) in each 1 ch. loop between cl. \*, 4 ch., (1 d.c.) into next 2 loops, rep. from \* to \* once, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. of last row.

Rep. last 3 rows for 18in. (or length required).

Finish edges with (2 d.c., 1 3-ch. picot, 2 d.c.) into every large loop and 1 d.c. into

each small loop on both sides and lower edge, drawing top edge of tie tightly with d.c. Press lightly.

#### TO MAKE UP

Stitch cover to hat and at crown and brim edges. Attach ties.

#### SUNSUIT

Materials: 6 balls Patons Charm Knitting and Crochet Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10.

Measurements: To fit 32in. bust. (For size 34, use No. 9 hook.)

Tension: 4 sts. and 4 rows to lin.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; inc., increase; dec., decrease; st., stitch; patt., pattern.

#### TOP

Starting at top, \* work 6 ch., turn. 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each of next 4 chain, turn, continue in patt. of 1 row tr., 1 row d.c., inc. as follows: 3 ch. to stand for 1st tr., 2 tr. in 1st d.c. of previous row, 2 tr. into 2nd d.c., 1 tr. in each d.c. to last 2 d.c., 2 tr. in next d.c., 3 tr. in last d.c., turn with 1

ch. for 1st d.c. Inc. one stitch each end every d.c. row. (This gives extra 8 sts. every 2 rows.)

Cont. thus until 10 rows have been worked. (45 d.c.) \* Break yarn and repeat from \* to \*, making 10 ch. at end of last row (for centre front), then working across first half.

Working over all sts. inc. as before until 16 rows have been worked from beginning.

Next 2 Rows: Inc. 8 sts. each end by making ch. and working these into patt.

Next Row: Dec. 3 times in centre of each front to shape bustling.

Next Row: D.c. 36, dec. by working every foll. 4th and 5th sts. together until 36 d.c. remain, d.c. to end. Continue thus:

#### CENTRE BAND

3 ch. to stand for 1st d.tr.  
1 d.tr. into 2nd d.c., \* 3 ch., 1 d.tr. into 4th and 5th d.c. from hook, rep. from \* to end.

Work 8 more mesh rows, making 1 d.tr. into each d.tr. of previous row, with 3 ch. between each group.

#### LOWER SECTION

Work 1 d.c. into each d.tr. and each ch. of last row.

Cont. in patt. as for top section, increasing 1 stitch each end and 2 sts. in centre (by working 3 tr. in centre st.) in every tr. row until 20 rows have been worked. (10 inc. rows.)

To Divide for Leg: Work to centre front, turn. Cont. in patt., decreasing once each end of every row for 6 rows. Work 1 extra row d.c. round leg edge. Fasten off.

Join yarn at centre front and work 2nd leg to correspond. Fasten off.

#### SHOULDER STRAPS

Join yarn at top points, working 5 d.c. into 5 ch. at beg. of work.

Cont. in d.c. on these 5 sts. for 18in. (or length required), then taper ends by dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next 4 rows. Fasten off.

Join straps to back of sunsuit. Work 1 row d.c. around neck and armhole edges.

#### TO MAKE UP

Join back and crotch with flat seam. Press lightly.



## It's a changing world

"THEY get it too easy," various parents often say when discussing lives of teenagers.

In their days they worked hard, had little money to spend on clothes and entertainments, and, because of high expenses and little pay, walked rather than drove cars. They did not date until quite old, and danced in a more sensible manner. In general, they led a prim and proper life.

To these parents it may be pointed out that times have changed, including money values and entertainment and dating.

But we teenagers still have our problems — exams and the constant threat of being left behind in a competitive world.

Every teenager is growing into an adult and meeting problems that have to be overcome to secure a good position in life — problems which may never have confronted parents, but which have arisen within the changing world.

To those parents who constantly remind their children how hard their lives may have been, please remember that our lives as teenagers in this modern world are just as difficult to us.

Even if we do seem to get things easily, we have plenty of gumption, and will stand up to our troubles and succeed with our lives. — N. Bergen, Gawler, S.A.

## In defence

AS one of the "shoulder-length hair, bare feet" brigade mentioned by a recent correspondent, I feel furious at his plea to society to regard us as a minority group, and am sorry that a fellow student should regard me as part of a "lunatic fringe." I am not a half-wit or a loafer; I have a scholarship. But I must economise in order to gain an education.

Among other things, during my first year at university in the Science faculty I learned to play a guitar, had poetry accepted for publi-

cation, wrote letters for Amnesty International, conducted a public opinion survey, studied (and passed) a foreign language at matriculation level, gave blood donations, and passed all my exams with credit.

From my experience of the many social groups within a university, the "beat" group is usually the most interesting because it has a genuine interest in life and learning.

Lets have a little more tolerance and try to realise that simple dressing does not necessarily negate the possibility of an alert and active mind. — "Anarchist," Ashgrove, Qld.

## It's a . . .

LIKE being called a nut, being called a drip can also be turned into a compliment. I have a friend who replies, "A drip is a drop, a drop is water, water is nature, nature is beautiful. Thank you for the compliment." — J. Bampton, Queenstown, S.A.

## . . . compliment

EVEN being called a rat can be turned to your advantage if you know how to go about it. All you have to answer is, "Rats eat cheese. Cheese comes from milk. Milk comes from cows. Cows eat grass. Grass grows in the ground. The ground is nature. Nature is beautiful. So thanks for the compliment." — C.M.M., Granville, N.S.W.

## Prince Charles

WHY is Prince Charles being sent to an expensive school for the rich and brainy, if the Queen wants him to meet average Australians?

Surely he would appreciate it more if he were to attend an average central school in either the country or the city. He is not really any better than the rest of

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen name. Send them to Teenager's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.



us, though he is the future king. However, he cannot appreciate the problems of the average person if he is schooled with the sons of politicians and sheep kings. Of course, I realise that being a future king he must

● "Sixteen," whose mother is critical of her clothes, hair, and favorite entertainers, asked readers to suggest how relations between them could be improved, and her mother made more "with-it."

THIS is advice to all teenage girls who think they have square mothers. If your mother's square, it is your fault. With-it teenagers don't often ask their mothers' advice. But wouldn't it be easy to say, "Mum, do you like the red dress? Which does the most for me, red or yellow?"

This gives the mother a feeling of belonging. All our lives she has dressed us. Let her think she is still helping. She will feel proud if you look nice in a dress she has helped choose. Or, even if you have not accepted her advice, she will notice that at least you have asked for it. — Laurelle Pocock, Paddington, Qld.

MY father was just the same, critical of pop groups, my clothes, and the way I did my hair. So I taught him to dance.

Just a few simple steps at first, from "Washington Square," and then gradually working up. You should see him now, and lately I have noticed no

have a very good education. But it would not harm him to have a more normal education for one term.

I know I may not be right, but these are my feelings. — Judy Dollison, Dunedoo, N.S.W.

## Conformism

NON - CONFORMISM amounts to simply being ourselves. But how many of us wear long hair because it's the fashion (making us believe we like it), and how many of us wear a polka-dotted shirt because it, too, is the thing to do?

Surely this is conformism in the extreme!

There are some of us, including me, who don't wear purple-and-white shirts and long hair because we know they don't suit us, or because we simply don't like them.

Aren't WE the true non-conformists? — L. Noble, Gayndah, Qld.

## To each his own

I READ Letters regularly, and one type of letter occurs frequently, and it makes me wild.

It is when a mod writes on surfies, running them down, totting their bad points up against the mods'

good points, and generally telling them they're no good. For goodness' sake, you "classed" teenagers, get off your high horse and force your minds to try to grasp the fact that just because you don't agree with something, it isn't necessarily wrong.

This is being narrow-minded, petty, and childish. It's about time you woke up to the meaning of an old saying, "To each his own." — "Indignant Teen," Kew, Vic.

## Greetings!

THERE are often novel greetings or instructions written on the backs of envelopes I receive. One was, "To open, insert big toe and kick." Another said, "To avoid eye strain, open to read." — S. E. Barry, Clare, S.A.

## Low standards

I HAVE a strange set of values and standards. They're rather low. Love plays little part in my life. I hate more than I love. All I want from life is enjoyment. Conventions mean nothing to me — I'm a rebel.

But hard work is nice. If you want something badly you shouldn't give up till you have it. I can't see myself ever being poor, because there are 24 hours in a day, and I'm prepared to work all of them. — Scott Iliff, Catterag, N.S.W.

## READERS REPLY

more criticism. I am sure this method will work with you. — K. L. Donahoo, Kingsford, N.S.W.

FOR a while I flatly argued with my mother over my clothes and hairstyles. Then I finally realised that parents and teenagers just cannot see eye to eye. They are of different generations, so their ideas are different and conflicting. Then I decided to try to meet my mother half way. I didn't complain if Mum wanted Frank Sinatra or Bing Crosby on television, and I watched, too. I soon

found myself enjoying the old musicals and singing — and was Mum pleased! All this was over a year ago, and in that year I matured a lot and so have my tastes. I love any type of music now and can "see through" fads in fashion and only wear them if they suit me.

Now I am able to see other people's points of view as well as my own. Mum still comments on my clothes and my whims, but they are meant as helpful remarks, not as critical ones. — "Successful," Kew Vic.

## PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY





# An Op (for operation) artist . . .

● While most 22-year-old girls are busy worrying about their own or somebody else's figure, attractive Margot Salter, of Melbourne, has quite a different interest in the female form.

AS the sole medical artist at the Royal Women's Hospital, Margot is primarily concerned with drawing the female body.

Her drawings, commissioned by doctors at the hospital to show new or special techniques in operations or other treatment, are used by the doctors for such purposes as reference, for illustrating articles for medical journals, or lectures to medical and postgraduate students.

This might entail dozens of highly technical and intricate illustrations, many committed to memory and drawn later, because as Margot says, "You can hardly have the operation repeated just to pick up the bits you've missed."

Recently, she completed three months' work on a series of 40 drawings of major gynaecological surgery, showing the various stages in a new technique

for the operation, devised by the surgeon.

Margot finds her work endlessly fascinating — so much so that on February 9 she sails for England for 12 months' study with the Medical Artists' Association of Great Britain.

The course covers anatomy, physiology, operation techniques, and film and television animation.

"No one hospital covers all aspects of medical art, so I will be training at six different hospitals, spending most of my time at the Central Middlesex Hospital and the Institute of Neurology," Margot explained.

For the tall, blue-eyed country girl, the course in London will be the climax to a schoolgirl ambition to combine her three main loves — anatomy, hospitals, and art.

"I didn't know there was such a thing as a medical artist, but I wanted a hospital job in which I could draw, so I started ringing

hospitals to ask 'do you have anybody who draws?' They all thought I was mad," Margot said.

Finally, she took her problem to Mr. F. Oertel, assistant secretary of the Melbourne University Appointments Board, who, six months later, found her a position as a photographer's assistant at the Royal Women's Hospital.

With the close connection between photography and art, Margot found this most satisfying and interesting.

About 12 months ago, a doctor heard she was interested in art and brought her something to draw, and from there her job as medical artist developed.

Capped and gowned and

without a trace of squeamishness, she has witnessed scores of operations from behind her camera or sketchbook.

It is on these occasions that she finds her height — six feet "less half an inch" — of great advantage, as, with the help of a step ladder, it gives her an unobstructed view of the patient from behind the doctors.

Away from the hospital, Margot's interests have very little relation to medical matters — cooking, dress-making, and sport.

Boarding with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Coates, and baby Rebecca at their flat in Hawthorn, she is particularly adept at whipping up a French or Italian recipe.

## Beauty in brief THE SKIN GAME

TRY to deal with a spot before it appears by examining your skin in a magnifying glass every day. There's no need to get compulsive about it, but as soon as the appearance of a spot is imminent — usually heralded by a very slight redness or unevenness on the skin — treat it.

Keep make-up and creams away from the contaminated area, apply a hot compress to encourage circulation, and dab with a medicated cream or lotion; then forget about it.

Open pores, the bane of so many skins, are caused by superficial cleansing. They respond well to pore grains and pore lotions which, while they do not shrink the pores back to normal, at least cast out the oil and grime.

The proper removal of blackheads is not difficult or uncomfortable if done carefully after the skin is made warm and soft with hot water and soap or by steaming the skin.

To steam the skin, hold a heavy bath towel by both ends and place the middle in hot water. Wring out the excess water so that the towel is filled with moist heat. Apply the steamy part of the towel as a pack or compress to the areas of the skin with blackheads.

Leave the towel on as long as it remains hot. Do this for ten minutes at a stretch.

Afterwards blackheads may be pressed out with moderate pressure. Don't pinch or damage the skin.

— CAROLYN EARLE

ABOVE: Medical artist Margot Salter at work at the Royal Women's Hospital, Melbourne.

## . . . and librarian



AT LECTURES at Prince Henry's Hospital with Director of Training Miss Dorothy Bell (far right) were medical record librarian students, from left, Angelika Baladis, Lorraine Andrew, Susan Officer, Carol Haas, Elizabeth Timbs, and Joan McKernan.



LOOKING at a disease index file is Joan McKernan, who has just finished her final year at Prince Henry's Hospital, Melbourne.

● Joan McKernan, 20, of Euroa, Victoria, is the first medical records librarian to be appointed to the Gippsland Base Hospital.

JOAN, who has just finished her two-year course, will be responsible for such things as the filing of in-patient discharge summaries and medico-legal correspondence.

She might even have to go to court sometimes and produce medical records.

The records are also kept for teaching and training purposes, and can be made available, through the librarians, to medical students, physiotherapists, and social workers.

The librarian does the coding of diseases and operations, and indexes medical

and surgical information to be used in research and reference.

The librarian and doctor are responsible for the medical records issued to hospital out-patients.

Every day 200 to 300 out-patients visit a major hospital like Prince Henry's — this year's training hospital for the medical record librarians.

Director of Training for the Victorian Training School for Medical Record Librarians, Miss D. Bell, said the first year is one of intensive theory and practical sessions at the parent hospital. In the second year the girls are farmed out for three-month periods for

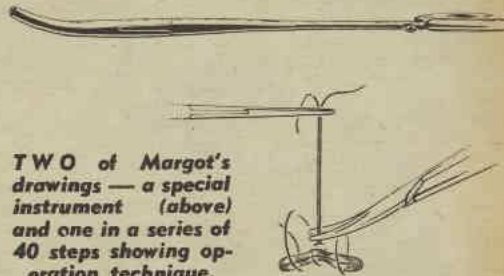
practical work at various hospitals, but come back to the parent hospital for lectures.

The lecture subjects include principles and science of medical record keeping, biochemistry, committee procedure and law of meetings, and hospital administration.

Because of greater areas of specialisation in medicine there is now a more urgent need for trained medical record librarians, who must be 19, proficient typists, and hold their matriculation certificate.

The Victorian Training School was established ten years after the N.S.W. school, which operates from the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

TWO of Margot's drawings — a special instrument (above) and one in a series of 40 steps showing operation technique.



## HER REVENGE WAS A SWEET

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that two Italian girl-pinchers turned themselves in to police when their victims attacked them.

A NURSE seriously beat-up the masher who had pinched her.

On another occasion a lass beat off a pincher by throwing at him a carton of cassata she was taking home for dessert.

It all means that no pincher is safe walking the streets at night.

They may have to carry hatpins to protect themselves from victims.

Or take judo lessons.

And, if girls are getting really tough, even normal males will feel unsafe.

Fathers will warn sons not to accept rides in cars driven by strange girls.

There can be no doubt that the pincher who copped the cassata got his just desserts.

But it also offers food for thought.

Almost certainly the man would have been happier to be served custard — and duck!

That way his goose wouldn't have been cooked.

Although the cassata girl served him—right!—other foods could be used against a pincher.

An Irish stew equally well would settle a pest's hash.

Yes, a woman who knows her onions could have a pincher in a pretty pickle.

And why not literally give them curry?

Whatever their weapon, however, a cassata, etc., chucker should remember a golden (syrup?) rule . . .

Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eggs!

— Robin Adair



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Lonely girl

"I AM 17 and my problem is loneliness. I mix reasonably well with other girls but I can't talk to boys (I have never been out with one). I belong to the local Fellowship Association but as the same people go every week I seldom meet anyone new. There are no other clubs I can go to unless I go quite a distance and transport usually prevents this. Do you think I should change jobs? All the women where I work are married and regard me as 'the little girl.'"

"Shy," N.S.W.

Changing your job seems a good idea. Find one where the staff is mixed and you'll find that working with the opposite sex helps

break down any shyness you may have. Perhaps you could meet young people at a new job who would welcome an invitation to spend the weekend or a day at your home.

### "Like a brother"

"I AM an 18-year-old first-year university student and for many years now my closest friend has been a boy six months older than myself. He is really like a brother and has been since I was about four. I love this boy deeply but not as a boyfriend and have reason to believe this feeling is mutual. My trouble is that his girlfriend, who is my best friend, has become so terribly jealous of me. She can't understand that we

are just good friends. I'd hate to lose his friendship and I don't want to hurt my girlfriend. Once I dropped a boy because he objected to this friendship. Will we find that all our dates object to this friendship?"

"Friend," Vic.

If you really are a good friend to this boy you will see less of him and not spoil his chances of romance with girls who do have different feelings toward him.

### Should she write?

"A FEW months ago I met a fantastic boy whom I love greatly. He lives in a town quite a few miles from my home town. The last time I saw him he wanted to know when he would see me again because he couldn't live without me. Do you think that I should write to him or ring him up? I do want to hear from him again."

"Desperate," Vic.

If, as he said, he cannot live without you, he will obviously arrange to see you again. I would leave it to him to write or phone.

### Her steady left

"I WENT steady with a 20-year-old boy for about five weeks and all of a sudden he said goodnight to me one night and that was the last I heard from him. We both had songs we liked and when I hear them I get so sad and depressed I just cry. I think that he still likes me because sometimes I see him on the street or at a dance without a girl. Can you give me a reason why he dropped me?"

"Dropped," S.A.

I would forget him. It is evident that he doesn't return your feelings.

### Dad disapproves

"MY best friend and I nearly always go out together and whenever I am not home my father is very suspicious that I am with boys. He shows his disapproval of my being with boys by ignoring them when I bring them home. He is reluctant to be introduced and treats them as if they were not there. I act like a lady when I am with a boy and I always bring them home. I will soon be 18."

"Why?" Qld.

Why not have a private talk with your father. Tell him you are now at an age where it is natural to mix with and go out with boys — but that you like bringing them home to meet your family. Ask him to help you by getting to know them and giving you his more mature judgment on their character.

### Sing his praises

"I AM so terribly shy, I don't know what to do. I am 17 and I love a boy of 22. He sings in a group in my suburb. Sometimes I go to watch him do his act and when he is finished he always talks to me until he has to go on again. Every time he comes near me I freeze up completely and I'm stuck for words. Could you please give me some idea what I could talk about other than the weather?"

"Voice," Qld.

Tell him how much you enjoy his singing, pointing out one particular song as being your favorite. Ask him how long he has sung with the group, what plans he has for a future singing career, who is his favorite singer, composer, musician, has he any other hobbies, does he have a daytime job, has he any brothers or sisters. But, remember, shyness can be appealing and feminine and there are very few young men who don't enjoy talking about themselves — as long as they have an appreciative audience.

## RICH IN PROTEIN THIS FOOD FROM THE SEA



### TOSSED TUNA SALAD

#### INGREDIENTS:

1 lettuce, washed and broken into pieces  
3 tomatoes, cut into wedges  
1 cup sliced celery  
12 black olives  
1 small white onion, sliced  
6 radish roses  
15oz. can GREENSEAS chunk style Tuna—drained  
KRAFT® French or Italian Dressing

METHOD: Line a salad bowl with the lettuce and fill with tomato wedges, celery, olives, onion rings, radish roses and GREENSEAS Tuna. Chill. Just before serving pour over KRAFT French or Italian Dressing and toss lightly. 6 servings.

\* Reg. Trade Marks

Rich in protein and so tempting in flavour, GREENSEAS® Tuna inspires so many recipes to make meatless meals exciting.

Whether you like it hot or cold — in casseroles, salads or sandwiches, you'll find GREENSEAS Tuna tastes so much better, because only the finest Tuna is selected and canned by GREENSEAS.

**GREENSEAS**  
The best  
tasting food  
from the sea  
**TUNA**

**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas





# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE COBRA confirms Mandrake's suspicions that he's still alive. A truck, supposedly carrying groceries, enters the front gate, but Mandrake believes it's loaded with explosives. NOW READ ON...



AT MANDRAKE'S KANADU—AS THEY WATCH FROM THE CONTROL ROOM—



A TRUCK WITHOUT A DRIVER—HOW CAN IT BE?

SOMEWHERE, SOMEONE IS GUIDING IT ELECTRONICALLY, BY REMOTE CONTROL!

SOMEONE? YOU MEAN—THE COBRA?



I'M POSITIVE THAT REMOTE-CONTROLLED DRIVERLESS TRUCK IS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES!



ON MANDRAKE'S DRIVEWAY—A WALL RISES! BLOCKED, THE REMOTE-CONTROLLED TRUCK STOPS—BACKS UP—



LOTHAR—OPEN THE CHASM—NOW!



FROM KANADU'S FABULOUS CONTROL ROOM—A CHASM IS OPENED IN THE DRIVE—



WHAT A MESS!



IF THAT TRUCK HAD REACHED THE TOP IT'D HAVE BLOWN US ALL TO BITS.



THIS LITTLE BOX DROPPED OFF TRUCK BEFORE IT FELL INTO CHASM.



A NOTE INSIDE!



THE COBRA!

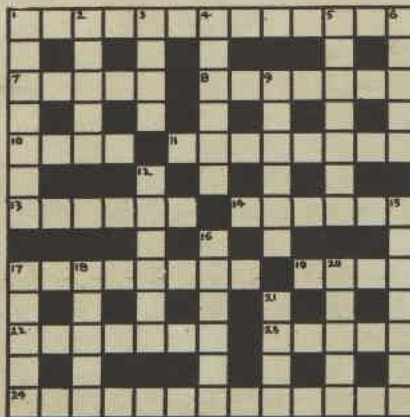


CONTINUED—

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- This disease is not exclusively for golfers (5, 8).
- A young man is at the end of this dish of raw green vegetables (5).
- Cutlets which can sink a ship (7).
- The sea eagle (4).
- Introductory statement (8).
- Part of garment that covers arm (6).
- Sad red vipers (6).
- To show indecision he eats it (8).
- It is recommended to keep your eyes on it (4).
- Vessel for consecrated wine (7).
- An effigy I make with game (5).
- We may be many, yet we have the same point of view on it (10, 3).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Pieces inserted in a garment (7).
- Woman's name, the top of which is 45in. long (5).
- When a dune is unclothed (4).
- Secure compensation in case of loss (6).
- Proper for food and has the furniture from which to eat it (7).
- It has to be shifted at intervals (5).
- Its capital is Kampala (6).
- Ancestral (6).
- Pointing outwards (7).
- Takes feloniously and is late in a steamer (6).
- An important part of the body (5).
- Part of the calyx has a friend (5).
- A people whose heart turns into a bar (5).
- Resort near Venice (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

# BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3460

3375

3609

3375.—Sleeveless blouse has elasticised hem creating blouson effect. Attractive cowl collar. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.

3460.—Semi-fitted A-line dress has shallow neckline and elbow-length sleeves. Ruffle at neck and sleeves. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.

3609.—Semi-fitted, scoop-necked shift with self binding and tie has bracelet-length sleeves and 2 rows of lin. tucks on skirt. Link-button sleeve closings. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- or 70c includes postage.

3486.—Pretty A-line dress with back-buttoning has long sleeves and Peter Pan collar. Sleeveless A-line coat is front-buttoned and collarless. Matching head scarf. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.

3063.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with short set-in sleeves has jewel neckline and patch pockets. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- or 60c includes postage.

2235.—Gently flared skirt with optional stiffening and pocket detail. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.



3486

3063

2235

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.  
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		





## Where do they all go to...?

Only a mother knows how fast a family can finish a packet of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. So she buys plenty. For her morning cup of tea. For school lunches (children love them with butter). For Dad's supper.

All over Australia, families enjoy nourishing Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

*There is no Substitute for Quality*